

GONDIBERT:  
AN HEROICK  
POEM,

WRITTEN BY  
S<sup>r</sup> WILLIAM D'AVENANT.



L O N D O N,  
Printed by Tho. Newcomb for John Holden, and are to  
be sold at his Shop at the sign of the Anchor in the  
NEVV-EXCHANGE, 1651.



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The AUTHOR'S  
PREFACE

To his much honour'd FRIEND

MR HOBBS.

SIR,

Since you have done me the honour to allow this Poem a daily examination as it was writing, I will presume now it hath attain'd more length, to give you a longer trouble; that you may yeild me as great advantages by censuring the Method, as by judging the Numbers, and the matter. And because you shall pass through this new Building with more ease to your disquisition, I will acquaint you, what care I took of my materials, ere I began to work.

But first give me leave (remembering with what difficulty the world can shew any Heroick Poem, that in a perfect glass of Nature gives us a familiar and easie view of our selves) to take notice of those quar-



rels, which the Living have with the Dead : and I will (according as all times have apply'd their reverence) begin with *Homer*, who though he seems to me standing upon the Poets famous hill, like the eminent Sea-mark, by which they have in former ages steer'd ; and though he ought not to be removed from that eminence, least Posterity should presumptuously mistake their course ; yet some (sharply observing how his successors have proceeded no farther then a perfection of imitating him) say, that as Sea-marks are chiefly useful to Coasters, and serve not those who have the ambition of Discoverers, that love to sail in untry'd Seas ; so he hath rather prov'd a Guide for those, whose satisfy'd Wit will not venture beyond the track of others ; then to them, who affect a new and remote way of thinking ; who esteem it a deficiency and meanness of minde, to stay and depend upon the authority of example.

Some there are, that object that even in the likelihoods of Story (and Story, where ever it seems most likely, grows most pleasant) he doth too frequently intermixe such Fables, as are objects lifted above the Eyes of Nature ; and as he often interrogates his Muse, not as his rational Spirit but as a *Familiar*, separated from his body, so her replies bring him where he spends time in immortal conversation ; whilst supernaturally he doth often advance his men to the quality of Gods, and depose his Gods to the condition of men.

His

His Successor to fame, (and consequently to censure) is *Virgil*; whose toyles nor vertue cannot free him from the peevishness (or rather curiosity) of divers Readers. He is upbrayded by some (who perhaps are affected Antiquaries, and make priority of time the measure of excellence) for gaining his renown by imitation of *Homer*: Whilst others (no less bold with that ancient Guide) say, He hath so often led him into Heaven, and Hell, till by conversation with Gods and Ghosts, he sometimes deprives us of those natural probabilities in Story, which are instructive to humane life! And others affirm (if it be not irreverence to record their opinion) That even in wit, he seems deficient by many omissions; as if he had design'd a pennance of gravity to himself and to posterity: And by their observing that continued gravity, methinks they look upon him, as on a Musitian composing of Anthemes; whose excellence consists more in the solemnities, then in the fancy; and upon the body of his Work, as on the body of a Giant, whose force hath more of strength, then quickness, and of patience, then activity.

But these bold Censures are in danger of so many Enemies, as I shall wisely shrink from them; and only observe, That if any Disciples of unimitable *Virgil* can prove so formal, as to esteem wit (as if it were levity) an imputation to the Heroick Muse (by which malevolent word, Wit, they would disgrace her extraordinary heights) yet if those grave Judges will.



will be held wise, they must endure the fate of Wise men; who always have but few of their society; for many more then consist of their number (perhaps not having the sullenness to be of it) are taken with those bold flights, and think, 'tis with the Muse (whose noble Quarry is men) as with the Eagle, who when he soares high stoops more prosperously, and is most certain of his prey. And surely Poets (whose business should represent the Worlds true image often to our view) are not less prudent then Painters, who when they draw Landshaps entertain not the Eye wholly with even Prospect, and a continued Flat; but (for variety) terminate the sight with lofty Hills, whose obscure heads are sometimes in the clouds.

*Lucan*, who chose to write the greatest actions that ever were allowed to be true (which for fear of contemporary witnesses, oblig'd him to a very close attendance upon Fame) did not observe that such an enterprize rather be seem'd an Historian, then a Poet; for wise Poets think it more worthy to seek out truth in the Passions, then to record the truth of Actions; and practise to describe Mankind just as we are perswaded or guided by instinct, not particular persons, as they are lifted, or level'd by the force of Fate, it being nobler to contemplate the general History of Nature, then a selected Diary of Fortune: And Painters are no more then Historians, when they draw eminent persons (though they terme that drawing to the life) but when by assembling divers figures in a larger

larger volumin they draw Passions (though they terme it but Story) then they increase in dignity and become Poets.

I have been thus hardy to call him to account for the choice of his Argument, not meerly as it was Story, but because the actions he recorded were so eminent, and so neer his time, that he could not assist Truth, with such ornaments as Poets, for useful pleasure, have allowed her; least the fained complexion might render the true suspected. And now I will leave to others the presumption of measuring his Hyperboles, by whose space and height they maliciously take the dimention of wit; and so mistake him in his boyling Youth (which had marvellous forces) as we disrellish excellent Wine when fuming in the Lee.

*Statius* (with whom we may conclude the old Heroicks) is as accomptable to some for his obligations to *Virgill*, as *Virgill* is to others for what he owes to *Homer*; and more closely then *Virgill* waits on *Homer*, doth *Statius* attend *Virgill*, and follows him there also where Nature never comes, even into Heaven and Hell: and therefore he cannot escape such as approve the wisdom of the best Dramaticks; who in representation of examples, beleeve they prevail most on our manners, when they lay the Scene at home in their own Country; so much they avoid those remote Regions of Heaven and Hell: as if the People (whom they make civill by an easie communication with reason



(and familiar reason is that which is call'd the civility of the Stage) were become more discreet than to have their eyes perswaded by the descending of Gods in gay Clouds, and more manly than to be frighted with the rising of Ghosts in Smoke.

*Tasso* ( who reviv'd the Heroick flame after it was many ages quench'd ) is held both in time and merit, the first of the Moderns; an honour by which he gains not much, because the number he excels must needs be few, which affords but one fit to succeed him; for I will yeeld to their opinion, who permit not *Ariosto*, nor *Du Bartas* in this eminent rank of the Heroicks; rather than to make way by their admission for *Dante*, *Marino*, and others. *Tasso's* honour too is chiefly allow'd him, where he most endeavours to make *Virgill* his Pattern: And again, when we consider from whom *Virgill's* spirit is deriv'd, we may observe how rarely humane excellence is found; for Heroick Poetrie (which, if exact in it self, yeelds not to any other humane work) flow'd but in few, and even those streams descended but from one Grecian Spring; and 'tis with Originall Poems, as with the Originall Pieces of Painters, whose Copies abate the excessive price of the first Hand.

But *Tasso*, though he came late into the world, must have his share in that Criticall warr which never ceases amongst the Learned; and he seems most vnfortunate, because his errors which are deriv'd from the Ancients when examin'd, grow in a great degree excusable in them,

them, and by being his, admit no pardon. Such as are his Councell assembled in Heaven, his Witches Expeditions through the Air, and enchanted Woods inhabited with Ghosts. For though the elder Poets (which were then the sacred Priests) fed the world with supernaturall Tales, and so compounded the Religion, of Pleasure and Mysterie, (two Ingredients which never fail'd to work upon the People) whilst for the eternity of their Chiefs (more refin'd by education) they surely intended no such vain provision. Yet a Christian Poet, whose Religion little needs the aids of Invention, hath less occasion to imitate such Fables, as meanly illustrate a probable Heaven, by the fashion and dignity of Courts; and make a resemblance of Hell, out of the Dreams of frighted Women; by which they continue and increase the melancholy mistakes of the People.

*Spencer* may stand here as the last of this short File of Heroick Poets; Men, whose intellectuals were of so great a making, (though some have thought them lyable to those few Censures we have mentioned) as perhaps they will in worthy memory outlast, even Makers of Laws, and Founders of Empires, and all but such as must therefore live equally with them, because they have recorded their names; and consequently with their own hands led them to the Temple of Fame. And since we have dar'd to remember those exceptions which the Curious have against them, it will not be expected I should forget what is objected against

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*Spencer*; whose obsolete Language we are constrain'd to mention, though it be grown the most vulgar accusation that is laid to his charge.

Language (which is the onely Creature of Man's creation) hath like a Plant, seasons of flourishing and decay; like Plants is remov'd from one soile to another, and by being so transplanted, doth often gather vigour and increase. But as it is false husbandry to graft old branches upon young stocks: so we may wonder that our Language (not long before his time created out of a confusion of others, and then beginning to flourish like a new Plant) should (as helps to its increase) receive from his hand, new grafts of old wither'd words. But this vulgar exception, shall onely have the vulgar excuse; which is, That the unlucky choice of his *Stanza*, hath by repetition of Rime, brought him to the necessity of many exploded words.

If we proceed from his Language to his Argument, we must observe with others, that his noble and most artfull hands deserv'd to be employ'd upon matter of a more naturall, and therefore of a more usefull kinde. His allegoricall Story (by many held defective in the connexion) resembling (methinks) a continuance of extraordinary Dreams; such as excellent Poets, and Painters, by being over-studious may have in the beginning of Feavers: And those moral Visions are just of so much use to humane application, as painted History, when with the coufenage of lights it is represented in Scenes, by which we are much lesse inform'd then by actions on the Stage.

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Thus, Sir, I have (perhaps) taken pains to make you think me malicious, in observing how far the Curious have look'd into the errors of others; Errors which the natural humor of imitation hath made so like in all (even from *Homer* to *Spencer*) as the accusations against the first appear but little more then repetition in every process against the rest: & comparing the resemblance of error in persons of one generation, to that which is in those of another age; we may find it exceeds not any where, notoriously, the ordinary proportion. Such limits to the progress of every thing (even of worthiness as well as defect) doth Imitation give: for whilst we imitate others, we can no more excel them, then he that sails by others Mapps can make a new discovery: and to Imitation, Nature (which is the only visible power, and operation of God) perhaps doth needfully encline us, to keep us from excesses. For though every man be capable of worthiness and unworthiness (as they are defined by Opinion) yet no man is built strong enough to bear the extremities of either, without unloading himself upon others shoulders, even to the weariness of many. If courage be worthiness, yet where it is overgrown into extremes, it becomes as wilde and hurtful as ambition; and so what was revered for protection, grows to be abhorr'd for oppression: If Learning (which is not Knowledge, but a continu'd Sayling by fantastick and uncertain winds towards it) be worthiness, yet it hath bounds in all Philosophers; and



Nature that measur'd those bounds, seems not so partial, as to allow it in any one a much larger extent than in another ; as if in our fleshy building, she consider'd the furniture and the room, alike, and together ; for as the compass of Diadems commonly fits the whole succession of those Kings that wear them ; so throughout the whole World, a very few inches may distinguish the circumference of the heads of their Subjects : Nor need we repine that Nature hath not some Favorites, to whom she doth dispence this Treasure, *Knowledge*, with a prodigious Liberality. For as there is no one that can be said vastly to exceed all mankind ; so divers that have in learning transcend'd all in some one Province, have corrupted many with that great quantity of false gold ; and the authority of their stronger Science hath often serv'd to distract, or pervert their weaker disciples.

And as the qualities which are term'd good, are bounded, so are the bad ; and likewise limited, as well as gotten by imitation ; for amongst those that are extraordinary, either by birth or brain (for with the usual pride of Poets, I pass by common crowds, as negligently as Princes move from throngs that are not their own Subjects) we cannot finde any one so egregious (admitting cruelty and avarice for the chiefest evils ; and errors in government or doctrine, to be the greatest errors) but that divers of former or succeeding times may enter the scales with them, and make the Ballance even ; though the passion of Historians would

would impose the contrary on our beleeves; who in dispraise of evil Princes are often as unjust and excessive as the common People: for there was never any Monarch so cruel but he had living subjects, nor so avaritious, but that his Subjects were richer then himself; nor ever any disease in government so extremely infectious as to make universal Anarchy, or any error in Doctrine so strong by the Maintainer, but that Truth (though it wrestled with her often, & in many places) hath at some season, and on some ground, made her advantages and success apparent: Therefore we may conclude, that Nature, for the safety of mankind, hath as well (by dulling and stopping our progress with the constant humor of imitation) given limits to courage and to learning, to wickedness and to error, as it hath ordain'd the shelves before the shore, to restrain the rage and excesses of the Sea.

But I feel (Sir) that I am falling into the dangerous Fit of a hot Writer; for in stead of performing the promise which begins this Preface, and doth oblige me (after I had given you the judgement of some upon others) to present my self to your censure, I am wandring after new thoughts; but I shall ask your pardon, and return to my undertaking.

My Argument I resolv'd should consist of Christian persons; for since Religion doth generally beget, and govern manners, I thought the example of their actions would prevail most upon our own, by being deriv'd from the same doctrine and authority; as the



particular Sects educated by Philosophers were diligent and pliant to the dictates and fashions of such as deriv'd themselves from the same Master; but lazy and froward to those who convers'd in other Schools; Yet all these Sects pretended to the same beauty, *Vertue*; though each did court her more fondly, when she was dress'd at their own homes, by the hands of their acquaintance. And so Subjects bred under the Laws of a Prince (though Laws differ not much in Morality, or priviledge throughout the civil World; being every where made for direction of Life, more then for sentences of Death) will rather dye near that Prince, defending those they have been taught, then live by taking new from another.

These were partly the reasons why I chose a Story of such Persons as profess'd Christian Religion; but I ought to have been most enclin'd to it, because the Principles of our Religion conduce more to explicable vertue, to plain demonstrative justice, and even to Honor (if Vertue the Mother of Honour be voluntary, and active in the dark, so as she need not Laws to compel her, nor look for witnesses to proclaim her) then any other Religion that reassembled men to Divine Worship. For that of the *Jews* doth still consist in a sullen separation of themselves from the rest of humane flesh, which is a fantastical pride of their own cleanness, and an uncivil disdain of the imagined contagiousness of others; and at this day, their cantonizing in Tribes, and shyne of alliance with neigh-

neighbours, deserves not the term of mutual love, but rather seems a bestial melancholy of herding in their own Walks. That of the Ethnicks, like this of *Mahomet*, consisted in the vain pride of Empire, and never enjoyn'd a Jewish separation, but drew all Nations together; yet not as their companions of the same species, but as slaves to a Yoke: Their sanctity was Honor, and their Honor onely an impudent courage, or dexterity in destroying. But Christian Religion hath the innocence of Village neighbourhood, and did anciently in its politicks rather promote the interest of Mankind then of States; and rather of all States then of one; for particular endeavours onely in behalf of our own homes, are signes of a narrow moral education, not of the vast kindness of Christian Religion, which likewise ordain'd as well an universal communion of bosomes, as a community of Wealth. Such is Christian Religion in the precepts, and was once so in the practise. But I resolv'd my Poem should represent those of a former age, perceiving tis with the servants of Christ, as with other servants under temporal power, who with all cleanness, and even with officious diligence perform their duty in their Masters sight; but still as he grows longer absent, become more slothful, unclean and false. And this, who ever compares the present with the Primitive times, may too palpably discern.

When I consider'd the actions which I meant to describe,



scribe, (those inferring the persons) I was again persuaded rather to chuse those of a former age, then the present; and in a Century so far remov'd, as might preserve me from their improper examinations who know not the requisites of a Poem, nor how much pleasure they lose (and even the pleasures of Heroick Poesy are not unprofitable) who take away the liberty of a Poet, and fetter his feet in the shackles of an Historian: For why should a Poet doubt in Story to mend the intrigues of Fortune by more delightful conveyances of probable fictions, because austere Historians have enter'd into bond to truth; an obligation which were in Poets, as foolish and unnecessary as is the bondage of false Martyrs, who lye in chains for a mistaken opinion: but by this I would imply, that Truth narrative, and past, is the Idol of Historians, (who worship a dead thing) and truth operative, and by effects continually alive, is the Mistress of Poets, who hath not her existence in matter, but in reason.

I was likewise more willing to derive my Theme from elder times, as thinking it no little mark of skillfulness to comply with the common Infirmary; for men (even of the best education) discover their eyes to be weak, when they look upon the glory of Vertue (which is great actions) and rather endure it at distance then neer; being more apt to believe, and love the renown of Predecessors, then of Contemporaries, whose deeds excelling theirs in their own  
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fight, seem to upbraid them, and are not reverenc'd as examples of Vertue, but envy'd as the favours of Fortune: But to make great Actions credible, is the principall Art of Poets; who though they avouch the utility of Fictions, should not (by altering and subliming Story) make use of their priviledg to the detriment of the Reader; whose incredulity (when things are not represented in proportion) doth much allay the relish of his pity, hope, joy, and other Passions: For we may descend to compare the deceptions in Poesie to those of them that professe dexterity of Hand, which resembles Conjuring, and to such we come not with the intention of *Lawyers* to examine the evidence of Facts, but are content (if we like the carriage of their feign'd motion) to pay for being well deceiv'd.

As in the choice of time, so of place, I have comply'd with the weakness of the generality of men; who think the best objects of their own country so little to the size of those abroad, as if they were shew'd them by the wrong end of a Prospective: for Man (continuing the appetites of his first Childhood, till he arrive at his second which is more froward) must be quieted with something that he thinks excellent, w<sup>ch</sup> he may call his own; but when he sees the like in other places (not staying to compare them) wrangles at all he has. This leads us to observe the craftiness of the *Comicks*, who are only willing when they describe humor (& humor is the drunkenness of a Nation which no sleep can cure) to lay the Scene in their own country; as knowing we



are (like the Son of *Noah*) so little distasted to behold each others shame, that we delight to see even that of a Father: yet when they would set forth greatness and excellent vertue (which is the Theme of *Tragedy*) publicly to the people; they wisely (to avoid the quarrels of neighbourly envy) remove the Scene from home. And by their example I travail'd too; and *Italie* (which was once the Stage of the World) I have made the Theater, where I shew in either Sex, some patterns of humane life, that are (perhaps) fit to be follow'd.

Having told you why I took the actions that should be my Argument, from men of our own Religion, and given you reasons for the choyce of the time and place design'd for those actions; I must next acquaint you with the Schooles where they were bred; not meaning the Schooles where they took their Religion, but Morality; for I know Religion is universally rather inherited then taught: and the most effectual Schools of Morality are Courts and Camps: Yet towards the first, the people are unquiet through envie; and towards the other through fear; and always jealous of both for Injustice, which is the naturall scandal cast upon authority and great force. They look upon the outward glory or blaze of Courts, as wilde Beasts in dark nights stare on their Hunters Torches; but though the expences of Courts (whereby they shine) is that consuming glory in which the people think their liberty is wasted (for wealth is their liberty and

and lov'd by them even to jealousy (being themselves a courser sort of Princes, apter to take then to pay) yet Courts (I mean all abstracts of the multitude; either by King, or Assemblies) are not the Schools where men are bred to oppression, but the Temples where sometimes Oppressors take sanctuary; a safety which our reason must allow them. For the ancient laws of Sanctuary (deriv'd from God) provided chiefly for actions that proceeded from necessity; and who can imagine less then a necessity of oppressing the people, since they are never willing either to buy their Peace, or to pay for War?

Nor are Camps the Schools of wicked Destroyers, more then the *Inns of Court* (being the Nursery of Judges) are the Schools of Murderers; for as Judges are avengers of private men against private Robbers; so are Armies the avengers of the publique against publique Invaders, either civill or forraign, and Invaders are Robbers, though more in countenance then those of the high-way, because of their number. Nor is there other difference between Armies when they move towards Sieges or Battail, and Judges moving in their Circuit (during the danger of extraordinary malefactors) with the guards of the County; but that the latter is a lesse Army, and of lesse Discipline. If any man can yet doubt of the necessary use of Armies, let him study that which was anciently call'd a Monster, the Multitude, (for Wolves are commonly harmlesse when they are met alone, but very uncivill in Herds)



and he will not finde that all his kindred by *Adam* are so tame and gentle as those Lovers that were bred in *Arcadia*: or to reform his opinion, let him ask why (during the utmost age of History) Cities have been at the charge of defensive Walls, and why Fortification hath been practic'd so long, till it is grown an Art?

I may now beleeeve I have usefully taken from Courts and Camps, the patterns of such as will be fit to be imitated by the most necessary Men; and the most necessary men are those who become principall by prerogative of blood, (which is seldom unassisted with education) or by greatnesse of minde, which in exact definition is Vertue. The common Crowd (of whom we are hopelesse) we desert, being rather to be corrected by laws (where precept is accompanied with punishment) then to be taught by Poesy; for few have arriv'd at the skill of *Orpheus*, or at his good fortune, whom we may suppose to have met with extraordinary Grecian Beasts, when so successfullly he reclaim'd them with his Harp. Nor is it needfull that Heroick Poesy should be levell'd to the reach of Common men: for if the examples it presents prevail upon their Chiefs, the delight of Imitation (which we hope we have prov'd to be as effectually to good as to evill) will rectify by the rules which those Chiefs establish of their own lives, the lives of all that behold them; for the example of life, doth as much surpasse the force of Precept, as Life doth exceed Death.

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In the choice of these Objects (which are as Sea-marks to direct the dangerous voyage of life) I thought fit to follow the rule of Coasting Mapps, where the Shelves and Rocks are describ'd as well as the safe Channell; the care being equall how to avoid as to proceed: and the Characters of men (whose passions are to be eschew'd) I have deriv'd from the distempers of Love or Ambition: for Love and Ambition are too often the raging Feavers of great minds. Yet Ambition (if the vulgar acception of the word were corrected) would signifie no more then an extraordinary lifting of the feet in the rough ways of Honor, over the impediments of Fortune; and hath a warmth (till it be chaf'd into a Feaver) which is necessary for every vertuous breast: for good men are guilty of too little appetite to greatnesse, and it either proceeds from that they call contentednesse (but contentednesse when examin'd doth mean something of Lasyennesse as well as moderation) or from some melancholy precept of the Cloyster; where they would make life (for which the world was only made) more unpleasant then Death: as if Nature, the Vicegerent of God (who in providing delightfull varieties, which vertuous greatnesse can best possesse, or assure peaceably to others, implicitly commanded the use of them) should in the necessities of life (life being her chief businessse) though in her whole reign she never committed one error, need the counsell of Fryars, whose solitude makes them no more fit for such direction, then



Prisoners long fetter'd are for a race.

In saying this, I onely awaken such retir'd men, as evaporate their strength of minde by close and long thinking; and would every where separate the soul from the body, ere we are dead, by perswading us (though they were both created and have been long companions together) that the preferment of the one must meerly consist in deserting the other; teaching us to court the Grave, as if during the whole lease of life we were like Moles to live under ground; or as if long and well dying, were the certain means to live in Heaven: Yet Reason (which though the most profitable Talent God hath given us, some Divines would have Philosophers to bury in the Napkin, and not put it to use) perswades us, that the painful activeness of Vertue (for Faith on which some wholly depend, seems but a contemplative boast till the effects of it grow exemplary by action) will more probably acquire everlasting dignities. And surely if these severe Masters (who though obscure in Cells, take it ill if their very opinions rule not all abroad) did give good men leave to be industrious in getting a Share of governing the world, the Multitudes (which are but Tenants to a few Monarchs) would endure that subjection which God hath decreed them, with better order, and more ease; for the world is onely ill govern'd because the wicked take more paines to get authority, then the vertuous; for the vertuous are often preach'd into retirement; which is to the  
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publick as <sup>un</sup>profitable as their sleep; and the erroneousnesse of such lazy rest, let Philosophers judge; since Nature (of whose body man thinks himself the chiefeft member) hath not any where, at any time, been respited from action (in her, call'd motion) by which she universally preserves, and makes Life. Thus much of Ambition which should have succeeded something I was saying of Love.

Love, in the interpretation of the Envious, is Softnesse; in the Wicked, good men suspect it for Lust; and in the Good, some spiritual men have given it the name of Charity: And these are but terms to this which seems a more consider'd definition; that indefinite Love is Lust; and Lust when it is determin'd to one, is Love; This definition too but intrudes it self on what I was about to say, which is (and spoken with sobernesse though like a *Lay-man*) that Love is the most acceptable imposition of Nature, the cause and preservation of Life, and the very healthfulnesse, of the mind, as well as of the Body; but Lust (our raging Feaver) is more dangerous in Cities, then the Calenture in Ships.

Now (Sir) I again ask you pardon, for I have again digressed; my immediate businesse being to tell you, That the distempers of Love and Ambition are the only Characters I design'd to expose as objects of error: and my purpose was also to assure you, that I never meant to prostitute Wickednesse in the Images of low and contemptible people, as if I expected the

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meanest of the multitude for my Readers (since only the Rabble is seen at common executions) nor intended to raise iniquity to that height of horror, till it might seem the fury of something worse than a beast. In order to the first I believe the *Spartans* (who to deter their children from Drunkenness, accustom'd their Slaves to vomit before them) did by such fullsome examples, rather teach them to disdain the Slaves, than to loath Wine, for Men seldom take notice of the vice in abject persons, especially where necessity constrains it. And in observation of the second, I have thought, that those horrid spectacles (when the latter race of *Gladiators* made up the excesses of Roman feasts) did more induce the Guests to detest the cruelty of mankind, than increase their courage by beholding such an impudent scorn of Life.

I have now given you the accompt of such provisions as I made for this new Building; and you may next please (having examin'd the substance) to take a view of the forme; and observe if I have methodically and with discretion dispos'd of the materials, which with some curiosity I had collected. I cannot discern by any help from reading, or learned men, (who have been to me the best and briefest Indexes of Books) that any Nation hath in representment of great actions (either by *Heroicks* or *Dramaticks*) digested Story into so pleasant and instructive a method as the English by their *Drama*: and by that regular species (though narratively and not in Dialogue) I have

have drawn the body of an Heroick Poem : In which I did not only observe the Symmetry (proportioning five Books to five *Acts*, & *Canto's* to *Scenes*, (the *Scenes* having their number ever govern'd by occasion) but all the *shadowings*, *happy strokes*, *secret graces*, and even the *drapery* (which together make the second beauty) I have (I hope) exactly follow'd : and those compositions of second beauty, I observe in the *Drama* to be the under-walks, interweaving, or correspondence of lesser design in *Scenes*, not the great motion of the main plot, and coherence of the *Acts*.

The first *Act* is the general preparative, by rendring the chiefest characters of persons, and ending with something that looks like an obscure promise of design. The second begins with an introduction of new persons, so finishes all the characters, and ends with some little performance of that design which was promis'd at the parting of the first *Act*. The third makes a visible correspondence in the under-walks (or lesser intrigues) of persons ; and ends with an ample turn of the main design, and expectation of a new. The fourth (ever having occasion to be the longest) gives a notorious turn to all the under-walks, and a counterturn to that main design which chang'd in the third. The fifth begins with an intire diversion of the main, and dependant Plotts ; then makes the general correspondence of the persons more discernable, and ends with an easy untying of those particular



ticular knots, which made a contexture of the whole; leaving such satisfaction of probabilities with the Spectator, as may perswade him that neither Fortune in the fate of the Persons, nor the Writer in the Representation, have been unnatural or exorbitant. To these Meanders of the English Stage I have cut out the Walks of my Poem; which in this description may seem intricate and tedious; but will I hope (when men take pains to visit what they have heard describ'd) appear to them as pleasant as a summer passage on a crooked River, where going about, and turning back is as delightful as the delays of parting Lovers.

In placing the Argument (as a *Poem*) before every *Canto*, I have not wholly follow'd the example of the Moderns; but averted it from that purpose to which I found it frequently us'd: for it hath been intended by others, as the contents of the Chapter, or as a Bill of Fare at a Venetian Feast; which is not brought before the meat to raise an expectation, but to satisfy the longing curiosity of the Guests. And that which I have call'd my Argument, is onely meant as an assistance to the readers memory, by containing brief hints, such, as if all the Arguments were successively read, would make him easily remember the mutual dependancies of the general design; yet each rather mentions every person acting, then their actions: But he is very unskilful that by Narratives before an Historical Poem, prevents expectation; for so he comes

comes to have as little success over the Reader (whom the Writer should surprize, and as it were keep prisoner for a time) as he hath on his Enemies who commanding a party out to take them (and commonly Readers are justly Enemies to Writers) imparts openly the design ere he begins the action: Or he may be said to be as unluckily officious as he that leads a wooing to a Mistress, one that already hath newly enjoy'd her.

I shall say a little, why I have chosen my interwoven *Stanza* of four, though I am not oblig'd to excuse the choice; for numbers in Verse must, like distinct kinds of Musick, be expos'd to the uncertain and different taste of several Eares. Yet I may declare, that I believ'd it would be more pleasant to the Reader, in a Work of length, to give this respite or pause, between every *Stanza* (having endeavour'd that each should contain a period) then to run him out of breath with continu'd *Complets*. Nor doth alternate Rime by any lowliness of cadence make the sound less Heroick, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of Musick; and the brevity of the *Stanza* renders it less subtle to the Composer, and more easie to the Singer; which in *stilo recitativo*, when the Story is long, is chiefly requisite. And this was indeed (if I shall not betray vanity in my Confession) the reason that prevail'd most towards my choice of this *Stanza*, and my division of the main work into *Canto's*, every *Canto* including a sufficient accomplishment of some worthy



design or action; for I had so much heat (which you, Sir, may call pride, since pride may be allow'd in *Pegasus*, if it be a praise to other Horses) as to presume they might (like the Works of *Homer* ere they were joyn'd together and made a Volumn by the Athenian King) be sung at Village-feasts; though not to Monarchs after Victory, nor to Armies before battel. For so (as an inspiration of glory into the one, and of valour into the other) did *Homer's* Spirit, long after his bodies rest, wander in musick about *Greece*.

Thus you have the *Model* of what I have already built, or shal hereafter join to the same frame. If I be accus'd of Innovation, or to have transgress'd against the method of the Ancients; I shall think my self secure in believing, that a Poet who hath wrought with his own instruments at a new design, is no more answerable for disobedience to Predecessors, then *Law-makers* are liable to those old Laws which themselves have repealed.

Having describ'd the outward frame, the large rooms within, the lesler conveyances, and now the furniture; it were orderly to let you examine the matter of which that furniture is made: But though every Owner who hath the Vanity to shew his ornaments, or Hangings, must endure the curiosity, and censure of him that beholds them; yet I shall not give you the trouble of inquiring what is, but tell you of what I design'd their substance; which is, *Wit*: And *Wit* is the laborious, and the lucky refulcences of thought, having  
towards

towards its excellence (as we say of the strokes of Painting) as well a happinesse, as care. It is a Webb consisting of the subt'lest threds; and like that of the *Spider* is considerately woven out of our selves; for a *Spider* may be said to consider, not only respecting his solemnesse and tacit posture (like a grave Scout in ambush for his Enemy) but because all things done, are either from consideration, or chance; and the work of Chance are accomplishments of an instant, having commonly a dissimilitude; but hers are the works of time, and have their contextures alike.

*Wit* is not only the luck and labour, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world, like the Sun, with unimaginable motion; and bringing swiftly home to the memory universall surveys. It is the *Souls Powder*, which when suppress'd (as forbidden from flying upward) blows up the restraint, and loseth all force in a farther ascension towards Heaven (the region of God) and yet by nature is much less able to make any inquisition downward towards Hell, the Cell of the Devill; But breaks through all about it (as farr as the utmost it can reach) removes, uncovers, makes way for Light, where darkness was inclos'd, till great bodies are more examinable by being scatter'd into parcels; and till all that find its strength (but most of mankind are strangers to *Wit*, as *Indians* are to *Powder*) worship it for the effects, as deriv'd from the Deity. It is in Divines, Humility, Exemplarinesse and Moderation; in Statesmen, Gravity, Vigilance, Benigne



nigne Complacency, Secrecy, Patience and Dispatch: in Leaders of Armies, Valor, Painfulness, Temperance, Bounty, Dexterity in punishing and rewarding, and a sacred Certitude of promise. It is in Poets, a full comprehension of all recited in all these; and an ability to bring those comprehensions into action, when they shall so far forget the true measure of what is of greatest consequence to humanity, (which are things righteous, pleasant and usefull) as to think the delights of greatness equall to that of Poesy; or the Chiefs of any Profession more necessary to the world, then excellent Poets. Lastly, though *Wit* be not the envy of ignorant Men, 'tis often of evill Statesmen, and of all such imperfect great spirits, as have it in a lesse degree then Poets: for though no man envies the excellence of that which in no proportion he ever tasted, (as men cannot be said to envy the condition of Angels) yet we may say the Devill envies the Supremacy of God, because he was in some degree partaker of his glory.

That which is not, yet is accompted, *Wit*, I will but sleightly remember; which seems very incident to imperfect youth, and sickly age; Yong men (as if they were not quite deliver'd from Childhood, whose first exercise is Language) imagine it consists in the Musick of words, and beleeve they are made wise by refining their speech, above the vulgar Dialect; which is a mistake almost as great, as that of the people, who think Orators, (which is a title that crowns at riper years

years | those that have practis'd the dexterity of tongue ) the ablest men, who are indeed so much more unapt for governing, as they are more fit for Sedition : and it may be said of them as of the Witches of Norway, who can sell a Storm for a Dollar, which for Ten Thousand they cannot allay. From the esteem of speaking they proceed to the admiration of what are commonly call'd *Colloquies*, things that sound like the knacks or toys of ordinary *Epigrammatists*: and from thence, after more conversation and variety of objects, grow up to some force of *Fancy*; Yet even then like young Hawks they stray and fly far off; using their liberty as if they would ne're returne to the Lure; and often goe at check ere they can make a steady view, and know their game.

22 Old men, that have forgot their first Childhood and are returning to their second; think it lyes in *agnomination*, and in a kinde of an alike tinkling of words; or else in a grave telling of wonderfull things; or in comparing of times without a discover'd partiality; which they performe so ill by favoring the past, that, as 'tis observ'd, if the bodies of men should grow less, though but an unmeasurable proportion in Seven years; Yet reckoning from the *Flood*, they would not remain in the stature of Frogs; so if States and particular persons had impair'd in government, and increas'd in wickedness, proportionably to what Old men affirm they have done, from their own infancy, to their age; all publique Policy had been long since



Confusion, and the congregated World would not suffice now to people a Village. The last thing they suppose to be *Wit*, is their bitter Morals, when they almost declare themselves Enemies to Youth and Beauty; by which severity they seem cruel as *Herod* when he surpris'd the sleeping Children of *Bethlem*: For Youth is so far from wanting Enemies, that it is mortally its own, so unpractised, that it is every where cosen'd more than a Stranger among *Jews*; and hath an Infirmary of sight more hurtful then Blindness to Blinde men; for though it cannot chuse the way it scorns to be led. And Beauty, though many call themselves her Friends, hath few but such as are fall to her: Though the World sets her in a Throne, yet all about her (even her gravest Counsellors) are Traytors, though not in conspiracy, yet in their distinct designs; and to make her certain not onely of distress but ruine, she is ever pursu'd by her most cruel enemy, the great Destroyer, *Time*. But I will proceed no farther upon old men, nor in recording mistakes; least finding so many more, then there be Verities, we might beleeve we walk in as great obscurity as the Egyptians when Darkness was their Plague. Nor will I presume to call the matter of which the Ornaments or Substantial parts of this Poem are compos'd, *Wit*; but onely tell you my endeavour was, in bringing Truth (too often absent) home to mens bosoms, to lead her through unfrequented and new ways, and from the most remote Shades, by representing

representing Nature, though not in an affected, yet in an unusual dress.

'Tis now fit, after I have given you so long a survey of the Building, to render you some account of the Builder, that you may know by what time, pains, and assistance I have already proceeded, or may hereafter finish my work: and in this I shal take occasion to accuse, and condemn, as papers unworthy of light, all those hasty digestions of thought which were published in my Youth; a sentence not pronounc'd out of melancholy rigour; but from a cheerful obedience to the just authority of experience: For that grave Mistress of the World, Experience (in whose profitable School those before the Flood stay'd long, but we like wanton children come thither late, yet too soon are call'd out of it, and fetch'd home by Death) hath taught me, that the engendrings of unripe age become abortive, and deform'd; and that after obtaining more years, those must needs prophecy with ill success, who make use of their Visions in Wine; That when the ancient Poets were vallew'd as Prophets, they were long and painfull in watching the correspondence of Causes, ere they presum'd to foretell effects: and that 'tis a high presumption to entertain a Nation (who are a Poets standing Guest, and require Monarchicall respect) with hasty provisions; as if a Poet might imitate the familiar dispatch of Faulkoners, mount his *Pegasus*, unhood his *Muse*, and with a few flights boast he hath provided a feast for a Prince. Such ~~was~~ past

slow



ing upon *Pegasus* I have long since forborne; and during my Journey in this worke have mov'd with a slow pace; that I might make my surveys as one that travaill not to bring home the names, but the proportion, and nature of things; and in this I am made wise by two great examples; for the friends of *Virgill* acknowledge he was many years in doing honor to *Aeneas* (still contracting at night into a closer force, the abundance of his morning strengths) and *Statius* rather seems to boast, then blush, when he confesses he was twice Seaven in renowning the war between *Argos* and *Thebes*.

Next to the usefulness of Time (which here implys ripe age) I beleev'd pains most requisite to this undertaking; for though painfulness in Poets (according to the usual negligence of our Nation in Examining, and their diligence to censure) seems always to discover a want of natural force, and is traduc'd, as if Poesy concern'd the world no more then Dancing; whose only grace is the quickness and facility of motion; and whose perfection is not of such publique consequence, that any man can merit much by attaining it with long labour; yet let them consider, and they will finde (nor can I stay long ere I convince them in the important use of Poesy) the natural force of a Poet more apparent, by but confessing that great forces aske great labour in managing; then by an arrogant braving the World, when he enters the field with his undisciplin'd first thoughts: For a wise Poet, like a  
wise

wise General, will not shew his strengths till they are in exact government and order; which are not the postures of chance, but proceed from Vigilance and labour.

Yet to such painfull Poets some upbraid the want of extemporary fury, or rather *inspiration*; a dangerous word; which many have of late successfully us'd; and *inspiration* is a spirituall Fitt, deriv'd from the ancient Ethnick Poets, who then, as they were Priests, were Statesmen too, and probably lov'd dominion; and as their well dissembling of inspiration begot them reverence then, equall to that which was paid to Laws; so these who now profess the same fury, may perhaps by such authentick example pretend authority over the people; It being not unreasonable to imagine, they rather imitate the Greek Poets than the Hebrew Prophets since the later were inspir'd for the use of others; and these, like the former, prophecy for themselves. But though the ancient Poets are excus'd, as knowing the weak constitution of those Deities from whom they took their Priesthood; and the frequent necessity of dissembling for the ease of government: yet these (who also from the chief to the meanest are Statesmen and Priests, but have not the luck to be Poets) should not assume such fancy familiarity with a true God.

From the time and labour requir'd to my Poem, let me proceed to my Assistants; by which I shall not so much attest my own weakness, as discover the difficulties



ties and greatness of such a work: For when *Solomon* made use of his Neighbours towards his Building, he lost no reputation, nor by demanding those aids was thought a lesser Prince; but rather publish'd his Wisdom in rightly understanding the vast extent of his enterprise: who likewise with as much glory made use of Fellers of Wood, and Hewers of Stone, as of learned Architects: Nor have I refrain'd to be oblig'd to men of any Science, as well mechanicall as liberall: Nor when Memory (from that various and plentiful stock, with which all observers are furnish'd, that have had diversity of life) presented me by chance with any figure, did I lay it aside as useless, because at that instant I was not skilfull to manage it artfully; but I have staid and recorded such objects, till by consulting with right Masters I have dispos'd of them without mistake; It being no more shame to get Learning at that very time, and from the same Text; when, and by which, we instruct others; then for a forward Scout, discovering the Enemy, to save his own life at a Pass, where he then teaches his Party to escape.

In remembring mine own helps, I have consider'd those which others in the same necessity have taken; and finde that Writers (contrary to my inclination) are apter to be beholding to Bookes, then to Men; not only as the first are more in their possession (being more constant Companions then dearest friends) but because they commonly make such use of treasure found in Books, as of other treasure belonging to the Dead,

Dead, and hidden under ground; for they dispose of both with great secrecy, defacing the shape, or images of the one, as much as of the other; through fear of having the originall of their stealth or abundance discover'd. And the next cause why Writers are more in Libraries, then in company, is, that Books are easily open'd, and learned men are usually shut up, by a forward or envious humor of retention, or else unfold themselves, so as we may read more of their weakness and vanity, then Wisdom; imitating the Holiday-custom in great Cities, where the shops of Chaundry, and slight wares, are familiarly open, but those of solid and staple merchandise are proudly lock'd up.

Nor indeed can it be expected that all great Doctors are of so benigne a nature, as to take pains in gaining treasure (of which Knowledge is the greatest) with intent to enrich others so easily, as if they stood every where with their Pockets spread, and ready to be pickt: nor can we read of any Father, who so far and secretly adopted his Son to a Book of his own writing, as that his Son might be thought Author of that written Wit, as much as his Father was Author of him: Nor of any Husband that to his darling Wife would so far surrender his Wisdom, as that in publique, he could endure to let her use his Dictates, as if she would have others think her wiser then himself. By this remembrance of that usual parsimony in owners of Wit, towards such as would make use of their plenty, I lament the fortune of others, and may wish the Reader



to congratulate mine; For I have found Friends as ready as Books, to regulate my conceptions, or make them more correct, easie and apparent. But though I am become so wise, by knowing my self, as to believe the thoughts of divers transcend the best which I have written; yet I have admitted from no man any change of my Design, nor very seldom of my sense. For I resolv'd to have this Poem subsist and continue throughout with the same complexion and spirit; though it appear but like a plain Family, of a neighbourly alliance, who marry into the same moderate quality and garbe, and are fearfull of introducing strangers of greater ranke, least the shining presence of such, might seem to upbraid, and put all about them out of countenance.

And now, Sir, that the Reader may (whom Writers are fain to court, draw in, and keep with artifice, so shy men grow of Books) beleve me worthy of him, I cannot forbear to thank you in publique, for examining, correcting, and allowing this Poem in parcels ere it arriv'd at the contexture: by which you have perform'd the just degrees of proceeding with Poets, who during the gayety and wantonness of the Muse, are but as children to Philosophers (though of some Giant race) whose first thoughts (wilde, and roaming far off) must be brought home, watch'd, and interrogated, and after they are made more regular, be encourag'd and prais'd for doing well, that they may delight in aiming at perfection. By such a Method the  
Muse

Muse is taught to become Master of her own, and others strength: and who is he so learn'd (how proud so ever with being cherish'd in the bosome of Fame) that can hope, when through the severall ways of Science, he seeks Nature in her hidden walks) to make his Journey short, unless he call you to be his Guide? and who so guided can suspect his safety, even when he travails through the Enemy's Country? for such is the vast field of Learning, where the Learned (though not numerous enough to be an Army) lye as small Parties, maliciously in Ambush, to destroy all new Men that look into their Quarters. And from such, you, and those you lead, are secure; because you move not by common Mapps, but have painfully made your own Prospect; and travail now like the Sun, not to inform yourself, but enlighten the world.

And likewise, when by the strict survey and Government that hath been had over this Poem, I shall think to govern the Reader (who though he be noble, may perhaps judg of supreme Power like a very Commoner, and rather approve authority, when it is in many, then in one) I must acquaint him, that you had not alone the trouble of establishing, and destroying; but enjoy'd your intervals and ease by Two Colleagues; Two that are worthy to follow you into the Closets of Princes; if the knowledg of Men past, (of whom Books are the remaining minds) or of the present (of whom Conversation is the usefull and lawfull Spy) may make up such greatnesse, as is fit for great  
F Courts



Courts: or if the rayes that proceed from the Poetick Planet, be not a little too strong for the sight of modern Monarchs; who now are too seldom taught in their youth, like Eaglets to fortifie their eyes by often soaring near the Sun. And though this be here but my testimony, it is too late for any of you to disclaim it; for since you have made it valid by giving yours of GONDIBERT under your hands, you must be content to be us'd by me, as Princes are by their prefer'd Subjects; who in the very act of taking honor, return it to the Giver; as benefits receiv'd by the Creature, manifest the power, and redound to the glory of the Creator.

I am now, Sir, (to your great comfort, that have bin thus ill, and long diverted) arriv'd at my last consideration, which is to satisfie those who may inquire why I have taken so much paines to become an Author? Or why any man stays so long sweating at the fire of Invention, to dress the food of the Minde, when Readers have so imperfect Stomacks, as they either devour Books with over hasty Digestion, or grow to loath them from a surfet. And why I more especially made my task an Heroick Poem? I shall involve the two first Questions in one; as submitting to be concern'd amongst the generality of Writers; whose Enemies being many, and now mine, we must joyn forces to oppose them.

Men are chiefly provok'd to the toyl of compiling Books, by love of Fame, and often by officiousness  
of

of Conscience, but seldom with expectation of Riches : for those that spend time in writing to instruct others, may finde leasure to inform themselves, how mean the provisions are which busy and studious minds can make for their own sedentary bodies : And Learned men (to whom the rest of the world are but Infants) have the same foolish affection in nourishing others minds, as Pellicans in feeding their young ; which is, at the expence of the very substance of Life. 'Tis then apparent they proceed by the instigation of Fame, or Conscience ; and I beleieve many are perswaded by the first (of which I am One) and some are commanded by the second. Nor is the desire of Fame so vain as divers have rigidly imagin'd ; Fame being (when belonging to the Living) that which is more gravely call'd, a steddy and necessary reputation ; and without it, hereditary Power, or acquir'd greatness can never quietly govern the World. 'Tis of the dead a musical glory, in which God, the author of excellent goodness, vouchsafes to take a continual share ; For the remember'd virtues of great men are chiefly such of his works (mention'd by King *David*) as perpetually praise him : and the good fame of the Dead prevails by example much more then the reputation of the Living, because the later is alwayes suspected by our Envy, but the other is cheerfully allow'd, and religiously admir'd : for Admiration (whose Eyes are ever weak) stands still, and at gaze upon great things acted far off ; but when

F 2

they



they are neer, walks slightly away as from familiar objects. Fame is to our Sons a solid Inheritance, and not unuseful to remote Posterity; and to our Reason, tis the first, though but a little taste of Eternity.

Those that write by the command of Conscience (thinking themselves able to instruct others, and consequently oblig'd to it) grow commonly the most voluminous; because the pressures of Conscience are so incessant, that she is never satisfy'd with doing enough: for such as be newly made the Captives of God (many appearing so to themselves, when they first begin to ware the Fetters of Conscience) are like common slaves, when newly taken; who terrify'd with a fancy of the severity of absolute Masters, abuse their diligence out of fear, and do ill, rather then appear idle. And this may be the cause why Libraries are more then double lin'd with Spiritual Books, or Tracts of Morality; the latter being the Spiritual Counsels of ~~the~~ *Lay-men*; and newest of such great volumes (being usually but transcriptions or translations) differ so much from the Ancients, as later daies from those of old, which difference is no more then an alteration of names by removing the *Ethnick*s to make way for the *Saints*. These are the effects of their labours, who are provok'd to become Authors, meerly out of Conscience; and Conscience we may again averre to be often so unskilful and timerous, that it seldom gives a wise and steddy account of God; but  
grows

grows jealous of him as of an Adversary, and is after melancholy visions like a fearfull Scout, after he hath ill survey'd the Enemy, who then makes incongruous, long, and terrible Tales.

Having confess'd that the desire of Fame made me a Writer; I must declare, why in my riper age I chose to gain it more especially by an Heroicall Poem; and the Heroick being by most allow'd to be the most beautifull of Poems, I shall not need to decide the quarrels of Poets about the Degrees of Excellence in Poesy: But 'tis not amiss ere I avow the usefulness of the Science in generall (which was the cause of my undertaking) to remember the value it had from the greatest and most worthy spirits in all Ages: for I will not abstain (though it may give me the reputation but of common reading) to mention, that *Pisistratus*, (though a Tyrant) liv'd with the praise, and dy'd with the blessing of all *Greece*, for gathering the scatter'd limbs of *Homer's* Works into a Body; and that great *Alexander* by publicly conversing with it, attain'd the universall opinion of Wit; the same of such inward forces conducing as much to his Conquests, as his Armies abroad: That the *Athenian* Prisoners were thought worthy of life and liberty for singing the Tragedies of *Euripides*: That *Thebes* was sav'd from destruction by the Victors reverence to the memory of *Pindar*: That the elder *Scipio*, (who govern'd all the civill world) lay continually in the bosome of *Ennius*: That the great *Numantia* and *Laelius* (no less renown'd)



were openly proud when the Romans beleev'd they assisted *Terence* in his Comedies : That *Augustus* (to whom the mysteries of universall Empire were more familiar, then domestick Dominion to Modern Kings) made *Virgill* the partner of his joyes, and would have divided his business with *Horace* : And that *Lucan* was the fear and envy of *Nero*. If we approach nearer our own times, we may add the triumphall Entry which the Papacy gave to *Petrarch*; and how much *Tasso* is still the glory and delight of *Italy*.

But as in this hasty Muster of Poets and lifting their confederates, I shall by omitting many, deprive them of that pay which is due from Fame; so I may now by the opinion of some Divines (whom notwithstanding I will reverence in all their distinct habits and fashions of the mind) be held partiall, and too bold, by adding to the first number (though I range them upon holy ground, and aside) *Moses*, *David*, and *Solomon*, for their Songs, Psalmes, and Anthemes; the Second being the acknowledg'd Favorite of God; whom he had gain'd by excellent Praises in sacred Poesy. And I fear (since Poesy is the clearest light by which they finde the soul who seek it) that Poets have in their fluent kindnesse diverted from the right use, and spent too much of that spirituall talent in the honor of mortall Princes: for divine Praise (when in the high perfection, as in Poets, and only in them) is so much the uttermost and whole of Religious worship, that all other parts of Devotion serve but to make it up.

Praise

89

Praise, is Devotion fit for mighty Mindes;  
 The diff'ring World's agreeing Sacrifice;  
 Where Heaven divided Faiths united findes:  
 But Pray'r in various discord upward flies.

Gondibert,  
 lib. 2. Can-  
 to 6.

90

For Pray'r the Ocean is, where diversly  
 Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral Coast;  
 Where all our Intr'ests so discordant be,  
 That half beg windes by which the rest are lost.

91

By Penitence when We our selves forsake,  
 'Tis but in wise design on piteous Heaven;  
 In Praise We nobly give what God may take,  
 And are without a Beggars blush forgiven.

92

Its utmost force, like Powder's, is unknown;  
 And though weak Kings excess of Praise may fear,  
 Yet when tis here, like Powder dang'rous grown,  
 Heaven's Vault receives what would the Palace tear.

After this contemplation, how acceptable the voice  
 of Poesy hath been to God, we may (by descending  
 from Heaven to Earth) consider how usefull it is to  
 Men; and among Men, Divines are the chief, because  
 ordain'd



ordain'd to temper the rage of humane power by spirituall menaces, as by suddain and strange threatnings madnesse is frighted into Reason; and they are sent hither as Liegers from God, to conserve in stedfast motion the slippery joints of Government; and to perswade an amity in divided Nations: therefore to Divines I first addresse my self; and presume to ask them, why, ever since their dominion was first allow'd, at the great change of Religions, (though ours more then any inculcates obedience, as an easie Medicine to cool the impatient and raging world into a quiet rest) mankind hath been more unruly then before? it being visible that Empire decreas'd with the increase of Christianity; and that one weak Prince did anciently suffice to govern many strong Nations: but now one little Province is too hard for their own wise King; and a small Republique hath Seventy years maintain'd their revolt to the disquiet of many Monarchs. Or if Divines reply, we cannot expect the good effects of their office, because their spirituall Dominion is not allow'd as absolute, then it may be ask'd them more severely, why 'tis not allow'd? for where ever there hath been great degrees of power (which hath been often and long in the Church) it discovers (though worldly vicissitude be objected as an excuse) that the managers of such power, since they endeavor'd not to enlarge it, believ'd the increase unrighteous; or were in acting, or contriving that endeavor, either negligent or weak: For Power, like the hasty Vine, climbs up apace to the

the Supporter; but if not skilfully attended and dress'd, instead of spreading and bearing fruit, grows high and naked; and then (like empty title) being soon useless to others, becomes neglected, and unable to support it self.

But if Divines have faild in governing Princes (that is, of being intirely belev'd by them) yet they might obliquely have rul'd them, in ruling the People; by whom of late, Princes have been govern'd; and they might probably rule the People, because the heads of the Church (where ever Christianity is preach'd) are Tetrarchs of Time; of which they command the fourth Division; for to no less the Sabbaths, and Daies of Saints amount; and during those daies of spiritual triumph, Pulpits are Thrones; and the people oblig'd to open their Eares, and let in the ordinances and commands of Preachers; who likewise are not without some little Regency throughout the rest of the Year; for then they may converse with the Laity, from whom they have commonly such respect (and respect soon opens the door to perswasion) as shews their Congregations not deaf in those holy seasons, when speaking predominates.

But notwithstanding these advantages, the Pulpit hath little prevail'd; for the world is in all Regions revers'd, or shaken by disobedience; an Engine with which the great Angels (for such were the Devils, and had faculties much more sublim'd then Men) belev'd they could disorder Heaven. And it is not want of



capacity in the lower Auditory that makes Doctrine so unsuccessful ; for the people are not simple, since the Gentry (even of strongest education ) lack sufficient defence against them, and are hourly surpris'd in (their common Ambushes) their Shops : For on sacred Daies they walk gravely and sadly from Temples, as if they had newly bury'd their sinful Fathers ; at night sleep as if they never needed forgiveness ; and rise with the next Sun, to lie in wait for the Noble, & the Studious. And though these quiet Counsers are amongst the People, esteem'd their steddly Men ; yet they honor the courage, and more active parts of such disobedient Spirits, as disdaining thus tamely to deceive, attempt bravely to robb the State ; and the State they beleeve (though the Helme were held by Apostles) would always consist of such Arch-robbers, as who ever stripps them, but waves the tedious satisfaction which the Lasy expect from Laws, and comes a shorter way to his own.

Thus unapt for obedience (in the condition of Beasts whose appetite is Liberty, and their Liberty a license of Lust) the People have often been, since a long, and notorious power hath continu'd with Divines ; whom though with reverence we accuse for mistaken lenity ; yet are we not so cruel to expect they should behave themselves to Sinners like fierce *Phineas*, or preach with their Swords drawn, to kill all they cannot perswade : But our meaning is to shew how much their Christian meekness hath deceiv'd them.

them in taming this wilde monster the People; and a little to rebuke them for neglecting the assistance of Poets; and for upbraiding the Ethnicks, because the Poets mannag'd their Religion; as if Religion could walk more prosperously abroad, then when Morality (respectfully, and bare-headed as her Usher) prepares the way: it being no lesse true, that during the dominion of Poesy, a willing and peacefull obedience to Superiors becalm'd the world; then that obedience like the marriage yoke, is a restraint more needful and advantagious then liberty; and hath the same reward of pleasant quietnesse, which it anciently had, when *Adam*, till his disobedience, enjoy'd Paradise. Such are the effects of sacred Poesy, which charms the People with harmonious precepts; and whose aid Divines should not disdain, since their Lord (the Saviour of the World) vouchsaf'd to deliver his Doctrine in Parabollicall Fictions.

Those that be of next importance are Leaders of Armies; and such I measure not by the suffrages of the People, who give them respect as Indians worship the evill Spirit, rather for fear of harm, then for affection; but esteem them as the painfull Protectors and enlargers of Empire, by whom it actively moves; and such active motion of Empire is as necessary as the motion of the Sea, where all things would putrifie, and infect one another, if the Element were quiet: so is it with mens minds on shore, when that Element of greatness and honor, *Empire*, stands still; of which the large-



ness is likewise as needfull, as the vastness of the Sea; For God ordain'd not huge Empire as proportionable to the Bodies, but to the Mindes of Men; and the Mindes of Men are more monstrous, and require more space for agitation and the hunting of others, then the Bodies of Whales. But he that beleeves men such moderate Sheep, as that many are peacefully contain'd in a narrow Folde, may be better inform'd in *America*, where little Kings never enjoy a harmlesse neighbourhood, unless protected defensively amongst themselves, by an Emperor that hath wide possessions, and priority over them, (as in some few places) but when restrain'd in narrow dominion, where no body commands and hinders their nature, they quarrell like Cocks in a Pitt; and the Sun in a dayes travail there, sees more battails (but not of consequence, because their Kings though many, are little), then in *Europe* in a Year.

To *Leaders of Armies*, as to very necessary Men (whose Office requires the uttermost aids of art, and Nature, and rescues the sword of Justice, when 'tis wrested from supreme Power by Commotion) I am now address'd, and must put them in minde (though not upbraidingly) how much their Mighty Predecessors were anciently oblig'd to Poets; whose Songs (recording the praises of Conduct and Valour) were esteem'd the chiefest rewards of Victory; And since Nature hath made us prone to Imitation (by which we equall the best or the worst) how much those Images  
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of Action prevail upon our mindes, which are delightfully drawn by Poets? For the greatest of the Grecian Captains have confess'd, that their Counsels have bin made wise, and their Courages warm by *Homer*; and since Praise is a pleasure which God hath invited, and with which he often vouchsaf'd to be pleas'd when it was sent him by his own Poet; why is it not lawfull for vertuous men to be cherish'd, and magnify'd with hearing their vigilance, Valour, and good Fortune (the latter being more the immediate gift of Heaven, because the effect of an unknown Cause) commended and made eternall in Poesy? But perhaps the art of praising Armies into great and instant action, by singing their former deeds (an Art with which the Ancients made *Empire* so large) is too subtle for modern *Leaders*; who as they cannot reach the heights of Poesy, must be content with a narrow space of Dominion: and narrow Dominion breeds evil, peevish, and vexatious mindes, and a Nationall self-opinion, like simple Jewish arrogance; and the Jews were extraordinary proud in a very little Country: For men in contracted governments are but a kinde of Prisoners; and Prisoners by long restraint grow wicked, malicious to all abroad, and foolish esteemers of themselves; as if they had wrong in not enjoying every thing which they can only see out of Windows.

Our last application is to *Statesmen*, and Makers of *Laws*; who may be reasonably reduc'd to one; since the second differ no more from the first, then Judges



(the Copies of *Law-makers*) differ from their Originals: For Judges, like all bold interpreters, by often altering the Text, make it quite new; and *Statesmen* (who differ not from *Law-makers* in the act, but in the manner of doing) make new *Laws* presumptuously without the consent of the people; but *Legislators* more civilly seem to whistle to the Beast, and stroak him into the Yoke: and in the Yoke of State, the people (with too much pampering) grow soon unruly and draw awry; Yet *Statesmen* and *Judges* (whose business is governing, and the thing to be govern'd is the people) have amongst us (we being more proud and mistaken than any other famous Nation) look'd gravely upon Poetry, and with a negligence that betray'd a Northerly ignorance; as if they believ'd they could perform their work without it. But Poets (who with wise diligence study the People, and have in all ages by an insensible influence govern'd their manners) may justly smile when they perceive that *Divines*, *Leaders of Armies*, *Statesmen*, and *Judges*, think *Religion*, the *Sword*, or (which is unwritten *Law*, and a secret Confederacy of Chiefs) *Policy*, or *Law* (which is written, but seldom rightly read) can give without the help of the *Muses*, a long and quiet satisfaction in government: For *Religion* is to the wicked and faithless (who are many) a jurisdiction against which they readily rebel; because it rules severely, yet promiseth no worldly recompence for obedience; obedience being by every humane Power invited with assurances of

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visible advantage. The good (who are but few) need not the power of *Religion* to make them better, the power of *Religion* proceeding from her threatenings, which though mean weapons, are fitly us'd, since she hath none but base Enemies. We may observe too, that all Vertuous men are so taken up with the rewards of Heaven, that they live as if out of the World; and no government receives assistance from any man meerly as he is good; but as that goodness is active in temporal things.

The *Sword* is in the hand of *Justice* no guard to Government, but then when *Justice* hath an Army for her own defence; and Armies, if they were not pervertible by Faction, yet are to Common-wealths like Kings Physicians to poor Patients; who buy the cure of their disorder'd bodies at so high a rate, that they may be said to change their Sicknes for Famine. *Policy* (I mean of the Living, not of the Dead; the one being the last rules or designs governing the Instant; the other those laws that began Empire) is as mortal as *States-men* themselves; whose incessant labors make that Hectick fever of the minde, which insensibly dispatches the Body: and when We trace *States-men* through all the Histories of Courts, we finde their Inventions so unnecessary to those that succeed at the Helme, or so much envy'd as they scarce last in authority till the Inventors are buried; and change of designs in *States-men* (their designs being the weapons by which States are defended) grows as destructive.



destructive to Government, as a continual change of various weapons is to Armies; which must receive with ruine any suddain assault, when want of practise makes unactiveness. We cannot urge that the ambition of *States-men* (who are obnoxious to the people) doth much disorder government; because the Peoples anger, by a perpetual coming in of new Oppressors is so diverted in considering those whom their Eyes but lately left, as they have not time enough to rise for the Publick: and evil successors to power are in the troubled stream of State like succeeding Tides in Rivers, where the Mudd of the former is hidden by the filth of the last.

Laws, if very ancient, grow as doubtful and difficult as Letters on buryd Marble, which only Antiquaries read; but if not Old, they want that reverence which is therefore paid to the vertues of Ancestors, because their crimes come not to our remembrance; and yet great Men must be long dead whose ills are forgotten. If *Laws* be New they must be made either by very Angels, or by Men that have some vices; and those being seen make their Vertues suspected; for the People no more esteem able men, whose defects they know, (though but errors incident to Humanity) then an Enemy values a strong Army having experience of their Errors. And new Laws are held but the projects of necessitous Power, new Nets spread to intangle Us; the Old being accounted too many, since most are beleev'd to be made for Forfeitures: and such

Such letting of blood (though intended by Lawmakers for our health) is to the People always out of Season : for those that love life with too much Passion (and Money is the life blood of the People) ever fear a Consumption. But be Law-makers as able as Nature or Experience (which is the best Art) can make them ; yet, though I will not yeeld the Wicked to be wiser then the Vertuous, I may say, offences are too hard for the Laws, as some beasts are too wylie for their Hunters ; and that Vice overgrows Vertue, as much as Weeds grow faster then Medicinable Herbs : or rather that Sin, like the fruitfull slime of *Nalms*, doth increase into so many various shapes of Serpents (whose walks and retreats are winding and unknown) that even *Justice*, (the painfull pursuer of Mischief) is become weary, and amaz'd.

After these Meditations, me thinks Government resembles a Ship, where though *Divines*, *Leaders of Armies*, *Statesmen*, and *Judges* are the trusted Pilots ; yet it moves by the means of winds, as uncertain as the breath of Opinion ; and is laden with the People ; a Freight much loesser, and more dangerous then any other living stowage ; being as troublesome in fair weather, as Horses in a Storm. And how can these Pilots stedily maintain their course to the Land of Peace and Plenty, since they are often divided at the Helm ? For *Divines* (when they consider great *Chiefs*) suppose Armies to be sent from God for a temporary Plague, not for continuall Jurisdiction ; and that Gods extreme punish-

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ments (of which Armies be the most violent) are ordain'd to have no more lastingness, then the extremes in Nature. They think (when they consider *Statesmen*) Policy hath nothing of the Dove, and being all Serpent, is more dangerous, then the dangers it pretends to prevent: and that out-witting (by falshood and corruption) adverse States, or the People (though the people be often the greater enemy and more perilsome being nearest) is but giving reputation to Sin, and that to maintain the Publique by politique evils, is a base prostitution of Religion, and the prostitution of Religion is that unpardonable whoredom which so much anger'd the Prophets. They think *Law* nothing but the Bible forcibly usurp'd by covetous Lawyers, and disguis'd in a Paraphrase more obscure then the Text; and that 'tis only want of just reverence to Religion, which doth expose us to the charges and vexations of *Law*.

The *Leaders of Armies* accuse *Divines* for unwisely raising the War of the World by opposite Doctrine, and for being more indiscreet in thinking to appease it by perswasion; forgetting that the dispatchful ending of War is blows; and that the naturall region for Disputes, when Nations are engag'd (though by Religion) is the Field of Battail, not Schools and Academies; which they beleeve (by their restless controversies) less civill then Camps; as intestine Quarrell is held more barbarous then foreign War. They think *Statesmen* to them (unlesse dignify'd with military Office)

Office) but mean Spys, that like *African Foxes* (who attend on *Lions*, ranging before and about for their valiant prey) shrink back till the danger be subdu'd, and then with insatiate hunger come in for a share: Yet sometimes with the Eye of Envie (which enlarges objects like a multiplying glass) they behold these *Statesmen*, and think them immense as *Whales*; the motion of whose vast bodies can in a peacefull calm trouble the Ocean till it boyl; After a little hasty wonder, they consider them again with disdain of their low constraints at Court; where they must patiently endure the little follies of such small Favorites as wait even near the wisest Thrones; so fantastically weak seem Monarchs in the sicknesse of Care (a feaver in the head) when for the humorous pleasure of Diversity, they descend from purple Beds, and seek their ease upon the ground. These great *Leaders* say also, that *Law* moves slowly as with fetter'd feet, and is too tedious in redresse of wrongs; whilst in Armies *Justice* seems to ride poste, and overtakes Offenders ere the contagion of crimes can infect others: and though in Courts and Cities great men fence often with her, and with a forcive sleight put by her sword; yet when she retires to *Camps*, she is in a posture not only to punish the offences of particular Greatnesse, but of injurious Nations.

*States-men* look on *Divines* as men whose long solitude and Meditations on Heaven hath made them Strangers upon Earth: and tis acquaintance with the



World, and knowledge of Man that makes abilities of Ruling: for though it may be said that a sufficient belief of Doctrine would beget obedience (which is the uttermost design of governing) yet since diversity of Doctrine doth distract all Auditors, and makes them doubtfully dispose their obedience (even towards spiritual powers, on which many would have the temporal depend) therefore *States-men* think themselves more fit to manage *Empire*, then *Divines*; whose usefulness consists in perswasion; and perswasion is the last medicine (being the most desperate) which *States-men* apply to the distemper of the People: for their distemper is madness, and madness is best cur'd with terror and force. They think that *Leaders of Armies* are to great *Empire*, as great Rivers to the continent; which make an easie access of such benefits as the Metropolis (the seat of power) would else at vast distances with difficulty reach: yet often like proud Rivers when they swell, they destroy more by once overflowing their borders at home, then they have in long time acquir'd from abroad: They are to little *Empire* like the Sea to low Islands; by nature a defence from Forreigners, but by accident, when they rage, a deluge to their own shore. And at all seasons *States-men* believe them more dangerous to government then themselves: for the popularity of *States-men* is not so frequent as that of *Generals*; or if by rare sufficiency of Art it be gain'd, yet the force of crowds in Cities, compar'd to the validity.

validity of men of Armes, and discipline, would appear like the great number of Sheep to a few Wolves, rather a cause of Comfort then of Terror. They think that chief *Ministers of Law* by unskilful integrity, or love of popularity (which shews the Minde, as meanly born as bred) so earnestly pursue the protection of the Peoples right, that they neglect the publick Interest; and though the Peoples right, and publick Interest be the same, yet usually by the People, the Ministers of Law mean private men, and by the other the State; and so the State and the People are divided, as we may say a man is divided within himself, when reason and Passion (and Passion is folly) dispute about consequent actions, and if we were call'd to assist at such intestine war, we must side with Reason, according to our duty, by the Law of Nature; and Natures Law, though not written in Stone (as was the Law of Religion) hath taken deep impression in the Heart of Man, which is harder then marble of Mount-Sinai.

Chief *Ministers of Law*, think *Divines* in government should like the *Penal Statutes*, be choicely, and but seldom us'd; for as those Statutes are rigorously inquisitive after venial faults, (punishing our very manners and weak constitution, as well as insolent appetite; so *Divines* (that are made vehement with contemplating the dignity of the Offended, (which is God) more then the frailty of the Offender) govern as if men could be made Angels, ere they come to Heaven,



Great *Ministers of Law* think likewise that Leaders of Armies are like ill Physicians; onely fit for desperate cures, whose boldness calls in the assistance of Fortune, during the fears and troubles of Art; Yet the health they give to a distemper'd State is not more accidental then the preservation of it is uncertain; because they often grow vain with success, and encourage a restor'd State to such hazards, as shew like irregularity of life in other recover'd bodies; such as the cautious and ancient gravity of *Law* dissuaded: For *Law* (whose temperate design is safety) rather prevents by constancy of Medicine (like a continu'd Diet) diseases in the body politick, then depends after a permitted Sicknes upon the chance of recovery. They think *States-men* strive to be as much Judges of *Law*, as themselves, being chief Ministers of *Law*, are Judges of the People; and that even good *States-men* pervert the *Law* more then evil Judges: For *Law* was anciently meant a defensive Armor, and the people took it as from the Magazin of Justice, to keep them safe from each others violence; but *States-men* use it as offensive Armes, with which in forraging to get relief for Supreme Power, they often wound the Publick.

Thus we have first observ'd the Four chief aids of Government, (*Religion, Armes, Policy, and Law*) defectively apply'd, and then we have found them weak by an emulous war amongst themselves: it follows next, we should introduce to strengthen those principal

principal aids (still making the people our direct object) some collateral help ; which I will safely presume to consist in Poetry.

We have observ'd that the People since the latter time of Christian Religion, are more unquiet then in former Ages ; so disobedient and fierce, as if they would shake off the ancient imputation of being Beasts, by shewing their Masters they know their own strength : and we shall not erre by supposing that this conjunction of fourfold Power hath fail'd in the effects of authority, by a mis-application ; for it hath rather endeavour'd to prevail upon their bodica, then their mindes ; forgetting that the martiall art of constraining is the best ; which assaults the weaker part ; and the weakest part of the people is their mindes ; for want of that which is the mindes only strength, *Education* ; but their Bodies are strong by continuall labour ; for Labour is the Education of the Body. Yet when I mention the misapplication of force, I should have said, they have not only fail'd by that, but by a main error ; Because the subject on which they should work is the Minde ; and the Minde can never be constrain'd, though it may be gain'd by perswasion : And since Perswasion is the principal instrument which can bring to fashion the brittle and mishapen mettal of the Minde, none are so fit aids to this important work as Poets ; whose art is more then any, enabled with a voluntary, and chearfull assistance of Nature ; and whose operations are as resistlesse, secret, easy and subtle, as is the influence of Planets.



I must not forget (least I be prevented by the vigilance of the Reader) that I have profess'd not to represent the beauty of Vertue in my Poem, with hope to perswade common men; and I have said that *Divines* have fail'd in discharging their share of Government, by depending upon the efficacy of perswasion; and that Statesmen in managing the people, rely not upon the perswasion of Divines, but upon force. In my despair of reducing the wildes of Common men, I have not confest any weaknesse of Poesy in the generall Science; but rather inserr'd the particular strength of the Heroick; which hath a force that overmatches the infancy of such mindes as are not enabled by degrees of Education; but there are lesser forces in other kinds of Poesy, by which they may train and prepare their understandings; and Princes and Nobles being reform'd and made Angelicall by the Heroick, will be predominant lights, which the people cannot chuse but use for direction; as Gloworms take in, and keep the Suns beams till they shine, and make day to themselves.

In saying that *Divines* have vainly hop'd to continue the peace of Government by perswasion, I have imply'd such perswasions as are accompany'd with threatnings, and seconded by force; which are the perswasions of Pulpits; where is presented to the obstinate, Hell after Death; and the civill Magistrate during life constrains such obedience as the Church doth ordain. But the Perswasions of Poesy, in stead

of menaces, are Harmonious and delightful insinuations, and never any constraint; unless the ravishment of Reason may be call'd Force. And such Force, (contrary to that which *Divines*, *Commanders*, *Statesmen* and *Lawyers* use) begets such obedience as is never weary or griev'd.

In declaring that *Statesmen* think not the State wholly secure by such manners as are bred from the persuasions of *Divines*, but more willingly make Government rely upon military force, I have neither concluded that Poets are unprofitable, nor that *Statesmen* think so; for the wisdom of Poets, would first make the Images of Vertue so amiable that her beholders should not be able to look off (rather gently, and delightfully infusing, then inculcating Precepts) and then when the mind is conquer'd, like a willing Bride, Force should so behave it self, as noble Husbands use their power; that is, by letting their Wives see the Dignity and prerogative of our Sex (which is the Husbands harmless conquest of Peace) continually maintain'd to hinder Disobedience, rather then rigorously impose Duty: But to such an easy government, neither the People (which are subjects to Kings and States) nor Wives which are subject to Husbands) can peacefully yeild, unless they are first conquer'd by Vertue, and the Conquests of Vertue be never easy, but where her forces are commanded by Poets.

It may be objected that the education of the Peoples mindes (from whence Vertuous manners are deriv'd)



by the several kinds of Poesy (of which the *Dramatick* hath been in all Ages very succesful) is opposite to the receav'd opinion, that the People ought to be continu'd in ignorance; a Maxime sounding like the little subtilty of one that is a Statesman only by Birth or Beard, and merits not his place by much thinking: For Ignorance is rude, sensorious, jealous, obstinate, and proud; these being exactly the ingredients of which Disobedience is made; and Obedience proceeds from ample consideration; of which knowledge consists; and knowledge will soon put into one Scale the weight of oppression, and in the other, the heavy burden which Disobedience lays on us in the effects of civil War: and then even Tyranny will seem much lighter, when the hand of supreme Power binds up our Load, and lays it artfully on us, then Disobedience (the Parent of Confusion) when we all load one another; in which every one irregularly increases his fellows burden, to lessen his own.

Others may object that Poesy on our Stage, or the Heroick in Musick (for so the latter was anciently us'd) is prejudicial to a State; as begetting Levity, and giving the People too great a diversion by pleasure and mirth. To these (if they be worthy of satisfaction) I reply; That whoever in Government endeavours to make the People serious and grave, (which are attributes that may become the Peoples *Representatives*, but not the People) doth practise a new way to enlarge the State, by making every Sub-

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ject a Statesmen: and he that means to govern so mournfully (as it were, without any Musick in his Dominion) must lay but light burdens on his Subjects; or else he wants the ordinary wisdom of those, who to their Beasts that are much loaden whistle all the day to encourage their Travail. For that supreme power which expects a firm obedience in those, who are not us'd to rejoycing, but live sadly, as if they were still preparing for the funeral of Peace, hath little skil in contriving the lastingness of Government, which is the principal work of Art; And less hath that Power consider'd Nature; as if such new austerity did seem to tax, even her, for want of gravity, in bringing in the Spring so merrily with a musical variety of Birds; And such sullen power doth forget that Battails (the most solemn and serious business of Death) are begun with Trumpets and Fifes; and anciently were continu'd with more diversity of Musick. And that the Grecian Laws (Laws being the gravest endeavor of humane Councils, for the ease of Life) were long before the dayes of *Lycurgus* (to make them more pleasant to memory) publish'd in Verse: And that the wise *Athenians* (dividing into Three parts the publique Revenue) expended one in Plays and Showes, to divert the People from meeting to consult of their Rulers merit, and the defects of Government: And that the *Romans* had not so long continu'd their Empire, but for the same diversions, at a vaster charge.



○Again it may be objected, that the Precepts of Christian Religion are sufficient towards our regulation, by appointment of manners; and towards the ease of Life, by imposing obedience; so that the moral assistance of Poesy, is but vainly intruded. To this I may answer, that as no man should suspect the sufficiency of Religion by its insuccessfulness, so if the insuccessfulness be confess'd, we shall as little disparage Religion, by bringing in more aids when 'tis in action, as a General dishonours himself by endeavouring with more of his own Forces to make sure an attempt that hath a while miscarry'd: For Poesy, which (like contracted *Essences* seems the utmost strength & activity of Nature) is as all good Arts, subservient to Religion, all marching under the same Banner, though of less discipline and esteem. And as Poesy is the best Expositor of Nature (Nature being mysterious to such as use not to consider) so Nature is the best Interpreter of God, and more cannot be said of Religion. And when the Judges of Religion (which are the Chiefs of the Church) neglect the help of Moralists in reforming the People (and Poets are of all Moralists the most useful) they give a sentence against the Law of Nature: For Nature performs all things by correspondent aids and harmony. And 'tis injurious not to think Poets the most useful Moralists; for as Poesy is adorn'd and sublim'd by Musick, which makes it more pleasant and acceptable; so morality is sweetned and made more amiable by Poesy. And the Austerity of some Divines

Divines may be the cause why Religion hath not more prevaild upon the manners of Men: for great Doctors should rather comply with things that please (as the wise Apostle did with Ceremonies) then lose a Profelyte. And even *Honor* (taught by moral Philosophers, but more delightfully infusd by Poets) will appear (notwithstanding the sad severity of some latter Divines) no unsafe Guide towards Piety; for it is as wary and nice as *Conscience*, though more cheerful and couragious. And however *Honor* be more pleasing to flesh and blood, because in this World it find's applause; yet 'tis not so mercenarie as Piety: for Piety (being of all her expectations inwardly assur'd) expects a reward in Heaven; to which all earthly payments compar'd, are but Shaddows, and Sand.

And it appears that Poesy hath for its natural prevailing over the Understandings of Men (sometimes making her conquests with easy plainnesse, like native country Beauty) been very succesful in the most grave, and important occasions that the necessities of States or Mankinde have produc'd. For it may be said that *Demosthanes* sav'd the *Athenians* by the Fable or Parable of the Doggs and Wolves, in answer to King *Philip's* Proposition; And that *Menenius Agrippa* sav'd the Senate, if not *Rome*, by that of the Belly, and the Hands: and that even our Saviour was pleas'd (as the most prevalent way of Doctrine) wholly to use such kinde of Parables in his converting, or saving of Souls; it being written, *Without a Parable*



*spake he not to them.* And had not the learned Apostle thought the wisdom of Poets worthie his remembrance, and instructive, not only to Heathens, but to Christians, he had not cited *Epimenides* to the *Cretans*, as well as *Aratus* to the *Athenians*.

I cannot also be ignorant that divers (whose conscientious Melancholy amazes and discourages others Devotion) will accuse Poets as the admirers of Beauty; and Inventors, or Provokers of that which by way of aspersiōn they call *Lowe*. But such, in their first accusation seem to look carelessly and unthankfully upon the wonderful works of God; or else through low education, or age, become incompetent Judges of what is the chief of his works upon Earth. And Poets, when they praise Beauty, are at least as lawfully thankfull to God, as when they praise Seas, Woods, Rivers, or any other parts that make up a prospect of the World. Nor can it be imagin'd but that Poets in praising them, praise wholly the Maker; and so in praising beauty: For that Woman who beleeves she is prais'd when her beauty is commended, may as well suppose that Poets think she created herself: And he that praises the inward beauty of Women, which is their Vertue, doth more perform his duty then before: for our envious silence in not approving, & so encouraging what is good, is the cause that vice is more in fashion and countenance then Vertue. But when Poets praise that which is not beauty, or the minde which is not vertuous, they erre through their  
mistake,

mistake, or by flattery; and flattery is a crime so much more prosperous in others who are Companions to greatnesse, that it may be held in Poets rather Kindnesse then designe.

They who accuse Poets as provokers of Love, are Enemies to Nature; and all affronts to Nature are offences to God, as insolencies to all subordinate officers of the Crown are rudenesses to the King. Love (in the most obnoxious interpretation) is Natur's Preparative to her greatest work, which is the making of *Life*. And since the severest Divines of these latter times have not been asham'd publickely to command and define the most secret dutys, and entertainments of Love in the Married; why should not Poets civilly endeavour to make a Friendship between the Guests before they meet, by teaching them to dignifie each other with the utmost of estimation. And Mariage in Mankinde were as rude and unprepar'd as the hasty elections of other Creatures, but for acquaintance, and conversation before it: and that must be an acquaintance of Mindes, not of bodys; and of the Minde, Poesy is the most natural and delightfull Interpreter.

When neither Religion (which is our art towards God) nor Nature (which is Gods first Law to Man, though by Man least study'd) nor when Reason (which is Nature, and made art by Experience) can by the enemies of Poesy be sufficiently urg'd against it, then some (whose frowardnesse will not let them quitt

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an evil cause) plead written Authority. And though such authority be a Weapon, which even in the VVar of Religion, distres'd disputers take up, as their last shift; yet here we would protest against it, but that we finde it makes a false defence, and leaves the Enemy more open. This authority (which is but single too) is from *Plato*; and him some have maliciously quoted; as if in his feign'd Common-wealth he had banish'd all Poets, But *Plato* says nothing against Poets in general; and in his particular quarrel (which is to *Homer*, and *Hesiod*) only condemns such errors as we mention'd in the beginning of this *Preface*, when we look'd upon the Ancients. And those errors consist in their abasing Religion, by representing the Gods in evil proportion, and their *Heroes* with as unequal Characters; and so brought Vices into fashion, by intermixing them with the vertues of great Persons. Yet even during this divine anger of *Plato*, he concludes not against Poesy, but the Poems then most in request: for these be the words of his Law: *If any Man (be-  
wing ability to imitate what he pleases) imitate in his  
Poems both good and evil, let him be reverenc'd, as a sa-  
cred, admirable, and pleasant Person; but be it likewise  
known, he must have no place in our Common-wealth.*  
And yet before his banishment he allows him, the ho-  
nor of a *Diadem*, and sweet *Odours* to anoint his Head:  
And afterwards says. *Let us make use of more profitable,  
though more severe, and less pleasant Poets, who can  
imitate that which is for the honor and benefit of the Com-  
monwealth.*

*men-weak*. But those who make use of this just indignation of *Plato* to the unjust scandal of Poesy, have the common craft of False Witnesses, inlarging every circumstance, when it may hurt, and concealing all things that may defend him they oppose. For they will not remember how much the Scholler of *Plato* (who like an absolute Monarch over Arts, hath almost silenc'd his Master throughout the Schools of *Europe*) labours to make Poesy universally current, by giving Laws to the Science: Nor will they take notice, in what dignitie it continu'd whilst the *Greeks* kept their dominion, or Language; and how much the *Romans* cherish'd even the publique repetition of *Verses*: Nor will they vouchsafe to observe (though *Juvenall* take care to record it) how gladly all *Rome* (during that exercise) ran to the voice of *Statius*.

Thus having taken measure (though hastily) of the extent of those great Professions that in Government contribute to the necessities, ease, and lawfull pleasures of Men; and finding Poesy as usefull now, as the Ancients found it towards perfection and happiness; I will, Sir, (unless with these Two Books you returne me a discouragement) cheerfully proceed: and though a little time would make way for the Third, and make it fit for the Presse, I am resolv'd rather to hazard the inconvenience which expectation breeds, (for divers with no ill satisfaction have had a taste of *Gondibert*) then endure that violent envie which assaults all Writers whilst they live; though their Papers be



but fill'd with very negligent and ordinary thoughts: and therefore I delay the publication of any part of the Poem, till I can send it you from *America*; whether I now speedily prepare; having the folly to hope, that when I am in another World (though not in the common sense of dying) I shall finde my Readers (even the Poets of the present Age) as temperate, and benigne, as we are all to the Dead, whose remote excellence cannot hinder our reputation. And now, Sir, to end with the Allegory which I have so long continu'd, I shall, (after all my busy vanitie in shewing and describing my new Building) with great quietness, being almost as weary as your self, bring you to the Backdore, that you may make no review but in my absence; and steale hastily from you, as one who is ashamed of all the trouble you have receiv'd from,

(SIR)

Your most humble, and most affectionate Servant

WILL. DAVENANT.

From the Louvre in Paris

January 2. 1650.

THE

# THE ANSWER

OF

M<sup>r</sup> HOBBS

TO

S<sup>r</sup> WILL. D'AVENANT'S

PREFACE

Before GONDIBERT.

SIR,

**I**F to commend your Poem, I should only say (in general Termes) that in the choice of your Argument, the disposition of the parts, the maintenance of the Characters of your Persons, the dignity and vigor of your expression, you have performed all the parts of various experience, ready memory, clear judgement, swift and well govern'd fancy, though it were enough for the truth, it were too little for the weight and credit of my testimony. For I lie open to two Exceptions, one of an incompetent, the other of a corrupted Witness. Incompetent, because I am not a Poet; and corrupted



with the Honor done me by your Preface. The former obliges me to say something (by the way) of the Nature and differences of Poesy.

As Philosophers have divided the Universe (their subject) into three Regions, *Celestiall*, *Aëriall*, and *Terrestriall*; so the Poets, (whose worke it is by imitating humane life, in delightful and measur'd lines, to avert men from vice, and incline them to vertuous and honorable actions) have lodg'd themselves in the three Regions of mankinde, *Court*, *City*, and *Country*, correspondent in some proportion, to those three Regions of the VWorld. For there is in Princes, and men of conspicuous power (anciently called *Heroes*) a lustre and influence upon the rest of men, resembling that of the Heavens; and an insincereness, inconstancy, and troublesome humor of those that dwell in populous Cities, like the mobility, blustering, and impurity of the Aire; and a plainness, and (though dull) yet a nutritive faculty in rurall people, that endures a comparison with the Earth they labour.

From hence have proceeded three sorts of Poesy, *Heroique*, *Scommatique*, and *Pastorall*. Every one of these is distinguished again in the manner of *Representation*, which sometimes is *Narrative*, wherein the Poet himself relateth, and sometimes *Dramatique*, as when the persons are every one adorned and brought upon the Theater, to speak and act their own parts. There is therefore neither more nor less then six sorts of Poesy. For the Heroique Poem narrative (such as

is

is yours) is called an *Epique Poem*; The Heroique Poem Dramatique, is *Tragedy*. The Scommatique Narrative, is *Satyre*; Dramatique is *Comedy*. The Pastorall narrative, is called simply *Pastorall* (anciently *Bucolique*) the same Dramatique, *Pastorall Comedy*. The Figure therefore of an *Epique Poem*, and of a *Tragedy*, ought to be the same, for they differ no more but in that they are pronounced by one, or many Persons. Which I insert to justify the figure of yours, consisting of five books divided into Songs, or Cantoes, as five Acts divided into Scenes has ever been the approved figure of a *Tragedy*.

They that take for Poesy whatsoever is writ in Verse, will think this Division imperfect, and call in Sonets, Epigrams, Eclogues, and the like peeces (which are but Essayes, and parts of an entire Poem) and reckon *Empedocles*, and *Lucretius* (natural Philosophers) for Poets, and the moral precepts of *Phocylides Theognis*, and the Quatraines of *Pybrach*, and the History of *Lucan*, and others of that kinde amongst Poems; bestowing on such Writers for honor, the name of Poets, rather then of Historians, or Philosophers. But the subject of a Poem is the manners of men, not natural causes; manners presented, not dictated; and manners feigned (as the name of Poesy imports) not found in men. They that give entrance to Fictions writ in Prose, err not so much, but they err: For Prose requireth delightfulness, not onely of fiction, but of stile; in which if Prose contend which Verse



it is with disadvantage and (as it were) on foot against the strength and wings of *Pegasus*.

For Verse amongst the *Greeks* was appropriated anciently to the service of their Gods, and was the Holy stile; the stile of the Oracles; the stile of the Laws; and the stile of men that publickly recommended to their Gods, the vows and thanks of the people; which was done in their holy songs called Hymnes; and the Composers of them were called Prophets and Priests before the name of Poet was known. When afterwards the majestic of that stile was observed, the Poets chose it as best becoming their high invention. And for the Antiquity of Verse, it is greater then the antiquity of Letters. For it is certain, *Cadmus* was the first that (from *Phœnicia*, a Country that neighboureth *Judea*) brought the use of Letters into *Greece*. But the service of the Gods, and the Laws (which by measured Sounds were easily committed to the memory) had been long time in use, before the arrivall of *Cadmus* there.

There is besides the grace of stile, another cause why the ancient Poets chose to write in measured language, which is this. Their Poems were made at first with intention to have them sung, as well Epique, as Dramatique (which custom hath been long time laid aside, but began to be revived in part, of late years in *Italy*) and could not be made commensurable to the Voyce or Instruments, in Prose; the ways and motions whereof are so uncertain and undistinguished,  
(like

(like the way and motion of a Ship in the Sea) as not onely to discompose the best Composers, but also to disappoint some times the most attentive Reader, and put him to hunt counter for the sense. It was therefore necessary for Poets in those times, to write in Verse.

The verse which the *Greeks*, and *Latines* (considering the nature of their own languages) found by experience most grave, and for an Epique Poem most decent, was their *Hexameter*; a Verse limited, not onely in the length of the line, but also in the quantity of the syllables. In stead of which we use the line of ten Syllables, recompencing the neglect of their quantity, with the diligence of Rime. And this measure is so proper for an Heroique Poem, as without some losse of gravity and dignity, it was never changed. A longer is not far from ill Prose, and a shorter, is a kinde of whif king (you know) like the unlacing, rather then the singing of a Muse. In an Epigram or a Sonnet, a man may vary his measures, and seek glory from a needleffe difficulty, as he that contrived Verses into the formes of an Organ, a Hatchet, an Egg, an Altar, and a paire of Wings; but in so great and noble a worke as is an Epique Poem, for a man to obstruct his own way with unprofitable difficulties, is great imprudence. So likewise to chuse a needleffe and difficult correspondence of Rime, is but a difficult toy, and forces a man sometimes for the stopping of a chink, to say somewhat he did never think; I cannot therefore



therefore but very much approve your *Stanza*, wherein the syllables in every Verse are ten, and the Rime Alternate.

For the choyce of your subject, you have sufficiently justified your self in your Preface. But because I have observed in *Virgil*, that the Honor done to *Aeneas* and his companions, has so bright a reflection upon *Augustus Caesar*, and other great *Romans* of that time, as a man may suspect him not constantly possessed with the noble spirit of those his *Heroes*, and beleeve you are not acquainted with any great man of the Race of *Gondibert*, I add to your iustification the purity of your purpose, in having no other motive of your labour, but to adorn vertue, and procure her Lovers; then which there cannot be a worthier designe, and more becoming noble Poesy.

In that you make so small account of the example of almost all the approved Poets, ancient and modern, who thought fit in the beginning, and sometimes also in the progress of their Poems, to invoke a Muse, or some other Deity, that should dictate to them, or assist them in their writings, they that take not the laws of Art, from any reason of their own, but from the fashion of precedent times, will perhaps accuse your singularity. For my part, I neither subscribe to their accusation, nor yet condemn that Heathen custom, otherwise then as necessary to their false Religion. For their Poets were their Divines; had the name of Prophets; Exercised amongst the People a kinde of  
spiritual

spiritual Authority ; would be thought to speak by a divine spirit ; have their works which they writ in Verse (the divine stile) pass for the word of God , and not of man ; and to be hearkened to with reverence. Do not our Divines (excepting the stile) do the same, and by us that are of the same Religion cannot justly be reprehended for it ? Besides, in the use of the spiritual calling of Divines, there is danger sometimes to be feared , from want of skill , such as is reported of unskilful Conjurers , that mistaking the rites and ceremonious points of their art, call up such spirits , as they cannot at their pleasure allay again ; by whom storms are raised , that overthrow buildings , and are the cause of miserable wracks at sea, Unskilful Divines do often times the like , For when they call unseasonably for *Zeal*, there appears a spirit of *Cruelty* ; and by the like error instead of *Truth* they raise *Discord* ; instead of *Wisdom* , *Fraud* ; instead of *Reformation*, *Tumult* ; and *Controversie* instead of *Religion*. Whereas in the Heathen Poets, at least in those whose works have lasted to the time we are in, there are none of those indiscretions to be found, that tended to subversion, or disturbance of the Common-wealths wherein they lived. But why a Christian should think it an ornament to his Poem ; either to profane the true God , or invoke a false one, I can imagin no cause, but a reasonless imitation of Custom ; of a foolish custome ; by which a man enabled to speak wisely from the principles of nature, and his own meditation,

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loves rather to be thought to speak by inspiration, like a Bagpipe.

Time and Education begets experience; Experience begets memory; Memory begets Judgement, and Fancy; Judgment begets the strength and structure; and Fancy begets the ornaments of a Poem. The Ancients therefore fabled not absurdly, in making memory the Mother of the Muses. For memory is the World (though not really, ytt so as in a looking glass) in which the Judgment, the severer Sister busieth her self in a grave and rigid examination of all the parts of Nature, and in registering by Letters, their order, causes, uses, differences, and resemblances; Whereby the Fancy, when any work of Art is to be performed, findes her materials at hand and prepared for use, and needs no more then a swift motion over them, that what she wants, and is there to be had, may not lie too long unespied. So that when she seemeth to fly from one *Index* to the other, and from Heaven to Earth, and to penetrate into the hardest matter, and obscurest places, into the future, and into her self, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, her self being all she seeks; and her wonderful celerity, consisteth not so much in motion, as in copious Imagery discreetly ordered, & perfectly registred in the memory; which most men under the name of Philosophy have a glimpse of, and is pretended to by many that grossly mistaking her embrace contention in her place. But so

so far forth as the Fancy of man, has traced the ways of true Philosophy, so far it hath produced very marvellous effects to the benefit of mankind. All that is beautiful or defensible in building; or marvellous in Engines and Instruments of motion; whatsoever commodity men receive from the observations of the Heavens, from the description of the Earth, from the account of Time, from walking on the Seas; and whatsoever distinguisheth the civility of *Europe*, from the Barbarity of the *American* savages, is the workmanship of Fancy, but guided by the Precepts of true Philosophy. But where these precepts fail, as they have hitherto failed in the doctrine of Moral vertue, there the Architect (*Fancy*) must take the Philosophers part upon herself. He therefore that undertakes an Heroick Poem (which is to exhibite a venerable & amiable Image of Heroick vertue) must not only be the Poet, to place & connect, but also the Philosopher, to furnish and square his matter; that is, to make both Body and Soul, colour and shadow of his Poem out of his own Store: Which, how well you have performed I am now considering.

Observing how few the Persons be you introduce in the beginning, and how in the course of the actions of these (the number increasing) after several confluences, they run all at last into the two principal streams of your Poem, *Gondibert* and *Oswald*, methinks the Fable is not much unlike the Theater. For so, from several and far distant Sources, do



the lesser Brooks of *Lombardy*, flowing into one another, fall all at last into the two main Rivers, the *Po* and the *Adice*. It hath the same resemblance also with a mans veins, which proceeding from different parts, after the like concurrence, insert themselves at last into the two principal veins of the Body. But when I considered that also the actions of men, which singly are inconsiderable, after many conjunctures, grow at last either into one great protecting power, or into two destroying factions, I could not but approve the structure of your Poem, which ought to be no other then such as an imitation of humane life requireth.

In the Streams themselves I finde nothing but settled Valor, cleane Honor, calm Counsel, learned diversion, and pure Love; save onely a torrent or two of Ambition, which (though a fault) has somewhat Heroick in it, and therefore must have place in an Heroick Poem. To shew the reader in what place he shall finde every excellent picture of vertue you have drawn, is too long. And to shew him one, is to prejudice the rest; yet I cannot forbear to point him to the Description of Love in the person of *Birtba*, in the seventh *Canto* of the second Book. There has nothing been said of that Subject neither by the Ancient nor Modern Poets comparable to it. Poets are Painters: I would fain see another Painter draw so true, perfect and natural a Love to the Life, and make use of nothing but pure Lines, without the help of  
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any the least uncomely shadow, as you have done. But let it be read as a piece by it self, for in the almost equal height of the whole, the eminence of parts is Lost.

There are some that are not pleased with fiction, unless it be bold; not onely to exceed the *work*, but also the *possibility* of nature: they would have impenetrable Armors, Incharmed Castles, invulnerable bodies, Iron Men, flying Horses, and a thousand other such things, which are easily feigned by them that dare. Against such I defend you (without assenting to those that condemn either *Homer* or *Virgil*) by dissenting onely from those that think the Beauty of a Poem consisteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of Historical, so the Resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of Poeticall Liberty. In old time amongst the Heathen such strange fictions, and Metamorphoses, were not so remote from the Articles of their Faith, as they are now from ours, and therefore were not so unpleasant. Beyond the actual works of nature a Poet may now go; but beyond the conceived possibility of nature never. I can allow a Geographer to make in the Sea, a Fish or a Ship, which by the scale of his Mapp would be two or three hundred mile long, and think it done for ornament, because it is done without the precincts of his undertaking; but when he paints an *Elephant* so, I presently apprehend it as ignorance, and a plain confession of *Terra incognita*.



As the description of Great Men and Great Actions is the constant designe of a Poet; so the descriptions of worthy circumstances are necessary accessions to a Poem, and being well performed are the Jewels and most precious ornaments of Poesy. Such in *Virgil* are the Funeral games of *Anchises*, The duel of *Aeneas* and *Turnus*, &c. and such in yours are *The Hunting*, *The Bataile*. *The City Morning*, *The Funeral*, *The House of Astragon*, *The Library*, & *the Temples*, equal to his, or those of *Homer* whom he imitated.

There remains now no more to be considered but the Expression, in which consisteth the countenance and colour of a beautiful Muse; and is given her by the Poet out of his own provision, or is borrowed from others. That which he hath of his own, is nothing but experience and knowledge of Nature, and specially humane nature; and is the true, and natural Colour. But that which is taken out of Books (the ordinary boxes of Counterfeit Complexion) shews well or ill, as it hath more or less resemblance with the natural, and are not to be used (without examination) unadvisedly. For in him that professes the imitation of Nature, as all Poets do) what greater fault can there be, then to bewray an ignorance of nature in his Poem; especially having a liberty allowed him, if he meet with any thing he cannot master, to leave it out?

That which giveth a Poem the true and natural Colour consisteth in two things, which are; *To know well*, that is, to have images of nature in the memory distinct

distinct and clear; and *To know much*. A signe of the first is perspicuity, property, and decency; which delight all sorts of men, either by instructing the ignorant, or soothing the learned in their knowledge. A signe of the latter is novelty of expression, and pleaseth by excitation of the minde; for novelty causeth admiration, and admiration, curiosity, which is a delightful appetite of knowledge.

There be so many words in use at this day in the English Tongue, that, though of magnifiqu sound, yet (like the windy blisters of a troubled water) have no sense at all; and so many others that lose their meaning, by being ill coupled, that it is a hard matter to avoid them; for having been obtruded upon youth in the Schools (by such as make it, I think, their business there (as 'tis exprest by the best Poet)

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bert. Lib.  
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*With terms to charm the weak and pose the wise,*  
they grow up with them, and gaining reputation with the ignorant, are not easily shaken off.

To this palpable darkness, I may also add the ambitious obscurity of expressing more then is perfectly conceived; or perfect conception in fewer words then it requires. Which Expressions, though they have had the honor to be called strong lines, are indeed no better then Riddles, and not onely to the Reader, but also (after a little time) to the Writer himself dark and troublesome.

To the property of Expression I refer, that clear-  
ness



ness of memory, by which a Poet when he hath once introduced any person whatsoever, speaking in his Poem, maintaineth in him to the end the same character he gave him in the beginning. The variation whereof, is a change of pace, that argues the Poet tired.

Of the Indecencies of an Heroick Poem, the most remarkable are those that shew disproportion either between the persons and their actions, or between the manners of the Poet and the Poem. Of the first kinde, is the uncomeliness of representing in great persons the inhumane vice of Cruelty, or the sordid vice of Lust and Drunkenness. To such parts as those the Ancient approved Poets, thought it fit to suborn, not the persons of men, but of monsters and beastly Giants, such as *Polyphemus*, *Cacus*, and the *Centaures*. For it is supposed a Muse, when she is invoked to sing a song of that nature, should maidenly advise the Poet, to let such persons to sing their own vices upon the Stage; for it is not so unseemly in a *Tragedy*. Of the same kinde it is to represent scurrility, or any action or language that moveth much laughter. The delight of an *Epique* Poem consisteth not in mirth, but admiration. Mirth and Laughter is proper to *Comedy* and *Satyre*. Great persons that have their mindes employed on great designs, have not leasure enough to laugh, and are pleased with the contemplation of their own power and vertues, so as they need not the infirmities and vices

vices of other men to recommend themselves to their own favour by comparison, as all men do when they laugh. Of the second kinde, where the disproportion is between the Poet, and the Persons of his Poem, one is in the Dialect of the Inferior sort of People, which is alwayes different from the language of the Court. Another is to derive the Illustration of any thing, from such Metaphors or Comparisons as cannot come into mens thoughts, but by mean conversation, and experience of humble or evil Arts, which the Person of an *Epique* Poem cannot be thought acquainted with.

From *Knowing much*, proceedeth the admirable variety and novelty of Metaphors and Similitudes, which are not possible to be lighted on, in the compass of a narrow knowledge. And the want whereof compelleth a Writer to expressions that are either defac'd by time, or sullied with vulgar or long use. For the Phrases of Poesy, as the airs of musick with often hearing become insipide, the Reader having no more sense of their force, then our Flesh is sensible of the bones that sustain it. As the sense we have of bodies, consisteth in change and variety of impression, so also does the sense of language in the variety and changeable use of words. I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travail, but in new (and with all significant) translation to our purposes, of those that be already received; and in far fetch't (but withal, apt, instructive and comly) similitudes.

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Having thus (I hope) avoided the first Exception, against the incompetency of my Judgement. I am but little moved with the second, which is of being bribed by the honor you have done me, by attributing in your Preface somewhat to my Judgment. For I have used your Judgment no less in many things of mine, which coming to light will thereby appear the better. And so you have your bribe again.

Having thus made way for the admission of my Testimony, I give it briefly thus; I never yet saw Poem, that had so much shape of Art, health of Morality, and vigour and beauty of Expression as this of yours. And but for the clamour of the multitude, that hideth their Envy of the present, under a Reverence of Antiquity, I should say further, that it would last as long as either the *Aeneid*, or *Iliad*, but for one Disadvantage; and the Disadvantage is this: The languages of the *Greeks* and *Romans* (by their Colonies and Conquests) have put off flesh and blood, and are become immutable, which none of the modern tongues are like to be. I honor Antiquity, but that which is commonly called *old time*, is *young time*. The glory of Antiquity is due, not to the Dead, but to the Aged.

And now, whilst I think on't, give me leave with a short discord to sweeten the Harmony of the approaching close. I have nothing to object against your Poem; but dissent onely from something in your Preface, sounding to the prejudice of Age. 'Tis commonly said, that old Age is a return to childhood.

Which

Which methinks you insist on so long, as if you desired it should be believed. That's the note I mean to shake a little. That saying, meant onely of the weakness of body, was wrested to the weakness of minde, by froward children, weary of the controulment of their parents, masters, and other admonitors. Secondly, the dotage and childishness they ascribe to Age, is never the effect of Time, but sometimes of the excesses of youth, and not a returning to, but a continual stay with childhood. For they that wanting the curiosity of furnishing their memories with the rarities of nature in their youth, and pass their time in making provision onely for their ease, and sensual delight, are children still, at what years soever; as they that coming into a populous City, never going out of their Inn, are strangers still, how long soever they have bin there. Thirdly, there is no reason for any man to think himself wiser to day then yesterday, which does not equally convince he shall be wiser to morrow then to day.

Fourthly, you will be forced to change your opinion hereafter when you are old; and in the mean time you discredit all I have said before in your commendation, because I am old already. But no more of this.

I beleeve (Sir) you have seen a curious kinde of perspective, where, he that looks through a short hollow pipe, upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are there painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the



cie by the artificial cutting of a glasse, and finde in my imagination an effect not unlike it from your Poem. The vertues you distribute there amongst so many noble Persons, represent (in the reading) the image but of one mans vertue to my fancy, which is your own; and that so deeply imprinted, as to stay for ever there, and govern all the rest of my thoughts, and affections in the way of honouring and serving you, to the utmost of my power, that am

(SIR)

Your most humble and  
obedient servant,

THOMAS HOBBES.

Paris Jan. 10. 1650.

T O  
S' WILL. D'AVENANT.

Upon his Two first Books of

GONDIBERT,

Finish'd before his Voyage to AMERICA.

**T**Hus the wise Nigbringale that leaves her home,  
Her native Wood, when Storms and Winter come,  
Pursuing constantly the cheerfull Spring  
To forraign Groves does her old Musick bring:

The drooping Hebrews banish'd Harps unstrung  
At Babilon, upon the Willows hung;  
Tours sounds aloud, and tell's us you excell  
No lesse in Courage, then in Singing well;  
Whilst unconcern'd you let your Country know,  
They have impov'rish'd themselves, not you;  
Who with the Muses help can mock those Fates  
Which threaten Kingdoms, and disorder States.

So Ovid when from Caesar's rage he fled,  
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led;  
Where he so sung, that We through Pity's Glasse,  
See Nero milder then Augustus was.  
Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be  
Th' indulgent censure of Posteritie.



To banish those who with such art can sing,  
Is a rude crime which its own Curse does bring :  
Ages to come shall ne'r know how they fought,  
Nor how to Love their present Youth be taught.  
This to thy Self. Now to thy matchlesse Book,  
Wherein those few that can with Judgment look,  
May finde old Love in pure fresh Language told,  
Like new stamp't Coin made out of Angel-gold.  
Such truth in Love as th' antique World did know,  
In such a stile as Courts may boast of now.  
Which no bold tales of Gods or Monsters swell,  
But humane Passions, such as with us dwell.  
Man is thy theme, his Vertue or his Rage  
Drawn to the life in each elaborate Page.  
Mars nor Bellona are not named here ;  
But such a Gondibert as both might feare.  
Venus had here, and Hebe been out-shin'd  
By thy bright Birtha, and thy Rhodalind.  
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds  
Betwixt thy Worthies and the Grecian Gods.  
Whose Deity's in vain had here come down,  
Where Mortall Beauty wears the Soveraign Crown;  
Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood  
(Though not resisted) may be understood.

ED. WALLER.

T O  
Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

Upon his two first Books of GONDIBERT,

Finish'd before his Voyage to *America*.

**M**Et thinks Heroick Poesy till now,  
Like some fantastique Fairy-land did show;  
Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches, and Giants race,  
And all but Man, in Mans best Work had place.  
Thou like some worthy Knight, with sacred Arms  
Dost drive the Monsters thence, and end the Charms:  
In stead of those, dost Men and Manners plant,  
The things which that rich soyl did chiefly want.  
But even thy Mortals doe their Gods excell,  
Taught by thy Muse to Fight and Lowe so well.

By fatall hands whilst present Empires fall,  
Thine from the grave past Monarchies recall.  
So much more thanks from human kinde does merit  
The Poets Fury, then the Zelots Spirit.

And from the grave thou mak'st this Empire rise,  
Not like some dreadfull Ghost it affright our Eyes,  
But with more beauty and triumphant state,  
Then when it crown'd at proud Verona sate.  
So will our God re-build Mans perisb'd frame,  
And raise him up much better, yet the same:



So God-like Poets doe past things rehearse,  
Not change, but heighten Nature with their Verse.

With shame me thinks great Italy must see  
Her Conqu'rors call'd to life again by thee;  
Call'd by such powerfull Arts, that ancient Rome  
May blush no lesse to see her Wit o'come.

Some men their Fancies like their Faiths derive;  
And count all ill but that which Rome does give;  
The marks of Old and Catholick would finde;  
To the same Chair would Truth and Fiction binde.  
Thou in these beaten paths disdain'st to tread,  
And scorn'st to Live by robbing of the Dead.

Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit  
This latter Age should see all new, but Wit.

Thy Fancy, like a Flame, her way does make;  
And leaves bright tracks for following Pens to take.

Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the Muse

Did thy desire to seek new Worlds infuse;

And ne'r did Heaven so much a Voyage bless,

If thou canst Plant but there with like success.

AB. COWLEY.

# GONDIBERT.

## THE FIRST BOOK.

### Canto the First.

#### The ARGUMENT.

*Old ARIBERT'S great race, and greater mind  
Is sung, with the renown of RHODALIND.  
Prince OSWALD is compar'd to GONDIBERT,  
And justly each distinguish'd by desert:  
Whose Armies are in Fame's fair Field drawn forth,  
To shew by discipline their Leaders worth.*

OF all the Lombards, by their Trophies knowne,  
Who sought Fame soon, and had her favor long,  
King Aribert best seem'd to fill the Throne;  
And bred most busnesse for Heroick Song.

N

From



2.

From early Childhoods promising estate,  
 Up to performing Manhood, till he grew  
 To sayling Age, he Agent was to Fate,  
 And did to Nations Peace or War renew.

3.

War was his study'd Art ; war, which the bad  
 Condemn, because even then it does them awe  
 When with their number lin'd, and purple clad,  
 And to the good more needful is then Law.

4.

To conquer Tumult, Nature's sodain force,  
 War, Arts delib'rate strength, was first devis'd ;  
 Cruel to those whose rage has no remorse,  
 Least civil pow'r should be by Throngs surpris'd.

5.

The feeble Law rescues but doubtfully  
 From the Oppressors single Arme our right ;  
 Till to its pow'r the wise war's help apply ;  
 Which soberly does Man's loose rage unite.

6.

Yet since on all War never needful was,  
 Wise *Aribert* did keep the People sure  
 By Laws from lesser dangers ; for the Laws  
 Them from themselves, and not from pow'r secure.

Else

7.

Else Conquerors, by making Laws, o'ecome  
 Their own gain'd pow'r, and leave mens fury free;  
 Who growing deaf to pow'r, the Laws grow dumb;  
 Since none can plead, where all may Judges bee!

8.

Prais'd was this King for war, the Laws broad shield;  
 And for acknowledg'd Laws, the art of Peace;  
 Happy in all which Heav'n to Kings does yeild,  
 But a successor when his cares shall cease.

9.

For no Male Pledg, to give a lasting name,  
 Sprung from his Bed; yet Heaven to him allow'd  
 One of the gentler Sex, whose Story Fame  
 Has made my Song, to make the *Lombards* proud.

10.

Recorded *Rhodolinda*! whose high renown  
 Who mislin Books, not luckily have read;  
 Or vex'd by living beauties of their own,  
 Have shunn'd the wise Records of Lovers dead.

11.

Her Father's prosp'rous Palace was the Sphear,  
 VVhere she to all with Heav'nly order mov'd;  
 Made rigid vertue so benigne appear,  
 That 'twas without Religion's help beiov'd.



12.

Her looks like Empire shew'd, great above pride;  
 Since pride ill counterfeits excessive height;  
 But Nature publish'd what she fain would hide;  
 Who for her deeds, not beauty lov'd the light.

13.

To make her lowly mindes appearance less,  
 She us'd some outward greatness for disguise;  
 Esteem'd as pride the Cloystr'al lowliness,  
 And thought them proud who even the proud de-

14.

Her Father (in the winter of his age)  
 Was like that stormy season froward grown;  
 Whom so her springs fresh presence did assuage,  
 That he her sweetness tasted as his own.

15.

The pow'r that with his stooping age declin'd,  
 In her transplanted, by remove increas'd;  
 Which doubly back in homage she resign'd;  
 Till pow'r's decay, the Thrones worst sickness, ceas'd.

16.

Oppressors big with pride, when she appear'd  
 Blush'd, and believ'd their greatness counterfeit;  
 The lowly thought they them in vain had fear'd;  
 Found vertue harmless, and nought else so great

Her

17.

Her minde (scarce to her feeble sex a kinn)  
Did as her birth, her right to Empire show;  
Seem'd careless outward when imploy'd within;  
Her speech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and low.

18.

She shew'd that her soft sex contains strong mindes,  
Such as evap'rates through the courser Male,  
As through course stone Elixer passage findes,  
Which scarce through finer Christal can exhale.

19.

Her beauty (not her own but Nature's pride)  
Should I describe; from ev'ry Lovers eye  
All Beauties this original must hide,  
Or like scorn'd Copies be themselves laid by;

20.

Be by their Poets shunn'd, whom beauty feeds;  
Who beauty like hyrd witnesses protect,  
Officiously averring more then needs,  
And make us so the needful truth suspect.

21.

And since fond Lovers (who disciples bee  
To Poets) think in their own loves they find  
More beauty then yet Time did ever see,  
Time's Curtain I will draw o're Rhodolind;



22.

Least shewing her, each see how much he errs,  
 Doubt since their own have less, that they have none;  
 Beleeve their Poets perjur'd Flatterers,  
 And then all Modern Maids would be undone.

23.

In pity thus, her beauty's just renown  
 I wave for publique Peace, and will declare  
 To whom the King design'd her with his Crown;  
 Which is his last and most unquiet care.

24.

If in allyance he does greatnesse prise,  
 His Minde grown weary, need not travail farre;  
 If greatnesse be compos'd of Victories,  
 He has at home many that Victors are.

25.

Many whom blest successe did often grace  
 In Fields where they have seeds of Empire sown;  
 And hope to make, since born of princely race,  
 Even her (the harvest of those toyls) their own.

26.

And of those Victors Two are chiefly fam'd,  
 To whom the rest their proudest hopes resigne;  
 Though young, were in their Fathers bataile nam'd,  
 And both are of the Lombards Royall Line.

Oswald

27.

*Oswald* the great, and greater *Gondibert* !  
Both from successful conqu'ring Fathers sprung ;  
Whom both examples made of War's high art,  
And far out-wrought their patterns being young.

28.

Yet for full fame (as Time Fame's Judge reports)  
Much to Duke *Gondibert* Prince *Oswald* yeilds ;  
Was less in mighty misteries of Courts,  
In peaceful Cities, and in fighting Fields.

29.

In Court Prince *Oswald* costly was and gay,  
Finer then near vain Kings their Fav'rites are,  
Outshin'd bright Fav'rites on their Nuptial day,  
Yet were his Eyes dark with ambitious care.

30.

Duke *Gondibert* was still more gravely clad,  
But yet his looks familiar were and clear,  
As if with ill to others never sad,  
Nor tow'rsd himself could others practise fear.

31.

The Prince, could Porpoise-like in Tempests play,  
And in Court Storms on shipwrack'd Greatness feed,  
Not frighted with their Fate when cast away,  
But to their glorious hazards durst succeed.

The



32.

The Duke would lasting calmes to Courts assure;  
 As pleasant Gardens we defend from windes;  
 For he who business would from Storms procure,  
 Soon his affairs above his mannage findes.

33.

*Oswald* in Throngs the abject People sought  
 With humble looks; who still too late will know  
 They are Ambition's Quarry, and soon caught  
 When the aspiring Eagle stoops so low.

34.

The Duke did these by steddly Vertue gain;  
 Which they in action more then precept tast;  
 Deeds shew the Good, and those who goodness feign  
 By such, even through their vizards are out-fac't

35.

*Oswald* in war was worthily renown'd;  
 Though gay in Courts, courslly in Camps could live;  
 Judg'd danger soon, and first was in it found;  
 Could toile to gain what he with ease did give.

36.

Yet toyls and dangers through ambition lov'd;  
 Which does in war the name of Vertue own;  
 But quits that name when from the war remov'd,  
 As Rivers theirs when from their Channels gon.

The

37.

The Duke (as restless as his fame in warre)  
With martial toyl could *Oswald* weary make;  
And calmly do what he with rage did dare,  
And give so much as he might deign to take.

38.

Him as their Founder Cities did adore;  
The Court he knew to steer in storms of State;  
In Fields a Battle lost he could restore,  
And after force the Victors to their Fate.

39.

In Camps now chiefly liv'd, where he did aime  
At graver glory then Ambition breeds;  
Designes that yet this story must not name,  
Which with our *Lombard* Authors pace proceeds.

40.

The King adopts this Duke in secret thought  
To wed the Nations wealth, his onely child,  
Whom *Oswald* as reward of merit sought,  
With Hope, Ambition's common Baite, beguild.

41.

This as his soules chief secret was unknowne,  
Least *Oswald* that his proudest Army led  
Should force possession ere his hopes were gone,  
Who could not rest but in the royal bed.

O

The



42.

The Duke discern'd not that the King design'd  
 To chuse him Heir of all his victories;  
 Nor guess'd that for his love fair *Rhodolind*  
 Made sleep of late a stranger to her Eies.

43.

Yet sadly it is ~~song~~ that she in shades  
 Mildly as mourning Doves love's sorrows felt;  
 Whilst in her secret tears her freshness fades  
 As Roses silently in Lymbecks melt.

44.

But who could know her love, whose jealous shame  
 Deny'd her Eyes the knowledge of her glass;  
 Who blushing thought Nature her self too blame  
 By whom Men guess of Maids more then the face.

45.

Yet judge not that this Duke (though from his sight  
 With Maids first fears she did her passion hide)  
 Did need love's flame for his directing light,  
 But rather wants Ambition for his Guide.

46.

Love's fire he carry'd, but no more in view  
 Then vital heat which kept his heart still warm;  
 This Maids in *Oswald* as love's Beacon knew;  
 The publick flame to bid them flye from harm.

Yet

47.

Yet sincethis Duke could love, we may admire  
 Why love ne'r rais'd his thoughts to *Rodalind*;  
 But those forget that earthly flames aspire,  
 Whilst Heav'nly beames, which purer are, descend.

48.

As yet to none could he peculiar prove,  
 But like an universal Influence  
 (For such and so sufficient was his love)  
 To all the Sex he did his heart dispence.

49.

But *Oswald* never knew love's ancient Laws,  
 The awe that Beauty does in lovers breed,  
 Those short breath'd fears and paleness it does cause  
 When in a doubtful Brow their doom they read.

50.

Not *Rhodolind* (whom then all Men as one  
 Did celebrate, as with confed'rate Eies)  
 Could he affect but shining in her Throne;  
 Blindly a Throne did more then beauty prise.

51.

He by his Sister did his hopes prefer;  
 A beautionous pleader who victorious was  
 O're *Rhodolind*, and could subdue her Ear  
 In all requests but this unpleasant cause.



52.

*Gartha*, whose bolder beauty was in strength  
 And fulness plac'd, but such as all must like;  
 Her spreading stature tallness was, not length, (Strike.  
 And whilst sharp beauties peirce, hers seem'd to

53.

Such goodly presence ancient Poets grace,  
 Whose songs the worlds first manliness declare;  
 To Princes Beds teach carefulness of Race; (warre,  
 Which now store Courts, that us'd to store the

54.

Such was the Palace of her Minde, a Prince  
 Who proudly there, and still unquiet lives;  
 And sleep (domestick ev'ry where) from thence,  
 To make Ambition room, unwisely drives.

55.

Of manly force was this her watchful mind,  
 And fit in Empire to direct and sway;  
 If she the temper had of *Rhodolind*,  
 Who knew that Gold is currant with allay.

56.

As Kings (oft slaves to others hopes and skill)  
 Are urg'd to war to load their slaves with spoiles;  
 So *Oswald* was push'd up Ambition's hill,  
 And so some urg'd the Duke to martial toyles.

And

57.

And these who for their own great cause so high  
Would lift their Lords Two prosp'rous Armies are,  
Return'd from far to fruitful *Lombardy*,  
And paid with rest, the best reward of warre.

58.

The old neer *Brescia* lay, scarce warm'd with Tents;  
For though from danger safe, yet Armies then  
Their posture kept 'gainst warring Elements,  
And hardness learn'd against more warring Men.

59.

Neer *Bergamo* encamp'd the younger were,  
Whom to the Franks distress the Duke had led;  
The other *Oswald's* lucky Ensigns bear,  
Which lately stood when proud *Ovenna* fled.

60.

These that attend Duke *Gondibert's* renown (chose,  
Were Youth whom from his Fathers Campe he  
And them betimes transplanted to his own;  
Where each the Planters care and judgment shows.

61.

All hardy Youth, from valiant Fathers sprung;  
Whom perfect honor he so highly taught,  
That th' Aged fetch'd examples from the young,  
And hid the vain experience which they brought.

O 3

They



62.

They danger met diverted less with fears  
 Then now the dead would be if here again,  
 After they know the price brave dying bears;  
 And by their sinnless rest finde life was vain.

63.

Temp'rate in what does needy life preserve,  
 As those whose Bodies wait upon their Mindes;  
 Chaste as those Mindes which not their Bodies serve;  
 Ready as Pilots wak'd with sodain Windes.

64.

Speechless in diligence, as if they were  
 Nightly to close surprise and Ambush bred;  
 Their wounds yet smarting mercifull they are,  
 And soon from victory to pity led.

65.

When a great Captive they in fight had ta'ne,  
 (Whom in a Filiall duty some fair Maid  
 Visits, and would by tears his Freedom gain)  
 How soon his Victors were her Captives made?

66.

For though the Duke taught rigid Discipline,  
 He let them beauty thus at distance know;  
 As Priests discover some especial Shrine,  
 Which none must touch, yet all may to it bow.

When

67.

When thus as Sutors mourning Virgins passe (draw,  
Through their clean Camp, themselves in form they  
That they with Martiall reverence may grace  
Beauty, the Stranger, which they seldome saw,

68.

They say I'd their Ensignes as it by did move,  
Whilst inward (as from Native Conscience) all  
Worship'd the Poets Darling Godhead, Love,  
Which grave Philosophers did Nature call.

69.

Nor there could Maids of Captive Syres dispaire,  
But made all Captives by their beauty free;  
Beauty and Valor native Jewels are,  
And as each others only price agree.

70.

Such was the Duke's young Camp by Bergamo,  
But these near Brescia whom fierce Oswald led,  
Their Science to his famous Father owe,  
And have his Son (though now their Leader) bred.

71.

This rev'rend Army was for age renown'd; (Time;  
Which long through frequent dangers follow'd  
Their many Trophies gain'd with many a wound,  
And Fame's last Hill, did with first vigour climbe.

But



72.

But here the learned *Lombard* whom I trace  
 My forward Pen by slower Method stays;  
 Least I should them (less heeding time and place  
 Then common Poets) out of season praise.

73.

Think onely then (couldst thou both Camps discern)  
 That these would seem grave Authors of the warre,  
 Met civilly to teach who e're will learn,  
 And those their young and civil Students are.

74.

But painful vertue of the war ne'r pays  
 It self with consciousness of being good,  
 Though Cloyster vertue may beleve even praise  
 A sallary which there should be withstood.

75.

For many here (whose vertue's active heat  
 Concurs not with cold vertue which does dwell  
 In lasie Cells) are vertuous to be great,  
 And as in pains so would in pow'r excell.

76.

And *Oswald's* Faction urg'd him to aspire  
 That by his height they higher might ascend;  
 The Dukes to glorious Thrones access desire,  
 But at more awful distance did attend.

The

77.

The royal *Rhodolind* is now the Prize (known ;  
By which these Camps would make their merit  
And think their Gen'als but their Deputies  
Who must for them by Proxy wed the Crown.

78.

From forreign Fields (with toying conquest tyr'd,  
And groaning under spoiles) came home to rest ;  
But now they are with emulation fyr'd,  
And for that pow'r they should obey, contest.

79.

Ah how perverse and froward is Mankinde !  
Faction in Courts does us to rage excite ;  
The Rich in Cities we litigious finde,  
And in the Field th' Ambitious make us fight :

80.

And fatally (as if even soules were made  
Of warring Elements as Bodies are)  
Our Reason our Religion does invade,  
Till from the Schools to Camps it carry warre.

CANTO



# Canto the Second.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The hunting which did yearly celebrate  
The LOMBARDS glory and the VANDALES Fate.  
The Hunters prais'd ; how true to love they are,  
How calm in Peace, and Tempest-like in warre.  
The Stag is by the num'rous Chace subdu'd,  
And strait his Hunters are as hard pursu'd.*

I.

**S**MALL are the seeds Fate does unheeded sow  
Of slight beginnings to important ends ;  
Whilst wonder (which does best our rev'rence show  
To Heav'n) all Reason's fight in gazing spends.

2.

For from a Daies brief pleasure did proceed  
(A day grown black in Lombard Histories)  
Such lasting griefs as thou shalt weep to read, (Eies.  
Though even thine own sad love had drain'd thine  
In

3.  
In a fair Forrest neer *Verona's* Plain,  
Fresh as if Nature's Youth chose there a shade,  
The Duke with many Lovers in his Train,  
(Loyal, and young) a solemn hunting made.

4.  
Much was his Train enlarg'd by their resort  
Who much his Grandfire lov'd, and hither came  
To celebrate this Day with annual sport,  
On which by battel here he earn'd his Fame.

5.  
And many of these noble Hunters bore  
Command amongst the Youth at *Bergamo*;  
Whose Fathers gather'd here the wreaths they wore,  
When in this Forrest they interr'd the Foe.

6.  
Count *Hurgonil*, a Youth of high descent,  
Was list'd here, and in the story great;  
He follow'd Honor when tow'rd's Death it went;  
Fierce in a charge but temp'rate in retreat.

7.  
His wondrous beauty which the world approv'd  
He blushing hid, and now no more would own  
(Since he the Duke's unequal'd Sister lov'd)  
Then an old wreath when newly overthrown.



8.

And she, *Orna* the shy ! Did seem in life  
 So bathful too to have her beauty shown,  
 As I may doubt her shade with Fame at strife,  
 That in these vicious times would make it known

9.

Not less in publick voice was *Arnold* here;  
 He that on *Tuscan* Tombs his Trophys rais'd;  
 And now love's pow'r so willingly did beare,  
 That even his arbitrary raig he prais'd.

10.

*Laura*, the Duke's fair Niece inthrall'd his heart;  
 Who was in Court the publick morning Glas  
 Where those who would reduce Nature to art,  
 Practis'd by dress the conquests of the Face.

11.

And here was *Hugo* whom Duke *Gondibert*  
 For stout and stedfast kindness did approve;  
 Of stature small but was all over heart,  
 And though unhappy all that heart was love.

12.

In gentle sonnets he for *Laura* pin'd;  
 Soft as the murmures of a weeping spring;  
 Which ruthless she did as those murmures mind:  
 So ere their death sick Swans unheeded sing.

Yet

13.

Yet whilst the *Arnold* favour'd, he so griev'd  
As loyall Subjects quietly bemone  
Their Yoke, but raise no war to be reliev'd,  
Nor through the envy'd Fav'rite wound the Throne.

14.

Young *Golto* next these Rivals we may name,  
Whose manhood dawn'd early as Sommer light;  
As sure and soon did his fair day proclame,  
And was no less the joy of publick sight.

15.

If Love's just pow'r he did not early see,  
Some small excuse we may his error give;  
Since few (though learn'd) know yet blest Love to be  
That secret vitall heat by which we live:

16.

But such it is; and though we may be thought  
To have in Childhood life, ere Love we know,  
Yet life is useles till by reason taught,  
And Love and Reason up together grow.

17.

Nor more, the Old shew they out-live their Love,  
If when their Love's decay'd, some signes they give  
Of life, because we see them pain'd and move,  
Then Snakes, long out, by torment shew they live.



18.

If we call living, Life, when Love is gone,  
 We then to Souls (Gods coynce) vain rev'rence pay;  
 Since Reason (which is Love, and his best knowne  
 And currant Image) Age has worne away.

19.

And I that Love and Reason thus unite,  
 May, if I old Philosophers controule,  
 Confirme the new by some new Poets light;  
 Who finding Love, thinks he has found the Soule.

20.

From *Goltbo*, to whom Love yet tastelesse seem'd,  
 We to ripe *Tybalt* are by order led;  
*Tybalt*, who Love and Valor both esteem'd,  
 And he alike from eithers wounds had bled.

21.

Publique his valor was, but not his love,  
 One fill'd the world, the other he contain'd;  
 Yet quietly alike in both did move,  
 Of that ne'r boasted, nor of this complain'd.

22.

With these (whose speciall names Verse shall preserve)  
 Many to this recorded hunting came;  
 Whose worth authentick mention did deserve,  
 But from Time's deluge few are sav'd by Fame.

Now

23.

Now like a Giant Lover rose the Sunne  
From th'Ocean Queen, fine in his fires and great;  
Seem'd all the Morne for shew, for strength at Noone;  
As if last Night she had not quench'd his heate!

24.

And the Sunn's Servants who his rising waite,  
His Pensioners (for so all Lovers are,  
And all maintain'd by him at a high rate  
With daily fire) now for the Chace prepare.

25.

All were like Hunters clad in cheerfull green,  
Young Natures Livery, and each at strife  
Who most adorn'd in favours should be seen,  
Wrought kindly by the Lady of his life.

26.

These Martiall Favours on their Waists they weare,  
On which (for now they Conquest celebrate)  
In an imbroader'd History appeare  
Like life, the vanquish'd in their feares and fate.

27.

And on these Belts (wrought with their Ladys care)  
Hung Semyters of *Akons* trusty Steele;  
Goodly to see, and he who durst compare  
Those Ladies Eies, might soon their temper feele.  
Cheer'd



28.

meet)

Cheer'd as the Woods (where new wak'd Quires they  
 Are all ; and now dispose their choice Relays  
 Of Horse and Hounds, each like each other fleet;  
 Which best when with themselves compar'd we praise;

29.

To them old Forrest Spys, the Harborers  
 With hast approach, wet as still weeping Night,  
 Or Deer that mourn their growth of head with tears,  
 When the defenceless weight does hinder flight.

30.

And Doggs, such whose cold secrecy was ment  
 By Nature for surprise, on these attend;  
 Wise temp'rate Lime-Hounds that proclaim no scent;  
 Nor harb'ring will their Mouths in boasting spend.

31.

Yet vainlier farr then Traytors boast their prise  
 (On which their vehemence vast rates does lay,  
 Since in that worth their treasons credit lies)  
 These Harb'ers praise that which they now betray.

32.

Boast they have lodg'd a Stag, that all the Race  
 Out-runs of Croton Horse, or Regian Hounds;  
 A Stag made long, since Royall in the Chace,  
 If Kings can honor give by giving wounds.

For

33.

For *Aribert* had pierc't him at a Bay,  
 Yet scap'd he by the vigour of his Head;  
 And many a Sommer since has wonne the day,  
 And often left his *Regian* Foll'wers dead.

34.

His spacious Beame (that even the Rights out grew)  
 From *Antlar* to his *Troch* had all allow'd  
 By which his age the aged Woodmen knew;  
 Who more then he were of that beauty prow'd.

35.

Now each Relay a sev'ral Station findes,  
 Ere the triumphant Train the Copps furrounds;  
 Relays of Horse, long breath'd as winter windes,  
 And their deep Cannon Mouth'd experienc'd  
 (Hounds.

36.

The Huntsmen (Busily concern'd in shoue  
 As if the world were by this Beast undone,  
 And they against him hir'd as Nature's Foe)  
 In haste uncouple, and their Hounds outrunne.

37.

Now winde they a Recheat, the rows'd Dear's knell;  
 And through the Forrest all the Beasts are aw'd;  
 Alarm'd by Ecchoe, Nature's Sentinel,  
 Which shews that Murdrous Man is come abroad.

Q

Tirranique



38.  
 " Tirranique Man ! Thy subjects Enemy !  
 " And more through wantoness then need or hate ;  
 " From whom the winged to their Coverts flie ;  
 " And to their Dennes even those that lay in waite.

39.  
 So this (the most successful of his kinde,  
 Whose Foreheads force oft his Opposers prest,  
 Whose swiftness left Persuers shafts behinde)  
 Is now of all the Forrest most distressed

40.  
 The Heard deny him shelter, as if taught  
 To know their safety is to yield him lost ;  
 " Which shews they want not the results of thought,  
 " But speech, by which we ours for reason boast.

41.  
 We blush to see our politicks in Beasts,  
 Who Many sav'd by this one Sacrifice ;  
 And since through blood they follow interests,  
 Like us when cruel should be counted wise.

42.  
 His Rivals that his fury us'd to fear  
 For his lov'd Female, now his faintness Shonne ;  
 But were his season hot, and she but neer,  
 (O mighty Love ! ) his Hunters were undone.

From

43.

From thence, well blown, he comes to the Relay ;  
Where Man's fam'd reason proves but Cowardise,  
And only serves him meanly to betray ;  
Even for the flying, Man, in ambush lies.

44.

But now, as his last remedy to live,  
(For ev'ry shift for life kinde Nature makes,  
Since life the utmost is which she can give)  
Coole *Adice* from the swoln Banke he takes.

45.

But this fresh Bath the Doggs will make him leave ;  
Whom he sure nos'd as fasting Tygers found ;  
Their scent no North-east winde could e're deceave  
Which dries the ayre, nor Flocks that foyle the  
(Ground.

46.

Swift here the Flyers and Persuers seeme ;  
The frighted Fish swim from their *Adice*,  
The Doggs persue the Deer, he the fleet streame,  
And that hafts swiftly to the *Adrian* Sea.

47.

Refresh'd thus in this fleeting Element,  
He up the stedfast Shore did boldly rise ;  
And soon escap'd their view, but not their scent ;  
That faithful Guide which even conducs their Eies.



48.

This frail relief was like short gales of breath  
Which oft at Sea a long dead calme prepare ;  
Or like our Curtains drawn at point of death,  
When all our Lungs are spent, to give us ayre.

49.

For on the Shore the Hunters him attend ;  
And whilst the Chace grew warm as is the day  
(Which now from the hot *Zenith* does descend)  
He is imbos'd, and weary'd to a Bay.

50.

The Jewel, Life, he must surrender here ;  
Which the world's Mistress, Nature, does not give ;  
But like drop'd Favours suffers us to weare,  
Such as by which pleas'd Lovers think they live.

51.

Yet life he so esteems, that he allows  
It all defence his force and rage can make ;  
And to the *Regian* Race such fury shows  
As their last blood some unreveng'd for sake.

52.

But now the Monarch Murderer comes in,  
Destructive Man ! whom Nature would not arme,  
As when in madness mischief is foreseen  
We leave it weaponless for fear of harme.

For

53.

For the defencelesse made him that he might  
 Lesse readily offend; but Art armes all,  
 From single strife makes us in Numbers fight;  
 And by such art this Royall Stagge did fall.

54.

Now weeps till grief does even his Murd'ers pierce;  
 Grief which so nobly through his anger strove,  
 That it deserv'd the dignity of verse,  
 And had it words as humanly would move.

55.

Thrice from the ground his vanquish'd Head he rear'd,  
 And with last looks his Forrest walks did view;  
 Where Sixty Sommers he had rul'd the Heard,  
 And where sharp *Dittany* now vainly grew:

56.

Whose hoary Leaves no more his wounds shall heale;  
 For with a Sigh (a blast of all his breath)  
 That viewlesse thing call'd Life, did from him steale;  
 And with their Bugle Hornes they winde his death.

57.

Then with their annuall wanton sacrifice  
 (Taught by old Custome, whose decrees are vaine,  
 And we like hum'rous Antiquaries prize  
 Age though deform'd) they hastne to the Plaine.

Q. 3

Thence



58.

Thence homeward bend as westward as the Sun;  
 Where *Gondibert's* Allys prow'd Feasts prepare,  
 That day to honor which his Grandfire won;  
 Though Feasts the Eves to Fun'ralls often are.

59.

One from the Forrest now approach'd their fight,  
 Who them did swiftly on the Spurr persue;  
 One there still resident as Day and Night,  
 And knowne as th'eldest Oke which in it grew.

60.

Who with his utmost breath, advancing cries  
 ( And such a vehemence no Art could feigne )  
 Away, happy the Man that fastest flies;  
 Flie famous Duke, flie with thy noble Traine !

61.

The Duke reply'd, though with thy feares disguis'd,  
 Thou do'st my Syres old Rangers Image beare,  
 And for thy kindnesse shalt not be despis'd ; ( feare.  
 Though Councils are but weak which come from

62.

Were Dangers here, great as thy love can shape;  
 ( And love with fear can danger multiplie )  
 Yet when by flight, thou bidst us meanly scape,  
 Bid Trees take wings, and rooted Forrests flie.

Then

63.

Then said the Ranger, you are bravely lost,  
(And like high anger his complexion rose)  
As little know I fear, as how to boast;  
But shall attend you through your many Foes.

64.

See where in ambush mighty *Oswald* lay;  
And see, from yonder Lawne he moves apace,  
With Launces arm'd to intercept thy way,  
Now thy sure Steeds are weary'd with the Chace.

65.

His purple Banners you may there behold,  
Which (proudly spread) the fatall Raven beate;  
And full five hundred I by Ranke have told,  
Who in their gilded Helmes his Colours weare.

66.

The Duke this falling storme does now discern;  
Bids little *Hugo* fly ! but 'tis to view  
The Foe, and timely their first count'nance learne,  
Whilst firme he in a square his Hunters drew.

67.

And *Hugo* soone (light as his Coursers Heeles)  
Was in their Faces troublesome as winde;  
And like to it (so wingedly he wheelles)  
No one could catch, what all with trouble finde.

But



68.

But ev'ry where the Leaders and the Led  
 He temp'rately observ'd, with a slow fight;  
 Judg'd by their looks how hopes and feares were fed,  
 And by their order their successe in fight.

69.

Their Number ('mounting to the Rangers guesse)  
 In Three Divisions evenly was dispos'd;  
 And that their Enemies might judg it lesse,  
 It seem'd one Grosse with all the Spaces clos'd.

70.

The Vann fierce *Oswald* led, where *Paradine*  
 And Manly *Dargonet* (both of his blood)  
 Outshin'd the Noone, and their Mindes stock within  
 Promis'd to make that outward glory good.

71.

The next, bold, but unlucky *Hubert* led;  
 Brother to *Oswald*, and no lesse ally'd  
 To the ambitions which his Soule did wed;  
 Lowly without, but lin'd with Costly pride.

72.

Most to himself his valor fatal was,  
 Whose glorys oft to others dreadfull were;  
 So Commets (though suppos'd Destruction's cause)  
 But waste themselves to make their Gazers feare.

And

73. 87

And though his valor seldom did succeed,  
His speech was such as could in Storms perswade;  
Sweet as the Hopes on which starv'd Lovers feed,  
Breath'd in the whispers of a yeilding May de.

74. 87

The Bloody *Borgio* did conduct the Rerè;  
Whom sullen *Vasco* heedfully attends;  
To all but to themselves they cruel were,  
And to themselves chiefly by mischief Friends.

75. 88

Warr, the worlds Art, Nature to them became;  
In Camps begot, born, and in anger bred;  
The living vex'd till Death, and then their Fame;  
Because even Fame some life is to the Dead.

76. 88

Cities (wise States-men's Folds for civil sheep)  
They sack'd, as painful Sheerers of the wise;  
For they like careful Wolves would lose their sleep,  
When others prosp'rous toyls might be their prise.

77. 88

*Hugo* amongst these Troops spy'd many more  
Who had, as brave Destroyers, got renown;  
And many forward wounds in boast they wore;  
Which if not well reveng'd, had ne'r bin shown.

OTWAS

R

Such



78.

Such the bold Leaders of these Lannceens were,  
 Which of the *Brescian Veterans* did consist;  
 Whose practis'd age might charge of Armies bear,  
 And claim some rank in Fame's eternal List.

79.

Back to his Duke the dextrous *Hugos* flies;  
 What he observ'd he cheerfully declares;  
 With noble pride did what he lik'd despise;  
 For wounds he threatned whilst he prais'd their  
 (skarrs..)

80.

Lord *Arnold* cry'd, vain is the Bugle Horn,  
 Where Trumpets Men to Manly work invite  
 That distant summons seems to say in scorn,  
 We Hunters may be hunted hard ere night.

81.

Those Beasts are hunted hard that hard can fly,  
 Reply'd alow'd the noble *Hungaril*;  
 But we not us'd to flight, know best to dy;  
 And those who know to die, know how to kill.

82.

Victors through number never gain'd applause;  
 If they exceed our compt in Armes and Men,  
 It is not just to think that odds, because  
 One Lover equals any other Ten.

CANTO

# Canto the Third.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Ambush is become an interview;  
And the Surpriser proves to honor true;  
For what had first, ere words his fury spent,  
Been murder, now, is but brave killing ment.  
A Duel form'd where Princes Seconds are,  
And urg'd by Honor each to kill his share.*

1.

**T**He Duke observ'd (whilst safe in his firm Square)  
Whether their form did change whom *Oswald*  
That thence he shifts of figure might prepare, (led;  
Divide, or make more depth, or loosely spread.

2.

Though in their posture close, the Prince might guess  
The Duke's to his not much in number yield;  
And they were leading Youth who would possess  
This Ground in Graves, rather than quit the Field.

R. 2

Thus



3.  
Thus (timely certain of a standing Foe)  
His form'd Divisions yet reveal'd no space  
Through haste to charge; but as they neerer grow,  
They more divide, and move with slower pace.

4.  
On these the Duke attends with watchful Eye;  
Shap'd all his Forces to their Triple strength;  
And that their Launces might pass harmless by,  
Widens his Ranks, and gave his Files more length.

5.  
At distance *Oswald* does him sharply view,  
Whom but in Fame he met till this sad hower;  
But his fair fame, Vertue's known Image, knew;  
For Vertue spreads the Owner more then pow'r.

6.  
In Fields far sever'd both had reap'd renown;  
And now his envie does to surfeit feed  
On what he wish'd his Eies had never known;  
For he begins to check his purpos'd deed.

7.  
And though Ambition did his rage renew; (Train)  
Yet much he griev'd (mov'd with the Youthful  
That Plants which so much promis'd as they grew,  
Should in the Bud be ere performance slain.

With

8.

With these remorseful thoughts, he a fair space  
 Advanc'd alone, then did his Troops command  
 To halt; the Duke th' example did embrace,  
 And gives like order by his lifted hand.

9.

Then when in easie reach of eithers voice  
 Thus Oswald spake. I wish (brave Gondibert) I  
 Those wrongs w<sup>ch</sup> make thee now my angers choice,  
 Like my last fate were hidden from my heart.

10.

But since great Glory does allow small rest;  
 And bids us jealously to honour wake,  
 Why at alarms given not even at my brest,  
 Should I not arm, but think my Scouts mistake?

11.

'Tis lowd in Camps, in Cities, and in Court,  
 (Where the important part of Mankind meets)  
 That my adoption is thy Faction's sport,  
 Scorn'd by hoarse Rymers in Verona Streets.

12.

Who is renown'd enough but you or I  
 (And think not when you visit Fame, she lesse  
 Will welcome you for my known Companie)  
 To hope for Empire at our Kings decease?

R. 3.

Thee



13.

The Crowne he with his Daughter has design'd;  
 His favour (which to me does frozen prove)  
 Growes warme to you as th'eies of Rhodolind,  
 And she gives sacred Empire with her love,

14.

Whilst you aserp thus, and my claime deride,  
 If you admire the veng'ance I intend,  
 I more shall wonder where you got the pride  
 To think me one you safely may offend.

15.

Nor judg it strange I have this Ambush laid;  
 Since you (my Rivall) wrong'd me by surprise;  
 Whose darker vigilance my love betrai'd;  
 And so your ill example made me wise.

16.

But in the Schoole of glory we are taught,  
 That greatness and success should measure deeds;  
 Then not my great revenge nor your great fault,  
 Can be accus'd when either act succeeds.

17.

Opinions stamp does vertue currant make;  
 But such small Money (though the Peoples Gold  
 With which they trade) great Dealers skorne to take,  
 And we are greater then one world can hold.

Now

18.

Now Oswald paws'd, as if he curious were  
Ere this his Foe (the People's Fav'rite) dy'd,  
To know him as with Eies, so with his Eare;  
And to his speech thus Gondibert reply'd:

19.

Successfull Prince! since I was never taught  
To court a Threatning Foe, I will not pay  
For all the Trophys you from war have brought  
A single wreath, though all these woods were Bay!

20.

Nor would I by a total silence yeld  
My honor ta'ne, though I were Pris'ner made;  
Least you should think we may be justly kill'd,  
And sacred justice by mistake invade.

21.

You might perceive (had not a distant warre  
Hindred our Breasts the use of being knowne)  
My small ambition hardly worth your care;  
Unless by it you would correct your owne.

22.

The King's objected love is but your dreame,  
As false as that I strive for Rhodolind  
As Valor's hyre; these sickly visions seeme  
Which in Ambitions Feaver vex your minde.

Nor



2381

Nor wonder if I vouch; that 'tis not brave  
 To seek war's hire, though war we still pursue;  
 Nor censure this a proud excuse, to save  
 These who no safety know, but to subdue.

24.

Your misbelief my hirelesse valour scorns;  
 But your hir'd valour were your faith reclaim'd,  
 (For faith reclaim'd to highest vertue turns)  
 Will be of bravest salary asham'd.

25. .02

Onely with fame valor of old was hir'd;  
 And love was so suffic'd with its own taste,  
 That those intemp'rate seem'd, who more desir'd  
 For love's reward, then that it self should last.

26. .12

If love, or lust of Empire breed your pain,  
 Take what my prudent hope hath still declin'd;  
 And my weak vertue never could sustain,  
 The Crown, which is the worst of *Rhodolind*.

27. .22

'Tis she who taught you to increase renown,  
 By sowing Honor's field with noble deeds;  
 Which yeilds no harvest when 'tis over-grown  
 With wilde Ambition, the most rank of weeds.

Go

28.

Go reconcile the windes faln out at Sea  
With these tame precepts, (*Oswald* did replie)  
But since thou dost bequeath thy hopes to me,  
Know Legacies are vain till Givers die.

29.

And here his rage ascended to his Eyes  
From his close Brest, which hid till then the flame;  
And like stirr'd fire in sparkles upward flies;  
Rage which the Duke thus practis'd to reclaim.

30.

Though you design'd our ruine by surprize,  
Though much in useful Armes you us exceed,  
And in your number some advantage lies,  
Yet you may finde you such advantage need.

31.

If I am vallew'd as th' impediment  
Which hinders your adoption to the Crown;  
Let your revenge onely on me be spent,  
And hazard not my Party, nor your own.

32.

Ambition else would up to Godhead grow,  
When so profanely we our anger prise,  
That to appease it we the blood allow  
Of whole offencelesse Herds for sacrifice.

S

*Oswald*



33.

*Oswald* (who Honor's publick pattern was,  
Till vain ambition led his heart aside)  
More temperate grew in mannage of his cause,  
And thus to noble *Gondibert* reply'd.

34.

I wish it were not needful to be great;  
That Heav'n's unenvy'd pow'r might Men so awe.  
As we should need no Armies for defeat,  
Nor for protection be at charge of Law.

35.

But more then Heav'n's, Men, Man's authoritie  
(Though envy'd) use, because more understood;  
For but for that Life's Utensils would be,  
In Markets, as in Camps the price of blood.

36.

Since the Worlds safety we in greatness finde,  
And pow'r divided is from greatness gone,  
Save we the world, though to our selves unkinde;  
By both indang'ring to establish one.

37.

Not these, who kindle with my wrongs their rage,  
Nor those bold Youth who warmly you attend,  
Our distant Camps by action shall ingage;  
But we our own great cause will singly end.

Back.

38.

Back to your noble Hunters strait retire,  
And I to those who would those Hunters chase;  
Let us perswade their fury to expire,  
And give obediently our anger place.

39.

Like unconcern'd Spectators let them stand,  
And be by sacred vow to distance bound;  
Whilst their lov'd Leaders by our strict command,  
As patient witnesses, approach this ground.

40.

Where with no more defensive Armes then was  
By Nature ment us, who ordain'd Men Friends,  
We will on foot determine our great cause;  
On which the *Lombards* doubtful peace depends.

41.

The Duke full low did bow, and soon obay,  
Confess'd his honor he transcendent findes,  
Said he their persons might a meaner way  
With ods have aw'd, but this subdues their Mindes.

42.

Now wing'd with Hope they to their Troops return,  
*Oswald* his old grave *Brescians* makes retire,  
Least if too neer, though like slow Match they burn,  
The Duke's rash Youth like Powder might take fire.



43.

First with their noble Chiefs they treat aside,  
 Plead it humanity to bleed alone,  
 And term it needless cruelty and pride  
 With others Sacrifice to grace their owne.

44.

Then to their Troopes gave their resolv'd command;  
 Not to assist, through anger nor remorse;  
 Who seem'd more willing patiently to stand,  
 Because each side presum'd their Champion's force,

45.

Now neer that ground ordain'd by them and Fate  
 To be the last where one or both must tread,  
 Their chosen Judges they appoint to waite;  
 Who thither were like griev'd Spectators led,

46.

These from the distant Troops far sever'd are;  
 And neer their Chiefs divided Stations take;  
 Who strait uncloath, and for such deeds prepare,  
 By which strip'd Soules their fleshy Robes forsake.

47.

But *Hubert* now advanc'd, and cry'd alow'd,  
 I will not trust uncertain Destinie,  
 Which may obscurely kill me in a Crowd,  
 That here have pow'r in publick view to die.

Oswald

48.

*Oswald* my Brother is! If any dare  
Think *Gondibert's* great name more Kingly sounds,  
Let him alight, and he shall leave the care  
Of chusing Monarchs, to attend his wounds!

49.

This *Hurgonill* receiv'd with greedy Ear,  
Told him his summons boldly did expresse,  
That he had little judgement whom to fear,  
And in the choice of Kings his skill was lesse.

53.

With equall haste they then alight and met,  
Where both their Chiefs in preparation stood;  
Whilst *Paradine* and furious *Dargones*  
Cry'd out, we are of *Oswald's* Princely blood.

51.

Are there not yet two more so fond of fame,  
So true to *Gondibert*, or Love's commands;  
As to esteem it an unpleasant shame  
With idle Eyes to look on busie hands?

52.

Such haste makes Beauty when it Youth forsakes,  
And day from Travellers when it does set,  
As *Arnold* to proud *Paradine* now makes,  
And little *Hugo* to tall *Dargones*.



53.

The bloody *Borgio*, who with anguish stay'd,  
 And check'd his rage, till these of *Oswald's* Race,  
 By wish'd example their brave Challenge made,  
 Now like his curb'd Steed foaming, shifts his place.

54.

And thus (with haste and choller hoarse) he spake;  
 Who e're amongst you thinks we destin'd are  
 To serve that King your Courtly Camp shall make,  
 Falsly he loves, nor is his Lady faire!

55.

This scarce could urge the temp'rate *Tybal's* fire,  
 Who said, When Fate shall *Aribert* remove,  
 As ill then wilt thou judge who should aspire,  
 As who is fair, that art too rude to love.

56.

But scarce had this reply reach'd *Borgio's* Eare,  
 When *Goltbo* louder cri'd, what ere he be  
 Dares think her foul who hath a Lover here,  
 Though Love I never knew, shall now know me!

57.

Grave *Tybelt*, who had laid an early'r claime  
 To this defiance, much distemper'd grows,  
 And *Goltbo's* forward Youth would sharply blame,  
 But that old *Vasco* thus did interpose.

That

58.

That Boy who makes such haste to meet his fate,  
 And fears he may (as if he knew it good)  
 Through others pride of danger come too late,  
 Shall read it strait ill written in his blood.

59.

Let Empire fall, when we must Monarchs choose,  
 By what unpractis'd Childhood shall approve;  
 And in tame peace let us our Manhood loose,  
 When Boyes yet wet with milk discourse of Love.

60.

As bashful Maids blush, as if justly blam'd,  
 When forc'd to suffer some indecent Tongue,  
 So *Goltbo* blush'd (whom *Vasco* made ashamed)  
 As if he could offend by being young.

61.

But instantly offended bashfulness  
 Does to a brave and beauteous anger turn,  
 Which he in younger flames did so expresse,  
 That scarce old *Vasco's* Embers seem'd to burn.

62.

The Princes knew in this new kindled rage,  
 Opinion might (which like unlucky winde  
 Sate right to make it spread) their Troops ingage  
 And therefore *Oswald* thus proclaim'd his minde.

Seem



63.

Seem we already dead, that to our words  
 (As to the last requests men dying make)  
 Your love but Mourners short respect affords,  
 And ere interr'd you our commands forsake?

64.

We chose you Judges of our needfull strife, (esteem  
 Such whom the world (grown faithlesse) might  
 As weighty witnesses of parting life,  
 But you are those we dying must condemn.

65.

Are we become such worthlesse sacrifice,  
 As cannot to the Lombards Heav'n atone,  
 Unlesse your added blood make up the price,  
 As if you thought it worthier then our own?

66.

Our fame which should survive before us, dy!  
 And let (since in our presence disobay'd)  
 Renown of pow'r, like that of beauty fly  
 From knowledge, rather then be known decay'd!

67.

This when with reverence heard, it would have made  
 Old Armies melt, to mark at what a rate  
 They spent their Hearts and Eyes, kindly afraid  
 To be omitted in their Gen'ral's fate.

Hubert

68.

*Hubert* (whose Princely qualitie more frees  
Him then the rest, from all command, unless  
He finde it such as with his will agrees)  
Did nobly thus his firm resolve express.

69.

All greatness bred in blood be now abas'd  
Instinct, the inward Image, which is wrought  
And given with Life, be like thaw'd wax defac'd  
Though that bred better honor then is taught;

70.

And may impressions of the common ill  
Which from street Parents the most low derives,  
Blot all my minds fair book if I stand still  
Whilst *Oswald* singly for the Publick strives.

71.

A Brothers love all that obedience stays,  
Which *Oswald* else might as my Leader claime;  
Whom as my love, my honor disobays,  
And bids me serve our greater Leader, Fame.

72.

With gentle looks *Oswald* to *Hubert* bowes,  
And said, I then must yeild that *Hubert* shall  
(Since from the same bright Sun our lustre growes)  
Rise with my Mornes, and with my Ev'nings fall!

T

Bold



73<sup>80</sup>

Bold *Paradine* and *Dargone* reviv'd  
 Their suit, and cry'd, we are *Astolpho's* sons  
 Who from your highest spring his blood deriv'd,  
 Though now it down in lower Channels runs.

74<sup>80</sup>

Such lucky seasons to attain renown,  
 We must not lose, who are to you ally'd;  
 Others usurp, who would your dangers own,  
 And what our duty is, in them is pride.

75<sup>07</sup>

Then as his last Decree thus *Oswald* spake;  
 You that vouchsafe to glory in my blood,  
 Shall share my doom, which for your merits sake,  
 Fate, were it bad, would alter into good.

76<sup>07</sup>

If any others disobedient rage,  
 Shall with uncivill love intrude his aid;  
 And by degrees our distant Troops engage,  
 Be it his Curse still to be disobay'd

77<sup>07</sup>

War's Orders may he by the slow convey  
 To such as only shall dispute them long;  
 An ill peace make, when none will him obey,  
 And be for that when old, judg'd by the yong.

This

78.<sup>8</sup>

This said, he calmly bid the Duke provide  
Such of his blood, as with those chosen Three  
(Whilst their adoption they on foot decide)  
May in brave life or death fit Partners bee.

79.<sup>8</sup>

Though here (reply'd the Duke) I finde not now  
Such as my blood with their alliance grace,  
Yet Three I see, to whom your stock may bow,  
If Love may be esteem'd of heav'nly Race.

80.<sup>8</sup>

And much to me these are by love ally'd;  
Then *Hugo, Arnold*, and the Count drew neere;  
Count *Hurgonill* wco'd *Orna* for his Bride,  
The other Two in *Laura* Rivals were.

81.<sup>88</sup>

But *Tybalt* cry'd (and swiftly as his voice  
Approach'd the Duke) forgive me mighty Chief,  
If justly I envy thy noble choice,  
And disobey thee in wrong'd Love's relief.

82.<sup>88</sup>

If rev'renc'd love be sacred Myst'ry deem'd,  
And mysteries when hid to value glow,  
Why am I lesse for hidden love esteem'd?  
To unknown Godhead, wise Religions bow.



83.

A Maid of thy high lineage much I love,  
 And hide her name till I can merit boast,  
 But shall I here (where I may worth improve)  
 For prising her above my self, be lost?

84.

The Duke's firm bosom kindly seem'd to melt  
 At *Tybalt's* grief, that he omitted was;  
 Who lately had Love's secret conquest felt,  
 And hop'd for publick triumph in this cause.

85.

Then he decreed, *Hugo* (though chose before  
 To share in this great work) should equally  
 With *Tybalt* be expos'd to Fortune's pow'r,  
 And by drawn Lots their wish'd election try.

86.

*Hugo* his dreaded Lord with chearfull awe  
 Us'd to obey, and with implicit love;  
 But now he must for certain honor draw  
 Uncertain Lots, seems heavily to move.

87.

And here they trembling reach'd at Honor so,  
 As if they gath'ring Flow'rs a Snake discern'd;  
 Yet fear'd Love only whose rewards then grow  
 To Lovers sweetest, when with danger earn'd.

From

88.

From this brave fear, lest they should danger scape,  
Was little *Hugo* eas'd, and when he drew  
The Champion's lot, his joy enlarg'd his shape,  
And with his lifted minde he taller grew.

89.

But *Tybalt* stoop'd beneath his sorrows waight;  
*Goltbo* and him kindly the Duke imbrac'd;  
Then to their station sent; and *Oswald* straight  
His so injoyn'd, and with like kindnesse grac'd.

90.

When cruel *Borgio* does from *Tybalt* part,  
*Vasco* from *Goltbo*, many a look they cast  
Backward in fullen message from the heart,  
And through their eies their threat'ning anger wast.

T 3

CANTO



## Canto the Fourth.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The Duel where all rules of artful strife,  
To rescue or indanger Darling-life,  
Are by reserves of strength and courage shown;  
For killing was long since a Science grown.  
Th' event by which the Troops engaged are,  
As privat rage too often turns to warre.*

## I.

**B**Y what bold passion am I rudely led,  
Like Fame's too curious and officious Spie,  
Where I these Rolls in her dark Closet read,  
Where VVorthies wrapp'd in Time's disguises lie?

## 2.

VVhy should we now their shady Curtains draw,  
VVho by a wise retirement hence are freed,  
And gon to Lands exempt from Nature's Law,  
VVhere love no more can mourn, nor valor bleed?  
Why

3.

Why to this stormy world from their long rest,  
Are these recall'd to be again displeas'd,  
Where during Nature's reign we are oppress'd,  
Till we by Death's high priviledg are eas'd?

4.

Is it to boast that Verse has Chymick pow're,  
And that its rage (which is productive heat)  
Can these revive, as Chymists raise a Flowre, (pleat)  
Whose scatter'd parts their Glasse presents com-

5.

Though in these Worthies gon, valor and love  
Did chastly as in sacred Temples meet,  
Such reviv'd Patterns us no more improve,  
Then Flowres so rais'd by Chymists make us sweet."

6.

Yet when the souls disease we desp'rate finde,  
Poets the old renown'd Physitians are,  
Who for the sickly habits of the minde,  
Examples as the ancient cure prepare."

7.

And bravely then Physitians honor gain,  
When to the world diseases curelesse seem,  
And they (in Science valiant) ne'r refrain  
Art's war with Nature, till they life redeem."

But



8.

“ But Poets their accustom’d task have long  
 “ Forborn, (who for Examples did disperse  
 “ The Heroes vertues in Heroick Song)  
 “ And now think vertue sick, past cure of verse.”

9.

Yet to this desp’rate cure I will proceed,  
 Such patterns shew as shall not fail to move;  
 Shall teach the valiant patience when they bleed,  
 And haplesse Lovers constancy in love.

10.

Now Honor’s chance, the Duke with Oswald takes,  
 The Count his great Stake, Life, to Hubert lets;  
 Whilst his to Paradin’s, Lord Arnold stakes,  
 And little Hugo throwes at Dargoners.

11.

These Four on equall ground those Four oppose;  
 Who wants in strength, supplies it with his skill;  
 So valiant that they make no haste to close;  
 They not apact, but handsomly would kill.

12.

And as they more each others courage found,  
 Each did their force more civilly expresse,  
 To make so manly and so fair a wound,  
 As loyall Ladies might be proud to dresse.

But

13. 81

But vain, though wond'rous, seems the short event  
 Of what with pomp and Noise we long prepare:  
 One hour of battail oft that force hath spent,  
 Which Kings whole lives have gather'd for a war.

14. 91

As Rivers to their mine hasty be,  
 So life (still earnest, low'd, and swift) runs post  
 To the vaste Golt of Death, as they to Sea,  
 And vainly travailes to be quickly lost.

15. 00

And now the Fates (who punctually take care  
 We not escape their sentence at our birth)  
 Writ *Arnold* down where those inroled are  
 Who must in Youth abruptly leave the Earth.

16. 12

Him *Paradine* into the Brow had pierc'd,  
 From whence his blood so overflow'd his Eyes,  
 He grew to blinde to watch and guard his brest,  
 Where wounded twice, to Death's cold Court he  
 (lies.

17. 00

And Love (by which Life's name does valew finde,  
 As Altars even subsist by ornament)  
 Is now as to the Owner quite resign'd,  
 And in a sigh to his dear *Laura* sent.

V.

Yet



18.

Yet Fates so civil were in cruelty  
 As not to yeild that he who conquer'd all  
 The *Tuscan* Vale, should unattended dy,  
 They therefore doom that *Dargonet* must fall.

19.

Whom little *Hugo* dext'rouly did vex  
 With many wounds in unexpected place,  
 Which yet not kill, but killingly perplex;  
 Because he held their number a disgrace.

20.

For *Dargonet* in force did much exceed  
 The most of Men, in valor equal'd all;  
 And was asham'd thus diversly to bleed,  
 As if he stood where showres of Arrows fall.

21.

At once he ventures his remaining strength  
 To *Hugo's* nimble skill, who did desire  
 To draw this little war out into length,  
 By motions quick as Heav'n's fantastick fire!

22.

This fury now is grown too high to last  
 In *Dargonet*; who does disorder all  
 The strengths of temperance by unruly haste;  
 Then down to Death's low Calm does breathless  
 When

23.8

When with his own Storm sunk, his Foe did spie  
Lord *Arnold* dead, and *Paradine* prepare  
To help Prince *Oswald* to that victory,  
Of which the Duke had yet an equal share.

24.22

Vain Conqueror (saith *Hugo* then) returne  
Instead of Laurel which the Victor weares,  
Go gather *Cypress* for thy Brother's Urne,  
And learn of me to water it with Tears.

25.02

Thy Brother lost his life attempting mine;  
Which cannot for Lord *Arnold's* loss suffice;  
I must revenge (unlucky *Paradine*)  
The blood his death will draw from *Laura's* Eyes.

26.12

We Rivals were in *Laura*, but though she  
My griefs derided, his with sighs approv'd;  
Yet I (in Love's exact integritie)  
Must take thy life for killing him She lov'd.

27.06

These quick alike, and artfully as fierce,  
At one sad instant give and take that wound,  
Which does through both their vital Closets pierce,  
Where Life's smal Lord does warmly sit enthron'd.

U.2

And



28.

And then they fell, and now neer upper Heaven,  
 Heav'n's better part of them in hovering still,  
 To watch what end is to their Princes given,  
 And to brave Habers, and to Hurgonil.

29.

In progress thus to their eternal home,  
 Some method is observ'd by Destinie,  
 Which at their Princes setting out did doom'd,  
 These as their leading Harbingers to die.

30.

And fatal Habers we must next attend,  
 Whom Hurgonil had brought to such distress,  
 That though Life's stock he did not fully spend,  
 His glory that maintain'd it is grown less.

31.

Long had they strove, who first should be destroy'd;  
 And wounds (the Marks of Manhood) gave & took,  
 Which though like honor'd Age, we would avoyd,  
 Yet make us when possess'd for reverence look.

32.

α O Honor! Frail as Life thy Fellow Flower  
 α Chetish'd and watch'd, and humbly esteem'd,  
 α Then worn for short adornments of an hour,  
 α And is when lost no more then life redeem'd.

c. II

This

33.

This fatall *Hubert* findes, if honor be  
As much in Princes lost, when it grows lesse,  
As when it dies in men of next degree:  
Princes are only Princes by excesse.

34.

For having twice with his firm Opposite  
Exchang'd a wound, yet none that reach'd at life,  
The adverse sword his Arms best sinew hit,  
Which holds that strength, which should uphold their

35.

When thus his dear defence had left his Hand,  
Thy life (said *Hurgonil*) rejoyce to weare  
As *Orna's* favour, and at her command,  
VWho taught the mercy I will practise hereon.

36.

To which defencelesse *Hubert* did reply,  
My life (a vworthlesse Blank) I so despise,  
Since Fortune laid it in her Lotary,  
That I meane I haue'd thou draw'st it as a Prize.

37.

His grief made noble *Hurgonil* to melt,  
VWho mourn'd in this a VVarrior's various fate;  
For though a Victor now, he timely felt  
That change which paines us most by coming late.

When

V 3

But



38.

But *Orna* (ever present in his thought)  
 Prompts him to know, with what successe for fame  
 And Empire, *Gondibert* and *Oswald* fought; (shame.  
 Whilst *Hubert* seeks out death, and shrinks from.

39.

Valor, and all that practise turns to art;  
 Alike the Princes had and understood;  
 For *Oswald* now is cool as *Gondibert*;  
 Such temper he has got by losing blood.

40.

Calmly, their temper did their art obey;  
 Their stretch'd Arms regular in motion prove;  
 And force with as unseen a stealth convey,  
 As noiselesse Howres by hands of Dials move.

41.

By this new temper *Hirgonill* believ'd  
 That *Oswald's* elder vertues might prevail;  
 To think his own help needful much he griev'd;  
 But yet prepar'd it lest the Duke should fail.

42.

Small wounds they had, where as in *Casements* fate  
 Disorder'd Life; who seem'd to look about,  
 And fain would be abroad, but that a Gate  
 She wants so wide, at once to sally out.

When

43.

When *Gondibert* saw *Hurgonill* draw near,  
And doubly arm'd at conquer'd *Hubert's* cost,  
He then, who never fear'd, began to fear  
Lest by his help his honor should be lost.

44.

Retire said he; for if thou hop'st to win  
My sisters love by aiding in this strife;  
May Heav'n (to make her think thy love a sin)  
Ecclipse that beauty which did give it life.

45.

Count *Hurgonill* did doubtfully retire,  
Fain would assist yet durst not disobay;  
The Duke would rather instantly expire,  
Then hazard Honor's death, by death's delay.

46.

Alike did *Oswald* for dispatch prepare,  
And cries since *Hubert* knew not to subdue;  
Glory farewell, that art the Soldiers care!  
More lov'd then Woman, lesse then Woman true!

47.

And now they strive with all their sudden force  
To storm Life's Cittadil, each others Brest;  
At which could Heav'n's chief Eye have felt remorse,  
It would have wink'd, or hast'ned to the West.

But



48.

But sure the Heav'nly Movers little care  
 Whither our motion here be false or true;  
 For we proceed, whilst they are regular,  
 As if we Dice for all our actions threw.

49.

We seem surrender'd to indifferent Chance;  
 Even Death's grave work looks like fantastick play;  
 That Sword which oft did *Oswald's* fame advance  
 In publique war, fails in a privat fray.

50.

For when (because he ebbs of blood did feel)  
 He levell'd all his strength at *Gondibert*,  
 It clash'd and broke against the adverse steel,  
 Which travail'd onward till it reach'd his heart!

51.

Now he that like a stedfast statue stood  
 In many Batails register'd by Fame;  
 Does fall depriv'd of language as of blood;  
 Whilst high the Hunters send their Victor's name.

52.

Some shout aloud, and others winde the Horn!  
 They mix the Cities with the Field's applause;  
 Which *Borgia* soon interprets as their scorn,  
 And will revenge it ere he mourn the cause.

This

53.

This the cold Evening warm'd of *Vasco's* age;  
He shin'd like scorching Noon in *Borgio's* looks;  
Who kindled all about him with his rage;  
And worse the triumph then the Conquest brooks.

54.

The Troops (astonish'd with their Leaders fate)  
The horror first with silence entertain;  
With lowd impatiencethen for *Borgio* waite,  
And next with one confusion all complain,

55.

Whom thus he urg'd! Prince *Oswald* did command  
We should remove far from the Combat's list;  
And there like unconcern'd Spectators stand;  
Justly restrain'd to hinder or assist.

56.

This (Patient Friends!) we dully have obey'd;  
A temp'rance which he never taught before;  
But though alive he could forbid our ayd,  
Yet dead, he leaves revenge within our pow'r.

CANTO



## Canto the Fifth.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The Batail in exact though little shape;  
 Where none by flight, and few by fortune scape;  
 Where even the vanquish'd so themselves behave,  
 The Victors mourn for all they could not save:  
 And fear (so soon is Fortune's fulness wayn'd)  
 To lose in one, all that by all they gain'd.*

**N**OW Hubert's Page assists his wounded Lord  
 To mount that Steed, he scarce had force to  
 And weep'd to see his hand without that sword (guide;  
 Which was so oft in busy Batail try'd

Those who with *Borgio* saw his want of blood,  
 Cry'd out, If of thy strength enough remain,  
 Though not to charge, to make thy conduct good;  
 Lead us to add their living to our slain.

*Hubert:*

3.

Hubert reply'd, now you may justly boast,  
You Sons of war, that Oswald was your Sire;  
Who got in you the honor I have lost;  
And taught those deeds our Ladies songs admire.

4.

But he (war's Ancestor, who gave it birth,  
The Father of those fights we Lombards fought)  
Lies there imbracing but his length of Earth,  
Who for your use the world's vast Empire fought.

5.

And cold as he lies noble Dargoner,  
And Paradine, who wore the Victors Crown,  
Both swift to charge, and lame in a retreat,  
Brothers in blood, and Rivals in renown.

6.

This said, their Trumpets found Revenge's praise;  
The Hunters Horns (though terror of the wood)  
Reply'd so meanly, they could scarcely raise  
Eccho so loud as might be understood.

7.

The Duke (his fit of fury being spent,  
Which onely wounds and opposition bred)  
Does weep on faded Oswald, and lament  
What was so great in life, is nothing dead.

Impatient

X 2

Ma But



8.

But cry'd, when he the speechless Rivals spy'd;  
 O worth above the ancient price of Love  
 Lost are the living, for with these love dy'd  
 Or if immortal fled with them above.

9.

In these we the intrinsic vallew know  
 By which first Lovers did love currant deem;  
 But Love's false Coyners will allay it now,  
 Till men suspect what next they must contemn

10.

Not less young Hurgonil resents their chance,  
 Though, no fit time to practise his remorse,  
 For now he cries (finding the Foe advance)  
 Let Death give way to life, to horse to horse!

11.

This sorrow is to soft for deeds behind;  
 Which I (a mortal Lover) would sustain;  
 So as to make your sister wisely kinde,  
 And praise me living, not lament me slain.

12.

Swift as *Armenians* in the Panthers chace  
 They fly to reach where now their Hunters are;  
 Who fought out danger with too bold a pace,  
 Till thus the Duke did them a low'd prepare  
 Impatient

13.81

Impatient Friends, stand that your strength may last!  
Burn not in blaze, rage that should warm you long!  
I wish to Foes the weaknesse of haste,  
To you such slownesse as may keep you strong.

14.91

Not their scorns force should your fix'd patience move;  
Though scorn does more the bonds free minds pro-  
Their flashy rage shal harmles lightning prove, (vokes  
Which but fore-runs our Thunder's fatall stroke.

15.08

For when their fury's spent, how weak they are  
With the dull weight of antick *Vandall* Arms?  
Their work but short, and little is in war,  
Whom rage within, and Armor outward warms.

16.10

When you have us'd those arts your patience yields,  
Try to avoid their cowed *Laundes* force  
By dext'rous practise of *Croatian* Fields,  
Which turns to lazy *Elephants* their Horses.

17.15

When false retreat shall scatter you in flight,  
As if you back to Elements were fled;  
And no lesse faith can you again unite,  
Then recollects from Elements the dead,



18.

Make Chaciers seem by your swift Rallies, flow;  
 Whilst they your swifter change of figures fear,  
 Like that in Batails which flammeth the Foe  
 My Grandfire taught, as war's Philosopher.

19.

Think now your valor enters on the Stage,  
 Think Fame th' Eternal Chorus to declare  
 Your mighty mindes to each succeeding age,  
 And that your Ladys the Spectators are.

20.

This utter'd was with so supream a grace,  
 That ev'ry heart it empty'd, and did raise  
 Life's chiefest blood in valor to the Face,  
 Which made such beauty as the Foe did praise.

21.

Yet 'twas Ambition's praise, which but approves  
 Those whom through envy it would fain subdue;  
 Likes others honor, but her own so loves,  
 She thinks all others Trophys are her due.

22.

For Hubert now (though void of strength as feare)  
 Advanc'd the first Division fast and faire;  
 Bold Borgia with the next attends his Reare,  
 The Third was left to Vasco's stedy care.

E X

The

23.

The Duke still watch'd when each Divisions space  
Grew wide, that he might his more open spread;  
His own brave conduct did the foremost grace,  
The next the Count, the Third true Tybalt led.

24.

A forward fashion he did wear awhile,  
As if the Charge he would with fury meet;  
That he their forward fury might beguile,  
And urge them past redemption by retreat.

25.

But when with Launces couch'd they ready were,  
And their thick Front (which added Files in large)  
With their ply'd spurs kept time in a Carere,  
Those soon were vanish'd who they ment to charge.

26.

The Duke by flight, his Manhood thus and force  
Reserv'd, and to his skill made valor yield,  
Did seem to blush, that he must lead his Horse  
To lose a little ground, to gain the Field.

27.

Yet soon with Rallys he reviv'd the warre;  
Hubert pursues the Rear of Hargonill;  
And Borgia's Rear with Chace so loos'ned are,  
That them the Count does with close order kill.

And:



28.

And that which was erewhile the Duke's firm Van,  
 Before old *Kasco's* Front yowh safe to fly,  
 Till with *Christian* Rallys they began  
 In small Divisions hidden strength to try

29.

Then curling *Borgia* cry'd, whence comes his skill,  
 Who men so scatter'd can so firmly mix?  
 The living Metal, held so volatile  
 By the dull world, this Chymick Lord can fix

30.

He press'd where *Hargonik* his fury spends,  
 (As if he now in *Orna's* presence fought;  
 And with respect his brave approach attends,  
 To give him all the dangers which he sought.

31.

So bloody was th'event of this new strife,  
 That we may here applauded valor blame;  
 Which oft too easily abandons Life,  
 Whilst Death is Parent made of noble Fame

32.

For many now (belov'd by both) forsake  
 In their pursuit of flying Fame, their breath;  
 And through the world their valor currant make,  
 By giving it the ancient stamp of Death.

Young

33.

Young Hurgonil's renowned self had bought  
Honor of *Borgio* at no less a rate,  
Had not the Duke dispatch'd with those he fought,  
And found his aid must fly or come too late.

34.

For he advancing saw (which much him griev'd)  
That in the fairest Region of the Face,  
He two wide wounds from *Borgio* had receiv'd;  
His beauties blemish, but his valor's grace.

35.

Now cry'd the Duke, strive timely for renowne!  
Thy Age will kiss those wounds thy Youth may  
Be not dismay'd to think thy beauty gone: (leath  
My Sister's thine, who has enough for both.

36.

Then soon the Youth, Death as an honor gave  
To one that strove to rescue *Borgio's* life;  
Yet *Borgio* had dispatch'd him to his grave,  
Had *Gondibert* stood neutral in the strife.

37.

Who with his sword (disdaining now to stay  
And see the blood he lov'd so rudely spilt)  
Pierc'd a bold *Lombard* who imbar'd his way  
Even till his heart did beat against his Hilt.

Y

Timely



38. 66

Timely old *Vasco* came to *Borgio*'s aid; *ingag'd* (faste;  
 Whose long experienc'd Arme wrought sure and  
 His rising oppositions level laid; *Had not the Duke*  
 And mis'd no execution by his haste. *And found*

39. 48

And timely where the bleeding Count now fought;  
 And where the Duke with Number was oppress'd,  
 Resistless *Tybal* came, who *Borgio* fought;  
 But here with many *Borgios* did contest. *His peer*

40. 28

As Tydes that from their sev'ral Channels haste; now  
 Assemblerudely in th' *Urban* Bay, *Thy Age will*  
 And meeting there to indistinction waste; *Be not*  
 Strive to proceed, and force each others stay: *My*

41. 38

So here the valiant who with swift force come;  
 With as resistless valor are engag'd;  
 Are hid in anger's undistinguish'd Fome;  
 And make less way by meeting so engag'd. *Had*

42. 8

But room for *Goltbo* now! Whose valor's fire;  
 Like lightning, did unlikely passage make;  
 Whose swift effects like Lightning they admire;  
 And even the harms it wrought with reverence take.

Vasco

Y

Vasco

43.

*Vasco* he seeks, who had his Youth disdain'd;  
And in that search he with irreveren'd rage,  
Revengefully, from younger Foes abstain'd,  
And deadly grew where he encounter'd Age.

44.

And *Vasco* now had felt his *Gotbick* steel,  
But that Duke *Gondibert* (through Helm and Head)  
The last dire stroke which *Vasco* ere shall feel  
Did give, and sent him to adorn the dead.

45.

Here *Borgio* too had faln, but bravely then  
The Count so much reveng'd the wounds he gave,  
As *Gondibert* (the Prop of falling Men)  
Such sinking greatness could not chuse but save.

46.

When *Vasco* was remov'd, the Count declin'd  
His bathful Eies; the Duke thought sodain shame  
(From sense of luckless wounds) possess'd his mind;  
Which thus he did reform, and gently blame.

47.

Now thy complexion lasting is, and good!  
As when the Sun sets red, his Morning Eies  
In glory wake, so now thou setst in blood,  
Thy parting beauty will in honor rise.



48.

These scars thou need'st not from my Sister hide;  
 For as our Father, in brave batail lost,  
 She first did name with sorrow, then with pride,  
 Thy beauty's loss she'll mourn and after boast.

49.

Mine are but Love's little wounds (said Hargonil)  
 To what you Vasco gave; for I must grieve  
 My strength of honor could not Vasco kill,  
 That honor lost, yet I have strength to live.

50.

But now behold vex'd Hubert, who in all  
 This Batail was by ready conduct known,  
 And though unarm'd, and his spent force so small  
 He could to none bring death, yet fought his own:

51.

And ev'ry where, where Rallies made a Groffe  
 He charg'd; and now with last reserves he try'd  
 His two slow fate from Gondibert to force,  
 Where he was Victor and where *Vasco* dy'd.

52.

The Duke (in Honor's School exactly bred)  
 Would not that this defenceless Prince should be  
 Involv'd with those, whom he to dying led,  
 Therefore ordain'd him still from slaughter free.

And

53.

And now his pow'r did gently make him know,  
That he must keep his life, and quit the cause;  
More Pris'ner to himself then to his Foe,  
For life within himself in Prison was.

54.

His fierce Assistants did not quit the Field,  
Till forward marks declar'd they fairly fought;  
And then they all with sullen slowness yield; (sought.  
Vex'd they have found what vain Revenge had

55.

In the renown'd destruction of this day,  
Four Hundred Leaders were by valor's pride  
Led to blest shades, by an uncertain way,  
Where lowliness is held the surest Guide.

56.

And twice the Tierce of these consists of those  
Who for Prince Oswald's love of Empire bled;  
The Duke does thus with thanks and praise dispose:  
Both of the worthy living, and the dead.

57.

Binde all your wounds, and shed not that brave life,  
Which did in all by great demeanor pass;  
(Teaching your Foes a wiser choice of strife)  
Deserve a Lease of Nature that may last.



58.

Loye warm'd you with those hints which kindled me;  
 And form'd *Ideas* in each Lovers thought  
 Of the distress of some beloved she, (fought.  
 Who then inspir'd and prais'd you whilst you

59.

You nobly prompt my passion to desire,  
 That the rude Crowd vvho Lovers softness scorn,  
 Might in fair field meet those who loye admire,  
 To try vvhich side must after Batail mourn.

60.

O that those rights which should the good advance,  
 And justly are to painful valor due,  
 (Howe're misplac'd by the swift hand of Chance)  
 Were from that Crowd defended by those few!

61.

With this great Spectacle vve should refresh (dead)  
 Those Chiefs, vvho (though preferr'd by being  
 Would kindly wish to fight again in flesh;  
 So all that lov'd, by *Hurgonill* vvere led.

62.

This gracious mention from so great a Lord,  
 Bow'd *Hurgonill* with dutious homage down,  
 Where at his feet he lay'd his rescu'd Sword;  
 VVhich he accepts, but he returns his own.

By

63.88

By this and thine, said gentle *Gondibert*,  
 In all distresses of various Courts and warre,  
 We interpledge and binde each others heart,  
 To strive who shall possess griefs greatest share.

64.88

Now to *Verona* haste, and timely bring  
 Thy vvounds unto my tender sister's care;  
 This Days sad story to our dreaded King,  
 And vvatch vvhat vengeance *Oswald's* Friends pre-

65.07

Brave *Arnold*, and his Rival strait remove;  
 Where *Laura* shall bestrew their hallow'd Ground;  
 Protectors both, and Ornaments of Love;  
 This said, his Eies outwep'd his vvideft vvound.

66.17

Tell her now these (Love's faithful Saints) are gon,  
 The beauty they ador'd, she ought to hide;  
 For vainly vvill Love's Miracle be shown,  
 Since Lovers faith with these brave Rivals dy'd.

67.17

Say little *Hugo* never more shall mourn  
 In noble Numbers, her unkind disdain;  
 Who now not seeing beauty, feels no scorn;  
 And vvanting pleasure, is exempt from pain.

When



68.

(strew,

When she with Flowres Lord *Arnold's* Grave shall  
 And hears why *Hugo's* life was thrown away,  
 She on that Rival's Hearse will drop a few;  
 Which merits all that *April* gives to *May*.

69.

Let us forsake for safety of our Eyes,  
 Our other loss; which I will strait inter  
 And raise a Trophy where each Body lies;  
 Vain marks, how those alive the Dead prefer!

70.

If my full Breast, my wounds that empty be,  
 And this Days toil (by which my strength is gon)  
 Forbid me not, I *Bergamo* will see  
 Ere it beholds the next succeeding Sun.

71.

Thither convey thy soul's confid'rate thought,  
 How in this cause the Court and Camp's inclin'd;  
 What *Oswald's* Faction with the King has wrought,  
 And how his losse prevails with *Rhodolinda*.

72.

The Count and *Tybal* take their lowly leaves  
 Their slain they sadly, with confirming hearts,  
 Bear tow'rs *Verona*, whilst the Duke perceives  
 Prince *Hubert's* grief, and thus his tears divert.

Afflicted

73.

Afflicted Prince I in an unpleasant hower  
You and your living (by blinde valor led)  
Are Captives made to such an easie Pow'r,  
Shall you as little vex, as Death your dead.

74.

The Dead can ne'r by living help returne (close;  
From that darke Land, which life could ne'r dis-  
But these alive (for whom the Victors mourn)  
To thee I give, thee to thine own dispose.

75.

Be not with Honor's guilded Baits beguild;  
Nor think Ambition wise, because 'tis brave;  
For though we like it, as a forward Child,  
'Tis so unsound, her Cradle is her Grave.

76.

Study the mighty *Oswald* vainly gone  
Fierce *Paradine*, and *Dargone* the stout  
Whose Thirde by patient *Parce* slowly spurne,  
Ambition's hast has rashly ravell'd out.

77.

But *Hubert's* grief no precept could reform;  
For great grief counsell'd, does to anger grow;  
And he provided now a future Storm,  
Which did with black revenge o'ercast his Brow.

Z

Borgio



78.

*Borgio* and he from this dire Region haste;  
 Shame makes them sightless to themselves & dumb;  
 Their thoughts fly swift as Time from what is past;  
 And would like him demolish all to come.

79.

Strait they inter th' inferior of their slain;  
 Their nobler Tragick load their grief attends  
 Tow' rds *Brescia*, where the Camp they hope to gain,  
 Then force the Court by faction of their Friends.

80.

To *Bergamo* the gentle Duke does turn  
 With his surviving Lovers, who in kinde  
 Remembrance every step look back, and mourn  
 Their fellow Lovers Death has stay'd behind.

81.

Some lost their quiet Rivals, some their dear  
 Love's Brother, who their hopes with help approv'd;  
 Some such joy'd Friends, as even to morrow were  
 To take from *Hylen* those they dearest lov'd.

82.

But now to *Gondibert* they forward look,  
 Whose wounds ere he could waste Three League of  
 So wast him, that his speech him quite forsook;  
 And Nature calls for Art to make life stay.

His

83.

His Friends in torment least they should forsake  
 Delightful him, for whom alone they live;  
 Urge Heav'n uncivilly for calling back  
 So soon such worth, it does so seldom give.

THE ARGUMENT.

Z

CANTO



2  
 Cares on thee  
 When thou art  
 Which cast to dark a  
 Without the Sun's love, to bring in night.

This threatening squadron did consist of Horse  
 And by old Cyprian they were gravely led,  
 Whose mind was found, not want his Body force,  
 Though many Wonders show, had cool'd his Head.  
 The



## Canto the Sixth.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The Victor is (when with his wounds subdu'd)  
By such deform'd and dismal Troopes persu'd,  
That he thinks Death, then which they uglier seem;  
No ill expedient to escape from them.*

*But ULFIN guides him to sage ASTRAGON,  
By the last Raies of the descending Sun.*

**S**carce on their Duke their fears kind fit was spent,  
When strait a thick arm'd Squadron clouds their  
Which cast so dark a shade, as if it ment (sight;  
Without the Sun's slow leave, to bring in night.

2.

This threatning Squadron did consist of Horse,  
And by old *Ulfen* they were gravely led,  
Whose mind was sound, nor wants his Body force,  
Though many Winters Snow had cool'd his Head.

3. 8  
The sad remainder who vvith *Hubert* vvient,  
Did misse his reach, vvhen they to *Brescia* turn'd,  
And now (as if his haste destruction ment) (mourn'd.  
He chac'd these vvho the Duke's spent valor

4.  
VVhose posture being loose, their number few,  
His Scouts grow scornful as they forward come;  
He makes his Squadron halt, and neer he drew;  
Then asks aloud, vvhat are you, and for vvhom?

5. 01  
The noble *Goltbo* (vvhose great deeds to day  
Prevented Manhood in his early youth)  
Believ'd him *Oswald's* Friend, yet scorn'd the way  
To shelter life, behind abandon'd Truth.

6. 11  
For he to *Zilfr* boldly thus reply'd;  
This second Ambush findes us here in vain;  
We have no treasure left that vye vvould hide,  
Since *Gondibert* is reckon'd vvith the slain!

7. 01  
Duke *Gondibert* we vouch to be our Lord,  
To whose high vertue's Sov'raignty we bow;  
*Oswald* sunk low, as death, beneath his Sword,  
Though him superior Fate will vanquish now.



8.

Scarce empty Eagles stooping to their Prey,  
 Could be more swift then *Alfin* to alight,  
 And come where *Gondibert* expiring lay;  
 Now pleasing those whom he did newly fright.

9.

For scarce that reverence which a Monarch draws,  
 Who seldom will be seen, though often sought;  
 Who spends his carefull age in making Laws,  
 To rule those lands for which in youth he fought:

10.

Nor that respect which People pay those Kings,  
 Whose peace makes rich, whom civil war made poor  
 Can equall this which aged *Alfin* brings  
 The gentle Duke, to whom he prostrate lies.

11.

His Eyes (not us'd to tears) bathe ev'ry wound;  
 Which he salutes as things he chiefly lov'd;  
 And when expence of spirits he had found,  
 To gain him air, his Mourners he remov'd.

12.

Make way, said he, and give Experience room;  
 "The Confident of age, though Youth's scorn'd guide;  
 My wounds, though past, out-number yours to come,  
 You can but hope the knowledg I have try'd.

His

13.81

His Hilts round Pommel he did then unskrew,  
And thence (which he from ancient Precept wore)  
In a small Chrifall he a Cordial drew,  
That weary life could to her walks reftore.

14.91

This care (amazing all it does delight)  
His ruines, which fo reverend appear,  
With wonder not fo much fuprife their fight,  
As a ftrange object now his Troops draw neare.

15.2

In whom fuch death and want of limbs they finde,  
As each were lately call'd out of his Tombe,  
And left fome members haftily behinde;  
Or came when born abortive from the Wombe.

16.2

Yet this defect of Legs, or Arms, or Hands;  
Did wondring valor not difturb, but pleafe;  
To fee what divers weapons each commands  
With arts hard shifts, till cuftome gave them eafe.

17.2

But the uncomely abfence of an Eye,  
And larger wants, which ev'ry vifage mourn'd,  
(Where black did over-vail, or ill fupply)  
Was that which wonder into horror turn'd.

And



18.

And *Ulfen* might be thought (when the rude wind  
 (Lifting their Curtains, left their tunics bare) And  
 A formal Antiquary, gravely kind  
 To Statues, which he now drew out to aire: And

19.

The Duke (whose absent knowledg was call'd back  
 By Cordials pow'r) his wonder did increase  
 So much, that he agen did knowledg lack,  
 Till thus old *Ulfen* made his wonder cease: And

20.

Auspicious Prince I recorded be this day,  
 And sung by Priests of each ensuing age;  
 On which thou mayst receive, and I may pay  
 Some debts of duty, as thy Grandfires Page: And

21.

That mighty Chief I serv'd in youth's first strength,  
 'Who our short Scepter meant to stretch so far,  
 Till Eastern Kings might grieve theirs wanted length  
 Whose Maps scarce teach where all their Subjects  
 (are

22.

Full many stormy Winters we have seen,  
 When kindled valor's heat was all our fire;  
 Else we in stupid Frosts had setter'd been,  
 By which soft finews are congeal'd to wire: And

23.8c

And many scorching Summers we have felt;  
Where Death relieves all whom the sword invades;  
And kindly thence (where we should toyling melt)  
Leads us to rest beneath eternal shades.

24.9c

For aid of action he obedience taught,  
And silent patience for afflictions cure;  
He prais'd my courage when I boldly fought,  
But said they conquer most, that most endure.

25.0c

The toyls of diligence as much approv'd  
As Valor's self, or th' Arts her practise gains;  
The care of Men, more then of glory lov'd,  
Success rewarded, and successles paines.

26.1c

To joyful Victors quenching water sent,  
Delightful wine to their lamenting slaves;  
For Feasts have more brave lives then famine spent,  
And temperance more then Trench or Armor saves.

27.2c

Valor his Mistris, Caution was his Friend  
Both to their different seasons he appli'd;  
The first he lov'd, on th' other did depend;  
The first made worth uneasie by her pride.



28.

" He to submit devotion more was given  
 " After a hard gain'd, then ere 'twas sought;  
 " As if it nobler were to thank high Heav'n  
 " For favours past, than bow for bounty sought.

29.

And thus through snatching head and aching soldi,  
 Till Heav'n's perpetual Traveller had more  
 Then Thirty journeys through the Zodiac sold,  
 I serv'd thy Grandfire, whom I now adore.

30.

For Heav'n in his too ripe and weary age,  
 Call'd him where peacefully he rules a Star;  
 Free'd from the lower Elements ceaseless rage,  
 Which last like Monarchs pow'r by needful war.

31.

Strait thy lamented Father did succeed  
 To his high place, by *Widow's* consents  
 Our Ensigns through remote hands to lead:  
 Him too I follow'd all he upward went.

32.

Till that black day on which the *Flames* may boast  
 Their own defence, and we our conquest hyde;  
 For though we gain'd, and they the battle lost,  
 Yet then thy brave victorious Father dy'd.

A

And

338

And I am stay'd unwillingly behind;  
Not caught with weak Life's most intangling snare;  
Though both my Masters were in giving kind  
As joyful Victors after Batallare.

340

Whilst thus this aged Leader does express  
His and their Story whom this bounty feeds,  
His Hands the Duke's worst order'd wounds undress  
And gently binds; then strait he thus proceeds.

350

West from those Hills till you Cremona reach,  
With an unmingled right I gather rent;  
By their great Guise who did such precepts teach  
In giving, as their wealth is ne'r mispent.

360

For as their plenteous pity fills my thought,  
So their example was not read in vain;  
A Thousand, who for them in batall fought,  
And now distress'd with Maimes, l'intertain:

370

Not giving like to those, whose gifts though scant,  
Pain them as if they gave with gowty hand;  
Such vex themselves and ease not others want,  
But wealike in joy, a like command.

baA

A a 2

Most



38.

u Most spaciouslly we dwell, where we possess  
u All sinless pleasures Nature did ordain;  
u And who that all may have, yet will have less,  
u Wiser then Nature, thinks her kindness vain.

39.

A sad resolve, which is a wife mans vow,  
From Cities noise, and Courts unpity'd care  
Did so divorce me, it would scarce allow  
I ere should take one League of distant ayre

40.

But that Alarms from each adjacent part  
Which borders my abode, disturb'd my rest,  
With dreadful newes that gracious *Gondibert*  
By *Oswald's* Faction was in fight oppress.

41.

Then it had given your wonder cause to last,  
To see the vex'd mistakes this summons wrought  
In all my Maim'd Domesticks, by their haste;  
For some tie on the Limbs which others sought

42.

Just such mistakes audacious *Ethnick* say  
Will happen where the Righteous busy are;  
Through glad and earnest hast in the last day;  
Whilst others slowly to their doom prepare.  
And

43.

And this had Anger, anger noise had bred,  
And Noise, the Enemy of useful Thought,  
Had them to more mistakes then blindness led,  
But that our awful Camps had silence taught.

44.

Silence did mem'ry, Mem'ry order make;  
Order to each did his mist wood restore;  
For some, who once were steadfast Foot, mistake,  
And snatch those limbs w<sup>th</sup> only Horsemen wore.

45.

Like swift Pursuers on *Arabian* Horse,  
These with their needfull Instruments of hold  
(Which give their strange adapted weapons force)  
I mounted strait; Five Hundred fully told.

46.

These from the *Lombards* highly have deserv'd,  
In Conquests where thy Father did command;  
Whom they for Science and affection serv'd;  
And lost their Limbs to gain our Scepter Land.

47.

Which yet are noble though unsightly signes,  
That each in active courage much abounds;  
And many a widow'd Mother now repines, (wounds)  
They cannot shew the Men who gave those



48.

For dearly did the *Humor* for honor pay,  
 VVhen they defom'd them in a far all fight;  
 Since though they strongly struggled for the day,  
 Yet all they got, was everlasting Night.

49.

And *Oswald's* Friends, were they not timely gon  
 (Though all the Faction in one Army were)  
 Should mourne this act against their Gen'ral's son;  
 VVho was to Soldiers more then Triumph dear.

50.

For these to Conquest us'd, Retreats dislike;  
 Thy beauty want, to others Beauty's cost;  
 VVith envious rage still at the Face they strike;  
 And punish Youth, for what in youth they lost.

51.

Thus, though the Duke's amazement be remov'd,  
 It now returns, gladly on him to gaze  
 VVho feeds those Fighters whom his Father lov'd;  
 A gratitude would Vertue's self amaze.

52.

Thou art, said he, (then melted whilst he spake)  
 So ripe in what nice Heav'n does dearly love,  
 That Heav'n's remorse for Earth we should mistake,  
 To think it will forbear thee long above.

As

53

As if thy sent for Soule already were  
Upon her Wings, so much I give thee gone;  
And with thee left in some Successor here,  
That might receive the kindness thou hast shown.

54

Old *Vlfin* now (but meltingly as he)  
T' enrich him, gives the Jewell of his sight;  
For strait, with Father's grave authority,  
He bids his son, young *Vlfin*, alight

55

Take him (said he) whose duty I release;  
In whom all Heav'n's rewards included are,  
For all my Justice in corrupted peace,  
And for my mercy in revengefull warre.

56

The fruit Heav'n sent me by my loyall wife,  
Image, the gloomy Eve of endless night;  
Which eas'd in me the pain of latter life,  
And frustrates death, by fresh Succession's fight.

57

The Duke with passion did this Youth embrace  
Then luckie *Gellin* he call'd forth in view;  
Who was this day in Fortune's speciall grace,  
For though no blood he lost, yet much he drew.

Him.



58.

Him he with *Vlsnor* does strait unite;  
 Bids neither strive the other to precede;  
 Unless when danger doth them both invite,  
 But be, even in nice Rivalship agreed.

59.

Bids both their Breasts be eithers open book,  
 Where nought is writ too hard for sodain Eyes;  
 But thought's plain Text grows easie by a look;  
 Study breeds doubts, where reading should suffice.

60.

But these to joyn, Nature no Councel needs;  
 Whom Sympathy, her secret Priest, does wed;  
 Much fam'd will be their loves, and Martial Deeds;  
 Which fill all Books that are of *Lombards* read.

61.

With gracious Eyes, and Body lowly bent,  
 The Duke his Fathers rev'rend Troops salutes;  
 To *Bergamo* he holds his first intent;  
 Which to oppose, old *Vlsn* thus disputes.

62.

Thou seest (my Prince) the faint decays of Light;  
 How hastily the Sun's hot Steeds begin  
 To mend their pace, as if their longing sight  
 Had newly spy'd their usuall Western Inn:

Too

63.

Too far is pleasant *Bergamo* from hence,  
Since Day has reach'd so neer his journey's end;  
Dayes strength and yours are at their last expence;  
Do not whilst both are waiting, both mispend.

64.

You and your wounded must with Nature strive,  
Till all (whose few hours sway to day excels  
Their elder Foes long reign in Camps) arrive  
Where *Astragon* the wife and wealthy dwells.

65.

Rich is that Lord, and rich in learnings wealth;  
Are flies his test, he all Art steepest endures;  
Our Cities send their sick to him for health,  
Our Camps the wounded for their certain cures.

66.

Though cautious Nature, check'd by Destiny,  
Has many secrets she would ne'r impart;  
This fam'd Philosopher is Nature's Spie,  
And hireless gives th' intelligenceto Art.

67.

The Duke with vertue (antiquated now)  
Did reverence Council, and to Age did bend;  
His first Course alter, and does this allow;  
Then *Ulysses* as their Guide they all attend.



68.

Soon they the Pallace reach'd of *Astragon*;  
 Which had its beauty hid by envious Night;  
 Whose Cypress Curtain drawn before the Sun,  
 Seem'd to performe the Obsequies of light.

69.

Yet lights last Rays were not intirely spent;  
 For they discern'd their passage through a Gate,  
 Whose height and space shew'd ancient ornament,  
 And Ancients there in careful Office sat.

70.

Who by their Weights and Measures did record  
 Such num'rous Burthens as were thither brought  
 From distant Regions, to their learned Lord;  
 On which his Chymicks and Distillers wrought.

71.

But now their common bus'ness they restrain,  
 When they observe a quiet sullenness  
 And bloody marks in such a civil Train;  
 Which shew'd at once their worth and their distress.

72.

The voyce of *Ulsin* they with gladness knew,  
 Whom to this house long neighborhood indeer'd;  
 Approaching Torches perfected their view,  
 And taught the way till *Astragon* appear'd.

Who

73.

Who soon did *Ulf* cheerfully imbrace;  
The visits cause by whispers he receiv'd;  
Which first he hop'd was ment him as a grace,  
But being known with manly silence griev'd.

74.

And then with gestures full of grave respect,  
The Duke he to his own Apartment led;  
To each distinct retirements did direct,  
And all the wounded he ordain'd to Bed.

75.

Then thin digestive food he did provide,  
More to enable fleeting strength to stay;  
To wounds well search'd he cleansing wines apply'd,  
And so prepar'd his rip'ning Balsoms way.

76.

Balm of the Warriour's herbe, *Hypericon*!  
To warriour's as in use, in form decree'd;  
For through the leaves transparent wounds are shown;  
And rudly touch'd, the Golden Flower does bleed.

77.

For sleep they juice of pale *Nymphaea* took,  
Which grows (to shew that it for sleep is good)  
Neer sleep's abode, in the soft murm'ring Brook:  
This cools, the yellow Flower restraines the Blood.



78

" And now the weary World's great Med'cin, Sleep,  
 This learned Host dispenc'd to ev'ry Guest;  
 Which shuts those wounds where injur'd Lovers weep,  
 And flies Oppressors to relieve th' Opprest.

79

" It loves the Cotage, and from Court abstaines;  
 " It stills the Sea-man though the Storm be high;  
 " Frees the griev'd Captive in his closer Chaines;  
 " Stops wants lowd Mouth, & blinds the treach'rous  
 (Spie!

80

Kinde Sleep, Night's welcome Officer, does ease  
 All whom this Houle containes till day return;  
 And me, Grief's Chronicler, does gently ease,  
 Who have behind so great a task to mourn.

*The End of the First Book*



# GONDIBERT.

## THE SECOND BOOK.

### Canto the First.

#### The ARGUMENT.

VERONA by the Poet's Pencil drawn ;  
 Where HURGONIL did meet the early dawn :  
 Her wealth shown by each Dweller's early care ;  
 Which sown by others pence, she reap'd by warre.  
 The slain, whose life her safety was and pride,  
 Are now in death their Fun'ral Rites deny'd.

I.  
 SUNK neer his Evening Region was the Sun,  
 When Hurgonil with his lamented Load,  
 And faithful Tybalt their sad march begun  
 To Fair Verona, where the Court abroad.



2.

They slowly rod till Night's dominion ceast; (plai'd)  
 When Infant Morn (her scarce wak'd beames dif-  
 With a scant face peep'd shy lie through the East,  
 And seem'd as yet of the black world afraid.

3.

But by increase of swift expansive light,  
 The lost Horizon was apparent growne,  
 And many Tow'rs salute at once their sight;  
 The distant boasts of an Imperial Towne.

4.

*Verona*, sprung from noble *Vera's* name;  
 Whom careless Time (still scatt'ring old Records  
 Where they are loosely gather'd up by Fame)  
 Proclaimes the chief of ancient *Tuscan* Lords.

5.

*Verona* borders on that fatal Plainē; (blood,  
 Whose barren thirst was quench'd with valiant  
 When the rough *Cymbrians* by fierce *Marin* flaine,  
 Left Hills of Bodies where their Ensignes stood.

6.

So safely prowd this Towne did now appeare,  
 As if it but immortal Dwellers lack'd;  
 As if *Theodorick* had ne'r been there,  
 Nor *Attila* her wealth and beauty sack'd.

Here

7.

Here *Hurgonill* might follow with his Eie  
 (As with deep streame it through the City pass'd)  
 The fruitfull and the frighted *Adice*,  
 Which thence from noise and Nets to sea does haste.

8.

And on her peopled Banke they might behold  
 The toys of conquest paid with workes of pride;  
 The Pallace of King *Agilulf* the old,  
 Or Monument, for ere'twas built he dyde.

9.

To it that Temple joynes, whose lofty Head  
 The prospect of a swelling Hill commands;  
 In whose coole wombe the City springs are bred:  
 On *Dorique* Pillers this tall Temple stands.

10.

This to sooth Heav'n the bloody *Cleppes* built;  
 As if Heav'ns King so softe and easie were,  
 So meanly hows'd in Heav'n, and kinde to guilt,  
 That he would be a Tyrants Tenant here.

11.

And now they might arrest their wandring sight  
 With that which makes all other Objects lost;  
 Makes *Lombard* greatness flat to *Roman* height,  
 And Modern Builders blush, that else would boast;

An



12.

An Amphitheater which has controll'd  
 Unheeded conquests of advancing Age, Cold,  
 Windes which have made the trembling World look  
 And the uncivil Goth's malicious rage.

13.

This great *Flaminius* did in youth erect,  
 Where Cities sat to see whole Armies play  
 Death's serious part: but this we may neglect  
 To mark the bus'ness which begins with day.

14.

As Day new op'ning fills the *Hemispheres*,  
 And all at once; so quickly ev'ry street  
 Does by an instant op'ning full appear,  
 When from their Dwellings busy Dwellers meet.

15.

From wider Gates Oppressors sally there;  
 Here creeps th' afflicted through a narrow Dore;  
 Groans under wrongs he has not strength to bear,  
 Yet seeks for wealth to injure others more.

16.

And here the early Lawyer mends his pace;  
 For whom the earlier Client waited long;  
 Here greedy Creditors their Debtors chace,  
 Who scape by herding in th' indebted Throng.

Th'

17.

Th' advent'rous Merchant whom a Storm did wake,  
(His Ships on *Adriatick* Billowes tost)  
Does hope of Eastern windes from Steeples take,  
And hastens there a Currier to the Coast.

18.

Here through a secret Posterne issues out  
(The skar'd Adult'rer, who out-slept his time;  
Day, and the Husbands Spiealike does doubt,  
And with a half hid face would hide his crime.

19.

There from sick mirth neglectful Feasters reel,  
Who cares of want in wine's false *Lethe* steep.  
There anxious empty Gamsters homeward steal,  
And fear to wake, ere they begin to sleep.

20.

Here stooping Lab'ers slowly moving are; (ease;  
Beasts to the Rich, whose strength grows rude with  
And would usurp, did not their Rulers care,  
With toile and tax their furious strength appease.

21.

There th' Aged walk, whose needless carefulness  
Infects them past the Mindes best med'cin, sleep;  
There some to Temples early vows address,  
And for th' ore busie world most wisely weep.



22.

To this vast Inn, where Tydes of strangers flow,  
 The Morne and *Hurgonil* together came;  
 The Morn, whose Dewy wings appear'd but flow,  
 When Men the motion mark'd of swifter Fame.

23.

For Fame (whose journys are through ways unknown,  
 Tracelesse and swift, and changing as the winde)  
 The Morne and *Hurgonil* had much outgone,  
 Whilst temp'rate Truth mov'd patiently behinde.

24.

For some the Combat (to a Bataile growne)  
 Did apprehend in such prodigious shape,  
 As if their living to the Dead were gone,  
 And only Fame did by her Wings escape.

25.

Some said this hunting falsely was design'd,  
 That by pretence both Factions might prepare  
 Their Armys to contest for *Rhodolind*;  
 The Crown's chief Jewel, and Reward of Warre.

26.

And some report (so far they range from Truth  
 Who for intelligence must follow Fame)  
 That then from *Bergamo* th'incamped Youth,  
 With *Gondibert*, to this dire hunting came.

And

27.

And some, that *Oswald* had enlarg'd his Traine  
With the old Troopes by his bold Father led;  
And that of these the nobler half were slaine;  
The rest were to their Camp at *Brescia* fled.

28.

And as dire Thunder rowling o're Heaven's vault,  
By murmur threatens, ere it kills allowd;  
So was this fatall newes in whisper brought,  
VWhich menac'd, ere it struck the list'ning Crowd.

29.

But Rumor soon to high extreames does move;  
For first it *Oswald* nam'd with dreadful voice,  
Then said that Death had widow'd Truth and Love,  
By making *Gondibert* the second choice.

30.

And to all hearts so dear was *Gondibert*,  
So much did Pity, *Oswald's* Valor prise,  
That strait their early bus'nesse they desert,  
And fix on wounded *Hurgonil* their Eies.

31.

Him when by perfect day they sadly knew, (stain'd,  
Through hidden wounds, whose blood his beauty  
Even from the Temples, Angels soon withdrew;  
So sawcely th' afflicted there complain'd.



32.

The People strait united clamor gave,  
 Shriek'd lowd like Sea-men split on a strange Coast;  
 As if those Pow'rs were deaf who should them save,  
 And Pray'rs no lowder then the windes were loft.

33.

Now, with impatience urg'd, he does declare  
 Whom he so mournfully in Fun'ral brought;  
 The publick losses of a private warre,  
 Who living, love, and valor, dying taught.

34.

For he does *Hugo* and *Arnoldo* name;  
 To these (said he) *Verona* Cradles gave,  
 And since in forraign Fields they rais'd her Fame,  
 They challenge here, though much too soon, a Grave.

35.

*Priests* Bring spinklings, Lamps, & th' Altar's precious breath;  
 All Rites which *Priest* have prudently devis'd;  
 Who gratefully a rev'rence teach to death;  
 Because they most by dying men are pris'd.

36.

But though our loss we justly may complain;  
 Though even by *Priests* Authority we grieve;  
 Yet Heav'n's first bounty, Life, let none disdain,  
 Since *Gondibert*, our chief Delight, does live.

This

37.

This heard, as Sea-men neer a Shore unknown,  
Who their North Guide lose in a Stormy night,  
His absence with distracted silence moan,  
And lowdly welcome his return to fight:

38.

So when their great Conductor seem'd to be  
Retir'd to endless shades amongst the slain,  
With silent grief they seem'd as dead as he,  
But with new life welcom'd his life again.

39.

And now that cold remainder Valor left  
Of these whom Love had lost, and Fate forsook;  
The Two that were of all but Fame bereft,  
From *Hurgonil* the weeping People took.

40.

Whilst of them both sad *Hurgonil* takes leave,  
Till th' universal meeting Faith provides;  
The Day when all shall publicly receive  
Those Bodies, Death does not destroy, but Hides.

41.

Then to his Palace he retires by stealth;  
His wounds from his lov'd Mistress to conceal;  
On whose dear joys so much depends his health,  
The wounds her Tears should touch would never



42.

To the chief Temple strait the People bear  
 The valiant Rivals, who for love were slain;  
 Whom all the peaceful Priests behold with fear,  
 And griev'd such Guests they durst not entertain.

43.

For soon the Prior of their Brotherhood (pray'r)  
 (VWho long serv'd Heav'n with praise, the world w<sup>th</sup>  
 Cry'd out, this holy House is shut to blood,  
 To all that die in combat or despair.

44.

These by their bloody marks in Combat di'de;  
 " Through anger, the disease of Beasts untam'd;  
 VWhose wrath is hunger, but in Men 'tis pride,  
 Yet theirs is cruelty, ours courage nam'd.

45.

Here the neglected Lord of peace does live;  
 Who taught the wrangling world the rules of love;  
 Should we his dwelling to the wrathful give,  
 Our Sainted Dead would rise, and he remove.

46.

VVell by his precepts may we punish strife;  
 VWhose pity knew that Famine, Plague, and Time,  
 Are Enemies enough to humane life;  
 None need o'er-charge Death's Quiver with a crime.  
 To

47.

To unfrequented Fields bear then your slain ;  
Where neither Dirge nor Requiem shall be giv'n ;  
To those who by usurp'd Revenge disdain  
To take from Men, neglects they put on Heav'n.

48.

But now the People's passions run too farre ;  
Their untaught love, artless extremes does wed ;  
Of times they like the past, and since they are  
Opprest still by the living, love the Dead :

49.

And now resolve these Rivals shall not lose  
The Rites of Sprinkling, Incense, Lights, & Song:  
Then, as the voice of all their Minds, they chuse  
An Orator, of rude, but ready Tongue :

50.

Who at the Temple Gate thus pleads aloud !  
We know, though Priests are Pensioners of Heav'n,  
Your Flock which yeilds best rent, is this dull Crowd ;  
The learn'd examine why their Fleece is giv'n . //

51.

Though by the Rich first shorn, to you they bear  
A second tribute, and by zeal support  
Temples, which Kings for glory raise, and where  
The Rich for fame, the Learn'd as Spies resort .

Temples



52.

Temples are yours, not God's lov'd Palaces;  
 Where Off'rings make not his, but your own Feasts;  
 Where you most wisely live, because at ease,  
 And entertain your Founders as your Guests:

53.

With ease you take, what we provide with care;  
 And we (who your Legation must maintain)  
 Finde all your Tribe in the Commission are;  
 And none but Heav'n could send so large a Train.

54.

But being all Ambassadors from thence,  
 The growing charge will soon exceed our rent,  
 Unless you please to treat at his expence  
 Who sent you; not at ours, where you are sent.

55.

" The ancient Laws liv'd in the Peoples voice;  
 " Rites you from Custom, not from Canon draw;  
 " They are but fashions of a graver choice,  
 " Which yeild to Laws, and now our voice is Law.

65.

This Tybalt heard with sorrow and disdain,  
 (Who here with Hargonil a Mourner came)  
 And strait the peaceful Fathers strives to gain,  
 And thus the Peoples Orator reclaim.

Most

57.

Most usefull Fathers, I some trace secret things  
Even to his Closet, who is hid in Heav'n;  
Vainly as *Nilus* to his hidden springs,  
And not enjoy, but censure what is given.

58.

You with such temper their intemprance beare,  
To shew your solid science does rely  
So on it self, as you no trial feare;  
For Arts are weak, that see of Scepticks try.

59.

Though in your Office humane safety lies,  
Which opens that Hell the vicious vulgar feare,  
Yet never can the People Priesthood prise,  
As if from Heav'n your daily errands were.

60.

Not that your message, Truth, they disesteem,  
Or think it comes from any other way,  
But that they Taxes have, and Truth does seem  
Brought as a Tax, when they the Bringers pay.

61.

Thus we to Beasts fall from our noble kinde,  
Making our Pasture Bodies all our care,  
Allowing no subsistence to the Minde,  
For Truth we grudge her a costly fare.



62.77

But if they feare (since daily you renew  
 Disputes) your Oracles are doubtfull still  
 As those of old; yet more reward is due  
 To paines, where so uneasy is the skill.

63.2

Or if no skill they think it; but suppose  
 'Tis Faith (and Faith he'r thinks Heav'n's height too  
 Yet Faiths so sev'ral be, that few are those  
 Can chuse right wings when they to Heav'n would.

64.2

Or if they think, Faith humane help transcends  
 And to your science is so strict bound  
 As Death to Valor is, where daring ends;  
 And none are farthest in that Progress found.

65.0

Yet in our walk to our last home design'd  
 'Tis safe by all the study'd Guides to goe;  
 Least we in death, too late, the knowledge finde  
 Of what in life 'twas possible to know.

66.1

(dures,

Your Pomp, by which your Pow'r in count'nance  
 Though costly, costs much less then Camps or Law;  
 And more then both, Religion us secures  
 Since Hell (your Prison) more then dying awes.

But

D

For

67.

For though the plain Judg, Conscience, makes no T  
But silently to her dark Session comes, (showe;  
Not as red Law does to arraignment goe,  
Or Warr to Execution with lowd Drums;

68.

Though she on Hills sets not her Gibbets high,  
Where frightful Law sets hers; nor bloody seems  
Like War in Colours spred; yet secretly  
She does her work, and many 'a Man condemns.

69.

Chokes in the seed, what Law till ripe ne'r sees;  
What Law would punish, Conscience can prevent;  
And so the world from many Mischiefs frees;  
Known by her Cures, as Law by punishment.

70.

The weaker sighted ever look too high;  
But their disputes have made your Charter good;  
As doubted Tenures, which long pleadings trie,  
Authentick grow by being much withstood.



71.

These Chiefs, for whom we holy Rites desire,  
 By well fought Fields begot this City's peace;  
 Oft with their blood have quench'd intestine fire;  
 And oft our Ramines chang'd to glad excess.

72.

Their Rites let not the people be deny'd,  
 Though by untutor'd kindness rudely fought;  
 Nor think they have in privat Combate dyed,  
 Where Gondibert and mighty Oswald fought.

73.

Both Princes of the Lombards royal blood;  
 For whom full Thrice Three Hunder'd number'd  
 Whose anger strove to make their anger good;  
 Number gives strife th' authentick name of VVar.

74.

This said, VVar's cause these Priests no more debatè;  
 "They knew VVar's Justice none could erre decide;  
 At that more specious name they open fight,  
 And sacred Rites of funeral they provide.

How

75.

How vain is Custom, and how guilty Pow'r ?  
Slaughter is lawful made by the excess ;  
Earth's partial Laws, Just Heav'n must needs abhor,  
Which greater crimes allow, and damn the less.

De 3

CANTO





## Canto the Second.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Fame's progress through VERONA, when she brings  
 Ill news enlarg'd, as her extended wings.  
 The Combat's cause stakes ARIBERT's great mind;  
 And the effects more conquers RHODALIND.  
 Meek ORNA's fears, proud GARTHA's bold disdain;  
 And LAURA kindly dying for the Slain.*

**T**O Streets (the People's Region) early Fame  
 First brought this grief, which all more tragick  
 And next, to the triumphant Court she came, (makes  
 "Where prosp'rous Pow'r sleeps long, though Sutors  
 (wake;

But yet the early King (from Childhood bred  
 To dangers, toils, and courser wants of warre)  
 Rose up to rule, and left soft Love in bed,  
 Could conquer Lands and Love, but stoopt to care.  
 Care,

3.8

Care, that in Cloysters onely scales her Eies,  
Which Youth thinks folly, Age as wisdom owns;  
Foolcs by not knowing her, outlive the wise;  
She visits Cities, but she dwells in Thrones.

4.9

Care, which King *Ariber* with Conquest gain'd,  
And is more sure to him then Realms intail'd;  
Wak'd him to know why Rumor thus complain'd,  
Or who in batall bled, or who prevail'd.

5.1

Young *Hurgonik* (who does his wounds conceal,  
Yet knew it did his dutious care import  
That some just witness should his cause reveal)  
Sent *Tybal* to appease, and cast the Court.

6.1

To that proud Palace which once low did lie  
In *Parian* Quatrics, now on Columns stands;  
*Ionique* Props that bear their Arches high,  
Which conquer'd treasure rais'd with *Tuscan* Hands.

7.1

So vast of height, to which such space did fit  
As if it were o're-cy'd for Modern Men;  
The ancient Giants might inhabit it;  
And there walk free as windes that passe unseen

The

Here



8.

The Monarch's wealth this shew'd in all the parts;  
 But the attendant Guards denote him wife;  
 Who on the weather of his Peoples hearts,  
 For a short Course, not voyages, relies.

9.

Through many Guards (all watchful, calm, and bold)  
 Tybalt did passe the first magnifick Square;  
 And through ascents does enter to behold  
 Where the States Head and Eyes assembled are.

10.

There sat the King, on whose confid'rate Brow  
 Sixty experienc'd Sommers he discern'd,  
 Which made him ripe, and all of Conduct know  
 That from successe is own'd, from losses learn'd.

11.

Neer him the Empire's strict Surveyors sat  
 Whose universal sight no object lose;  
 Who see not crimes too soon, nor worth too late  
 Find dangers feed, and choke it ere it grow.

12.

He wealth nor birth prefer'd to Councils place;  
 For Council is for use, not ornament;  
 Soules are alike, of rich and ancient Race;  
 Though Bodies claim distinction by descent.

Here

13.

Here boyling Youth, nor frozen Age can sit:  
It would in Subjects scorne of ruling Breed,  
If that great work should such small ayds admit,  
And make them hope that they no Rulers need.

14.

Nature too oft by birthright does preferr  
Less perfect Monarchs to a busie Throne;  
Yet more then her, Courts by weak Counc'lers err,  
In adding Cyphers where she made but one.

15.

To this wise King, sage *Tybal* did relate  
The Combats cause, with truth's severe extent;  
Reveales that fire which kindl'd *Oswald's* hate;  
For which such precious valor was misspent.

16.

Gives *Gondibert* a just record of praise;  
First how unwilling, then how bold in fight;  
And crownes the Conquer'd with the Victor's Baies,  
When Manhood bids him do their valor right:

17.

At last recounts the wounded and the slaine;  
And how Prince *Habert* and the Duke retir'd;  
From nothing brave or great he did refrain;  
But his own deeds, which doing were admir'd.

E e

This



18.

This *Arribert* with outward patience heares,  
 Though wounded by the cause for w<sup>ch</sup> they fought;  
 With mod'rate joy the death of *Oswald* beares;  
 Yet justly to extremes it inward wrought.

19.

*Tybal* he now with peaceful looks discharg'd;  
 And then his thoughts (imprison'd in his breast)  
 He strait by liberty of Tongue enlarg'd;  
 Which thus unto his Council he addresseth.

20.

With what a difference Nature's pallat tastes  
 The sweetest draught which Art provides her, Pow'r:  
 Since Pow'r, Pride's Wine, but high in relish lasts  
 Whilst fuming new, for Time does turne it sowre?

21.

(plant

Yet Pow'r, Earth's tempting Fruit, Heav'n first did  
 From Man's first Serpent safe, Ambition's reach;  
 Else *Eden* could not serve Ambition's want;  
 Whom no command can rule, nor precept teach.

22.

Pow'r is that luscious wine, which does the bold,  
 The wise, and noble most intoxicate;  
 Ads time to Youth, and takes it from the old;  
 Yet I by by surfeit this Elixer hate.

23.

I curse those Wars that make my glory last;  
 For which the *Tuscan* Widows curse me more;  
 The barren Fields where I in Arms did fust,  
 That I might sue it on luxurious pow'r.

24.

Thou *Hermegild*, who art for valor Crown'd,  
 For honor trusted, and for wisdom heard;  
 And you whom Council has no less renown'd,  
 Observe how vertue against peace has err'd.

25.

Still I have fought, as if in Beauty's sight;  
 Out-suffer'd patience, bred in Captives Breasts;  
 Taught fasts, till Bodys like our Souls grew light;  
 Outwatch'd the jealous, and outlabour'd Beasts.

26.

These were my merits, my reward is Pow'r;  
 An outward Trifle, bought with inward peace;  
 Got in an Age, and rifled in an hour;  
 When Feav'rish love, the People's Fit, shall cease.

27.

For did not pow'r on their fraille love depend,  
 Prince *Oswald* had not treated with that love;  
 Whose glory did in hasty darkness end;  
 A sparke which vanish'd, as it upward strove.



28.

By scorne of dangers and of ease, he sought  
 The *Lombards* hearts, my *Rhodolind*, and Crowne;  
 And much his youth had by his practise wrought,  
 Had *Gondibert* not leuell'd his renowne:

29.

Had *Gondibert* not staid the Peoples Eies  
 (Whose vertue stept 'twixt *Oswald* and their sight)  
 Who knows but *Rhodolind* had bin his Prise,  
 Or war must have secur'd Paternal right.

30.

Sad and uneasy is a long kept Throne;  
 Not that the People think long pow'r unjust;  
 But that for change, they wish best Monarchs gone;  
 Fond change, the People's soon repented lust!

31.

I did advance (though with some jealous paine)  
 A forward vertue to my subiects love;  
 Least one less temp'rat should their favour gaine;  
 Whom their unstudy'd choice would more approve.

32.

To thee sage *Hermegild* my self I leave,  
 My fame and pow'r: Thee action cannot waste;  
 Caution retard, nor promptitude deceave;  
 Slowness belate, nor Hope drive on too faste.

Think.

33-88

Think *Hubert* Heir to *Oswald's* bold pretence;  
To whom the Camp at *Brescia* is inclin'd;  
The Duke at *Bergamo* will seek defence;  
And these are seeds of war for *Rhodolinda*.

34-88

This said, his Council he dismiss'd;  
A growing rage, which he would fain conceal;  
They durst but nicely search, what he would hide;  
Least they inflame the wound that else might heal.

35-04

They haste to sev'ral Cures, some to allay  
Court's hedick Feaver, Faction (which does reign  
Where Luxury, the Syre of Want, does sway)  
Some to appease th' Alliance of the slain.

36-14

But Order now bids us again pursue  
Th'unweary'd Motion of unhappy Fame  
From Fields to Streets, from Streets to Court she flew;  
Where first she to the Kings Apartment came.

37-04

Thence through the Palace she her wings did air;  
And as her Wings, her Tongue too never ceas'd;  
Like restless Swallows in an Evening fair;  
At last does on a peaceful dwelling rest.



38.

Where Sleep does yet that gentle Sex possesse,  
 Who ne'r should more of Care's rude wakings know,  
 But what may help sad Lovers to successe;  
 Or imp loves wings when *Hymen* thinks them slow.

39.

There Lovers seek the Royal *Rhodolind*;  
 Whose secret brest was sick for *Gondibert*;  
 And *Orna*, who had more in publick pin'd  
 For *Hurgonil*, the Monarch of her heart.

40.

And there the killing *Laera* did reside;  
 She, of whose Eies the *Lombard* Youth Complain;  
 Yet often she for noble *Arnold* dide;  
 And knew not now, her Murderer was slain.

41.

Nor *Hugo*, who was all with love indu'd;  
 Whom still with teares the *Lombard* Ladies name;  
 Esteeming Modern Lovers false, and rude,  
 And Poets falser when they sing their fame.

42.

These Beauties (who could soften Tyrant Kings)  
 Sleep now conceal'd within their Curtains shade;  
 Till rudely Fame, by shaking lowd her wings,  
 Disturb'd their Eies, & their wak'd hearts dismay'd.  
 They

43

They heard in parcels by imperfect sound,  
 A Tale too dismal to be understood;  
 That all their Lovers lay in hallow'd ground;  
 Temples their Bodies hid, the Fields their blood:

44

That this dire Morn to sad *Verona* brought  
 The Duke and *Oswald*, of lov'd life depriv'd;  
 And that of all who their fierce batail fought,  
 Onely the mangled *Hurgonil* surviv'd.

45

This Tale, Fame's course, officious Friends convey'd,  
 (VVhich are attendant Slaves, and Palace Grooms)  
 Who by the Lover of some busy Mayd,  
 From outward Courts sent it to inward Rooms.

46

Such horror brought, where love had onely us'd,  
 Did yet breed more amazement then belief;  
 VVhilst *Orna* now, and *Laura* fly confus'd  
 To *Rhodolind*, Truth's Altar, for relief.

47

There with disorder'd voices they compare,  
 And then derive what each has loosely learn'd;  
 Each hope applies, where others most despaire;  
 As doubting all but where her self's concern'd.

This



48.

This weeping conf' sence had not lasted long,  
 When *Tybalt*, free from *Ariber's* commands,  
 Scapes the assembling Court's inquiring Throng,  
 And enters here; where first he doubtful stands

49.

For *Pitty*, when he ruin'd *Laure's* pride,  
 Bids his discretion artfully complain;  
 And shew far off, what Truth not long can hide:  
 Death at a distance seen, may ease fears pain.

50.

Their bus'nesse now he can no more forbear;  
 For who on their urg'd patience can prevail,  
 Whose expectation is provok'd with fear?  
 He therefore thus their patience did assail.

51.

Kinde Heav'n that gave you vertue, give you peace;  
 Delightful as your Beauties, be your Mindes;  
 Still may your Lovers your renown increase;  
 Though he who honor seeks, first danger findes!

52.

" Still may your beauty bear that ancient rate,  
 " When beauty was chaste Honors Merchandice;  
 When Valor was chief Factor in Love's State;  
 Danger, Love's stamp, and Beautie's currant price.  
 Renown'd

53.

Renown'd be *Oswald*, who in high belief  
Of *Rhodolind*, her love with danger fought;  
In Love's Records be *Gondibert* the chief,  
Who for her right, not for his own has fought.

54.

Though these for mighty mindes deserve Fame's voice;  
Yet *Orna* needs must boast of *Hurgonill*;  
Whose dangers well have justifi'd her choice,  
And might alone Fame's publick Trumpet fill.

55.

Enlarg'd be Honor's Throne, that *Arnold* there  
And *Hugo* may for ever sit and rest,  
Free from their Valor's toyles, and *Laura*'s feare;  
Which more then wounds disorder'd eithers Breast.

56.

This said, he paws'd; findes each distrusts his art;  
For Hope and Doubt came and return'd apace,  
In chang'd Complexion from th' uncertain heart,  
Like frighted Scowtes for Tidings to the Face.

57.

His Eie seem'd most imploy'd on *Rhodolind*;  
Whose love above her bashful caution sways;  
For naming *Gondibert*, he soon did finde,  
Her secret Soul shew'd pleasure at his praise.

Ff

Yet



58.

Yet when she found her comforts did not last,  
 And that as Oracles the future taught,  
 He hid Truth's Face, and darkned what was past;  
 Thus Truth through all her mourning Vail she  
 (sought.

59.

Why in these Ladies doe you lengthen paine,  
 By giving them Grief's common med'cin, doubt?  
 Ease those with death whose Lovers now are slaine,  
 Life's fire a Feaver is, when Love's is out.

60.

Yet think not that my cares peculiar are;  
 Perhaps I from religious pittie learn'd,  
 In Vertu's publick loss to take some share;  
 For there, all but the vicious are concern'd.

61.

Your prudence, Royal Maid (he strait replies)  
 More then your birth, may claim the Lombards  
 Whoe're in conquest of your favour dies; (Crown;  
 For life's lost Inch, shall finde a long renowne.

62.

Then happy Oswald who is sure to gaine,  
 Even by Ambition that undoes the wise;  
 Great was th' attempt for which he's nobly slaine;  
 And gets him praise, though he has mist the Prize.

But

63.

But happier *Gondibert*, who does survive  
To begg your Mercy, that he thus hath dar'd  
To own that cause, for which the world might strive;  
And conqu'ring, takes his wounds for his reward.

64.

Be *Hurgonil* long distant from his Grave,  
Whose life was so important in this cause;  
Who for each wound he took, a wider gave,  
And lives t' enjoy the pleasure of applause.

65.

To say, how *Hugo* and Lord *Arnold* strove  
For victorie, and mention their event,  
Were to provide such fun'ral rites for Love,  
As Death would be close Mournner, and repent.

66.

Now *Laura's* blood back to her Liver fled; (Throne,  
True Beautie's Mint: For by her Heart, Love's  
Beautie's call'd in, like Coyn when Kings are dead;  
As if not currant now her Lover's gone.

67.

And like her beauty, she had darkned life,  
But that with sprinkled water they restore  
(By sodain cold, with sodain heat at strife)  
Her spirits to those walks they us'd before.

Ff 2

She



68.

She *Arnold* calls, then lost that name againe;  
 Which *Rhodolind*, and *Orno's* teares bemone,  
 Who busilie would her spent strength sustaine,  
 Though Hope has scarcely yet brought back their  
 (owne.

69.

Now they her Temples chaf'd, and strait prepare  
 Hot Eastern Fumes to reach her Brains cool'd sense;  
 With Wine's fierce spirits these extracted are,  
 Which warme but slowly, though of swift expence.

70.

Yet now again she breath'd Lord *Arnold's* name;  
 Which her apt Tongue through custom best ex-  
 Then to stay Life, that so unwilling came, (press  
 With Cordial Epithems they bath'd her breast.

71.

Th' attendant Maids, by *Tybal's* ready ayde,  
 To stop her Mourners teares, convey her now  
 Where she may ease in her own Curtain's shade  
 Her weary heart, and grief more Tongue allow.

72.

No sooner thus was pity'd *Lauregon*,  
 But *Oswald's* sister, *Garrat* the renown'd  
 Enters, as if the World were overthrownd,  
 Or in the teares of the afflicted drown'd.

Unconquer'd

73.8

Unconquer'd as her beauty was her minde;  
Which wanted not a spark of *Oswald's* fire;  
Ambition lov'd, but ne'r to Love was kinde;  
Vex'd Thrones did more then quiet shades desire;

74.8

Her Garments now in loose neglect she wore,  
As fited to her wilde dishevel'd haire;  
Men in her shape might Nature's work adore,  
Yet ask, why Art's nice dresse was absent there?

75.8

But soon they found what made this change appear;  
For meeting Truth, which slowly follows Fame,  
Rage would not give her leasure for a Teare  
To quench (ere thus she spake) her passion's flame.

76.8

Blasted be all your beauties *Rhodolind*,  
Till you a shame, and terror be to light;  
Unwing'd be Love, and slow as he is blind,  
Who with your Looks, poyson'd my Brothers fight!

77.8

Low and neglected be your Father's Throne,  
Which like your beauty, *Oswald* did o're-rate;  
Let lucklesse war take Lands from his light Crown,  
Till those high cares he want that give it weight!



78.

Let Pow'r's consumption be his long disease,  
 (Heav'n's vexing Curb, w<sup>h</sup> makes wilde Monarchs  
 And be he forc'd in froward age to please  
 His Favour's Monster, who devours his Fame.

79.

May you soon feel (though secret in your love,  
 As if your love were Sin) the publick scorn!  
 May *Gondibert*, who is your glory, move  
 Your pittie, when none else but you shall mourn!

80.

To the dark Inn (where weary Valor, free  
 From thankless dangers rests) brave *Oswald* gone!  
 But *Hubert* may, though vanquish'd, live to see  
 Your Victor with his victory undone!

81.

This said, she mounts (with a tempestuous Brow)  
 The Chariot her *Calabrian* Coursers drew;  
 Lifted by Slaves (who still about her bow)  
 As if with wings of swift revenge she flew.

82.

To *Brescia's* Camp her course she had design'd;  
 And bids her *Tuscan* Charioter drive on,  
 As if his steeds were dieted with wind!  
 Slow seems their speed whose thoughts before them  
 The

83.

The pav'd Streets kindle with her Chariot wheelles!  
 The Omen of war's fire, the City spies,  
 Which with those sparks struck by her Coursers heels,  
 Shine not so much as rage does in her Eies.

84.

Those that observ'd her anger, grief, and haste,  
 With ancient *Roman* melancholy mourn;  
 She seem'd their Cities Genius as she pass'd,  
 Who by their Sins expell'd, would ne'r return.

85.

The gentle Ladies, she has left in tears,  
 Who no example need nor cause to melt;  
 For soon even grief's Alarms, our foremost fears,  
 Kill those whose pain by Love's quick fence is felt.

86.

And *Rhodolind* her fatal love does blame,  
 Because she findes it now by *Gartha* spy'd;  
 And does lament Love's fire, which bashful shame  
 Cannot reveal, nor her discretion hide.

87.

She would not have it wast, nor publick grow;  
 But last conceal'd like that in *Tallis*'s Urne;  
 Or that which prosp'rous *Chrysis* nicely show;  
 Which as it thrives, must more in private burn.

Yet



882

Yet strait (grown valiant with her Victors fate)  
 She would have *Hymen* hold his Torches high;  
 And Love's fire pris'd, as Vestals theirs did rate;  
 Which none durst quench, though free to ev'ry Eie.

898

Resolves her love whilst this new valor lasts,  
 Shall undisguis'd her Father's fight endure;  
 And *Orna* now to her dear Lover hastes;  
 Whose outward wounds stay for her inward cure.

908.

But here a wonder may arrest our thought,  
 Why *Tybal* (of his usual pitty void)  
 To such soft Eares these direful sorrows brought,  
 Since to the King he onely was imploy'd

912

But these are Riddles of misterious Love  
*Tybal* in private long for *Laura* pin'd;  
 And try'd how *Arnold* would her passion move  
 In death, who living ever fill'd her minde

928

And by this trial how she *Arnold* lov'd;  
 He gravely ment to urge to stay his heart;  
 " But much by Love the Cautious are abus'd,  
 " Who his wilde Riddles would reduce to Art;

CANTO

# Canto the Third.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Dead O S W A L D to his Camp by HUBERT brought;  
The Camp from pity, are to fury wrought;  
Yet finde, when GARTHA'S lookes does them surprise,  
Their forward Hands diverted by their Eies:  
Till with her voice new urg'd, they deeds persue  
Which even Revenge would, had it Eies, eschew.*

**W**hen from the fatal Forrest Hubert rod,  
To Brescia he and Borgia bent their way;  
That their though dead, yet much important Load,  
They might with horror to the Camp convey.

Revenge, impatient Hubert proudly sought;  
Revenge, which even when just the wise deride;  
For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought,  
Which scarce against the future can provide.

G g

But



3.

But Fame before him came where those are bred  
*her* Who to his dismal Tales, faint credit give;  
 Who could not think their mighty *Oswald* dead,  
 Whilst they unconquer'd and unwounded live.

4.

Nor could Fame hope to make this Camp her Seate;  
 Her Tales, the talking, idle, fearful, heare;  
 But these are silent as in stolne retreat,  
 Busy as life, and like the Dead past feare.

Neer *Mela's* flowry Banke this Army lay;  
 Which *Oswald's* Syre, and *Oswald* oft had led  
 Against the *Vandales* King; and twice the Day  
 They gain'd, whilst he from them and Empire fled.

6.

From Youth expos'd, like Cattell in the Field;  
 And not taught warmth, as City Infants are;  
 But cold and fast, to kill or to be kill'd;  
 Like th' Elements their birth began with Warre.

7.

So rev'rend now, and strong in age appeare,  
 As if maintain'd by more then humane breath;  
 So grave, as if the Councelors they were,  
 Not Executioners of Tyrant Death.

With

8.

With silence (order's help, and marke of care)  
They chid that noyse which heedless youth affect;  
Still course for use, for health they cleanly were,  
And save in well fix'd Armes, all niceness check'd.

9.

They thought, those that unarm'd expos'd fraile life,  
But naked Nature valiantly betray'd;  
Who was though naked, safe, till pride made strife;  
But made defence must use, now danger's made.

10.

And those who toyle of Armor cannot byde,  
Lose Nature's force, which these in custom finde;  
And make (since strength's but Nature hourly try'd)  
The Body weake by softness of the Minde.

11.

They seem'd so calme, and with their age so grave,  
So just and civil in their killing trade,  
As if all life were crime but what they save;  
Or Murder were by method lawful made.

12.

Yet now that Manhood which those Victors makes  
(So weake is Man, where most he may be prowd)  
Pity, the tenderst of affections, shaker,  
And they become from order, loose, and lowd.



13.

For when they saw the Brother of their Chief  
 Led to their Camp by a defeated Traine,  
 They soon to late scorn'd Rumor gave belief,  
 And then by Hubert's wounds thought Oswald slaine.

14.

But when disguis'd in death they Oswald saw,  
 In a slow Chariot brought, with fun'ral pace;  
 Themselves in an united Croud they draw;  
 And give all grief one universal Face.

15.

Wonder ( which growes unactive by excesse )  
 Awhile did their unruly passion stay;  
 The object lasting, made their wonder lesse;  
 Which fled to give their grief and anger way.

16.

Yet first their grief (which Manhood should restraine)  
 They vent in woemens sighs, with teares allay'd;  
 As if those woemen taught them to complaine  
 Who by their Swords are weeping Widows made.

17.

As Icy Rockes which frosts together binde,  
 Stand silent, till as silently they melt,  
 But when they meet in Currents unconfin'd,  
 Swell, and grow loud, as if they freedom felt;

So.

18.

So these, unmov'd before, melt quietly  
In their first grief, till grief (when tears meet tears,  
And sighs meet sighs from ev'ry breast and Eie)  
Unruly grows, and danger's visage bears.

19.

When hastily they heard by whose dire hand  
Their Gen'ral fell, they think it cold to pause  
Till anger may be guided by command;  
And vain to ask of cureless Death the cause.

20.

Some would to Bergamo their Ensignes bear,  
Against those Youth which Gondibert had led;  
Whom they in sacrifice would offer there,  
T'appease the living, and revenge the dead.

21.

And some (to shew their rage more eminent)  
Would to Verona march, and there do deeds  
Should make the shinnig Court in black lament,  
And weep, whilst the Victorious Faction bleeds.

22.

Hubert (who saw Revenge advance so faste,  
Whilst Prudence, slower pac'd, was left behinde)  
Would keep their anger bent, yet slack their haste;  
Because the rash fall oftner then the blinde.



23.81

He first their melting pitty kindly prais'd,  
 Which water'd Anger's forge, and urg'd their fire;  
 That like to Meteors lasts by being rais'd,  
 But when it first does sink, does strait expire.

24.07

Commends their anger, yet that flame he prays  
 May keep the temp'rate Chymicks equal heat;  
 That they in furie might not need allays,  
 Nor charge so rashly as to want retreat.

25.00

Begs they this dismal night would there remain, (Grief  
 And make the hopeful Morn their Guide; whilst  
 (Which high Revenge, as tameness should disdain)  
 Sleep shall conceal, and give his wounds relief.

26.12

He *Vasco*, *Paradine*, and *Dargones*,  
 With *Oswald*, to the red *Pavilion* sent;  
 (Death's equal Pris'ners now for Nature's debt)  
 And then retires with *Borgio* to his Tent.

27.00

This is the night the *Brescians* so bemoan'd;  
 Who left their beds, and on their walls appear'd;  
 As if th' oppressed World in Earthquakes groan'd,  
 Or that some ruin'd Nation's sighs they heard;

Admir'd

28.

Admir'd what in that Camp such griefs could raise,  
Where serious Death so oft had been abus'd,  
When even their sportive Fencers Monthly Plays  
Profan'd that shape, which States for terror us'd.

29.

Yet this lowd mourning will no wonder breed,  
When we with life lay Oswald's errors by,  
And use him as the Living use the Dead,  
Who first allow men vertue when they dy.

30.

Still lib'ral of his life, of wealth as free;  
By which he chief in fighting Crowds became;  
Who must their Leaders Valors often see,  
And follow them for bounty more then fame.

31.

This gen'ral mourning was to lowdnesse rais'd,  
By shewing Guifts he gave, and wounds he took;  
They chid at last his life which they had prais'd,  
Because such vertue it so soon forsook.

32.

Now Night, by Grief neglected, hastes away!  
And they the Morn's officious Usher spy,  
The close Attendant on the Lord of Day;  
Who shews the warmer of the World is nigh.  
And.



33.

And now the Drums, the Camps low Thunder, make  
 War's thick united noise from ev'ry Guard;  
 Though they *Reveille's* scorn, whom grief does wake,  
 And sleep, think Nature's curse, not toyls reward.

34.

§ All night proud *Borgio* (chief in *Hubert's* trust)  
 With haughty hopes, the Camp does waking keep:  
 " Ambition is more Vigilant than Lust,  
 " And in hope's fever is too hot to sleep.

35.

Now Day, and *Hubert* haste to publick view;  
 His wounds (unlucky more than dangerous)  
 Are so refresh'd, that he the Army drew  
 To a wide Grosse, and urg'd their Anger thus.

36.

Friends to my Father! In whose wounds I see  
 The envy'd Merit whence his triumphs came;  
 And Fathers to my Brother, and to me;  
 For onely you adopted us to Fame.

37.

Forgive me that I there have feebly fought,  
 Where *Oswald* in your cause did nobly strive;  
 Whence of his blood these veines so much have  
 As makes me blush that I am still alive.

Gone

Gone

38.

Gon is your fighting Youth, whom you have bred  
From milkie Childhood to the years of blood !  
By whom you joy'd so often to be led,  
VVhere firme as now your Trophys, then you stood !

39.

Gon is he now, who still with low regard  
Bow'd to your age, your wounds as beauty kist ;  
Knew Age was of your temp'rance the reward ;  
And Courts in beauty by your skarrs subsist.

40.

Yet was he not for mean pretensions slaine,  
VVho for your int'rest, not his own has fought ;  
Vex'd that the Empire which your wounds did gaine,  
VVas by a young unwounded Army sought !

41.

For *Gondibert* (to whom the Court must bow,  
Now War is with your Fav'rite overthrowne)  
Will by his Camp of Boys at *Bergamo*,  
Wed her, who to your Valor owes the Crowne.

42.

Blame not your Chief for his ambitious fire ;  
Who was but temp'rate, when he understood  
He might the Empire in your right require ;  
The scant reward of your exhausted blood.

H h

Thus



43.

Thus Hubert spake; but now so fierce they grow,  
 That *Borgio* strove to quench whom Hubert warm'd;  
 To *Bergamo*, they cry'd, to *Bergamo*!  
 And as they soon were vex'd, as soon are arm'd.

44.

For to distinct and spacious Tents they hie;  
 Where quick as Vests of *Persia* shifted are,  
 Their Arms (which there in cleanly order lie)  
 They take from moving Wardrobes of the warre.

45.

Arm'd soon as *Porcupines* (as if like those,  
 Their very rage them with defence supplies;  
 As borne with it, and must have winged Foes,  
 That stoop from Heav'n, to harme them by surprise.

46.

With Ensignes now display'd, their Force they draw  
 To hasty order, and begin to move;  
 But are amus'd by something that they saw,  
 Which look'd like all that ere they heard of love.

47.

Vnusual to their Camp such objects were,  
 Yet this no ill effect from wonder wrought;  
 For it appeas'd them by approaching need,  
 And satisf'd their Eyes in all they sought.

And

48.

And this was *Gartha* in her Chari'ot drawn;  
Who through the swarthy Region of the Night  
Drove from the Court; and as a second dawn  
Breaks on them, like the Mornes Reserve of Light.

49.

Through all the Camp she moves with Fun'ral pace,  
And still bowes meekly down to all she saw;  
Her grief gave speaking beauty to her Face;  
Which lowly look'd, that it might pity draw.

50.

When by her Slaves, her name they understood,  
Her Lines of feature heedfully they view;  
In her complexion track their Gen'ral's blood,  
And finde her more, then what by fame they knew.

51.

They humbly her to that Pavilion guide,  
Where *Hubert* his bold Chiefs with fury fir'd;  
But his ambition, when he *Gartha* spy'd  
(To give his sorrow place) a while retir'd.

52.

With his respectfull help she does descend;  
Where they, with dear imbraces, mingle Tears,  
But now her Male Revenge would grief suspend;  
Revenge, through Grief, too feminine appears.

H h 2

But



53.

But when her dear Allies, dead *Paradine*,  
 And *Dargonet* she saw; that Manlinesse  
 Which her weak Sex assum'd, she does decline;  
 As bred too soft, to mannage griefs excesse.

54.

Then soon return'd, as loath to shew her Eies  
 No more of *Oswald* then she must forsake;  
 But sorrow's moisture, heat of anger dries;  
 And mounted in her Chariot, thus she spake: //

55.

If you are those of whom I oft have heard  
 My Father boast, and that have *Oswald* bred;  
 Ah, where is now that rage our Tyrant fear'd;  
 Whose Darling is alive, though yours be dead?

56.

The Court shines out at *Rhodolind's* commands,  
 To me (your drooping Flowre) no beam can spare;  
 Where *Oswald's* name, new planted by your hands,  
 Withers, as if it lost the Planters care.

57.

From *Rhodolind* I thus disorder'd flie;  
 Least she should say, thy Fate unpity'd comes!  
 Goe sing, where now thy Fathers Fighters lie,  
 Thy Brothers requiem, to their conqu'ring Drums!  
 The

58.

The happy Fields by those grave VVarriors fought,  
 (VVhich from the Dictates of thy aged Syre,  
*Oswald* in high Victorious Numbers wrot)  
 Thou shalt no more sing to thy silenc'd Lyre!

59.

Such scorns, pow'r on unlucky vertue throws,  
 When Courts with prosp'rous vices wanton are;  
 Who your Authentick age despise for those,  
 Who are to you but Infants of the warre.

60.

Thus though she spake, her looks did more perswade;  
 Like vertuous anger did her colour rise,  
 As if th' injurious world it would invade,  
 VVhilst tears of rage not pittie drown her Eies.

61.

The Sun did thus to threatned Nature show  
 His anger red, whilst guilt look'd pale in all;  
 VVhen Clouds of Floods did hang about his Brow,  
 And then shrunk back to let that anger fall.

62.

And so she turn'd her Face, not as to grieve  
 At ruine, but to lifence what she rais'd; (leeve  
 VVhilst they (like common Throngs) all Tongues be-  
 VVhen Courts are tax'd, but none when they are

Hh 3.

(prais'd.



63.

Like Comets, Courts afflict the Vulgar Eye;  
 And when they largest in their glory blaze,  
 People through ignorance think plagues are nigh,  
 And till they waste with mourning wonder gaze.

64.

These scorn the Courts dissension of their age;  
 The Active, ease impos'd, like pain endure;  
 For though calm rest does Age's pains allwage,  
 Yet few the sickness own to get the cure.

65.

To Heav'n they lift their looks ! whose Sun ne'r saw  
 Rage so agreed, as now he does behold;  
 Their shining Swords all at an instant draw,  
 And bid him judge next day if they were old !

66.

And of *Verona* wish'd him take his leave;  
 Which ere his third return they will destroy,  
 Till none shall guesse by ruines where to grieve,  
 No more then *Phrygians* where to weep for *Troy*.

67.

Thus *Bergamo* is soon forgot, whilst all  
 Alowd, *Verona* cry ! *Verona* must  
 (That reach'd the Clouds ) low as her Quarries fall !  
 The Court they'll bury in the Cities dust.

CANTO

# Canto the Fourth.

## The ARGUMENT.

*At OSWALD's Camp arrives wife HERMEGILD;  
Whose presence does a new diversion yield;  
In Council he reveals his secret Breast;  
Would mingle Love with Empires interest:  
From rash revenge, to peace the Camp invites,  
Who OSWALD's Fun'ral grace with Roman Rites,*

I.

**I**N this distemper whilst the humors strive  
T' assemble, they again diverted are;  
For tow' rds their Trenches Twenty Chariots drive,  
Swiftly as *Syrians* when they charge in warre.

2.

They *Hermegild* with Court Attendants spy'd;  
Whose haste to *Hubert* does advice intend;  
To warn him that just Fate can ne'r provide,  
For rash beginnings a successful end.

But



3.

But fate for *Hermegild* provided well ;  
 This Story else (which him the wise does call)  
 Would here his private ruine sadly tell,  
 In hastning to prevent the publick Fall.

4.

His noble blood obscurely had been shed,  
 His undistinguish'd Limbs torn and unknown,  
 As is the dust of Victors long since dead,  
 VVhich *March* in *April's* watty Eies has blown.

5.

Such was their rage when on *Verona's* way  
 (With his rich Train) they saw from Court he came;  
 Till some did their impetuous fury stay ;  
 And gave his life protection for his fame,

6.

Told them his valor had been long allow'd ;  
 That much the *Lombard's* to his conduct ow ;  
 And this preserv'd him, for the very Crowd  
 Felt honor here, and did to valor bow.

7.

Vain VVrath ! Deform'd, unquiet Child of Pride !  
 VVhich in a few, the People madness call ;  
 But when by Number they grow dignify'd,  
 VVhat's rage in one is liberty in all.

Through

8.

Through dangers of this lawless liberty,  
He like Authentick pow'r does boldly passe  
And with a quiet and experienc'd Eye,  
Through Death's foul Vizard, does despise his face.

9.

At Hubert's Tent alights, where Hubert now  
With Gartha of this Torrent does advise;  
Which he believes does at the highest flow,  
And must like Tides, sink when it cannot rise.

10.

When Hermegild he saw, he did disperse  
Those cares assembled in his looks, and strove  
(Though to his Master, and the Court perverse)  
To shew him all the civil signes of Love.

11.

For him in stormy war he glorious knew;  
Nor in calme Councils was he less renown'd;  
And held him now to Oswald's Faction true,  
As by his love, the world's first Tenure, bound. »

12.

For he (though wasted in the ebb of blood,  
When Man's Meridian tow'rs his Evening turns)  
Makes against Nature's law, Love's Charter good,  
And as in raging Youth for Gartha burns.



13.

Who did his fate not only disapprove,  
 Because the summer of his life was past;  
 And she fresh blowne; but that even highest love  
 Grew tasteless to Ambition's higher taste.

14.

Yet now in such a great and single cause,  
 With nice Ambition, nicer Love complies;  
 And she (since to revenge he usefull was)  
 Perswades his hope with Rhet'ricque of her Eyes.

15.

A close division of the Tent they strait  
 By outward Guards secure from all resort;  
 Then *Hermegild* does thus the cause relate,  
 Which to the Camp dispatch'd him from the Court.

16.

Important Prince! who justly dost succeed  
 To *Osmelds* hopes, and all my loyal ayde;  
 Vertue as much in all thy wounds does bleed,  
 As love in me, since wounded by that Mayde.

17.

Long have I sayl'd through Times vexations seas  
 And first set out with all that Youth is worth;  
 The Tropicks pass'd of bloods hot bravery,  
 With all the Sayles, gay Flags, and Streamers forth!

But

18.

But as in hotter voyages, Ships most  
Decay their trim, yet then they chiefly gaine  
By inward stowage, what is outward lost;  
So Men, decays of youth, repaire in braine.

19.

If I experience boast when Youth decays,  
Such vanitie may *Gartha's* pity move,  
Since so I seek your service by selfe praise,  
Rather then seem unuseful where I love.

20.

And never will I (though by Time supply'd  
With such discretion as does Man improve)  
To shew discretion, wiser Nature hide,  
By seeming now asham'd to say I Love.

21.

For love his pow'r has in gray Senates shown,  
Where he, as to green Courts, does freely come;  
And though lowd youth, his visits makes more known,  
With graver Age he's privatly at home.

22.

Scarce *Greece*, or greater *Rome* a Vi & or showes,  
Whom more Victorious Love did not subdue;  
Then blame not me who am so weake to those;  
Whilst *Gartha* all exceeds, that ere they knew.



23. 88

Hope ( Love's first food ) I ne'r till now did know;  
Which Love, as yet but temp'rately devours;  
And claimes not love for love, since *Gartha* so  
For *Autumne* Leaves, should barter *Summer* Flowres.

24. 91

I dare not vainly wish her to be kinde,  
Till for her love, my Arts and Pow'r bestow  
The Crowne on thee, adorn'd with *Rhodolind*;  
Which yet for *Gartha* is a price too low.

25.

This said, he paws'd; and now the bedick heater  
Of *Oswald*'s blood, doubled their Pulses pace;  
Which high, as if they would be heard, did beate,  
And hot Ambition shin'd in eithers face.

26. 101

For *Hermegild* they knew could much outdoe  
His words, and did possess great *Aribert*,  
Not in the Courts cheap Glasse of civil shewe,  
But by a study'd Tenure of the heart.

27.

Whilst this try'd truth does make their wishes sure,  
*Hubert* on *Gartha* lookes, with suing Eyes  
For *Hermegild*; whose love she will endure,  
And make Ambition yeild what Youth denies.

Yet

28.

Yet in this bargain of her self, she knowes  
Not how to treat; but all her chief desires,  
Bids *Hubert*, as the *Twinns* of his, dispose  
To glory and revenge; and then retires.

29.

But with such blushes *Hermegild* she leaves,  
As the unclouded Evening's Face adorn;  
Nor much he for her parting glory grieves,  
Since such an Evening bodes a happy Morn.

30.

Now *Hermegild* by vows does *Hubert* binde,  
(Vowes by their fate in *Lombard* Story known)  
He *Gartha* makes the price of *Rhodolind*,  
And *Aribert* his Tenant to the Crown.

31.

He bids him now the Armies rage allay;  
By rage (said he) only they Masters are  
Of those they chuse, when temp'rate, to obey;  
Against themselves th' impatient chiefly warre."

32.

We are the Peoples Pilots, they our winds;  
To change by Nature prone; but Art Laveers,  
And rules them till they rise with Stormy Mindes;  
Then Art with danger against Nature Steers.  
Where



33.

Where calms have first amus'd, Storms most prevail;  
 Cloze first with Calms the Courts suspicious Eies;  
 That whilst with all their trim, they sleeping sail,  
 A sodain Gust may wrack them by surprise!

34.

Your Army will (though high in all esteem  
 That ever rev'renc'd Age to action gave)  
 But a small Party to *Verona* seem;  
 Which yearly to such Numbers yeilds a Grave.

35.

Nor is our vaste Metropolis, like those  
 Tame Towns, which peace has soft'ned into fears;  
 But Death deform'd in all his Dangers knows;  
 Dangers, which he like frightful Vizards wears.

36.

From many Camps, who forraign winters felt,  
*Verona* has her conqu'ring Dweller sta'ne;  
 In War's great Trade, with richest Nations delt;  
 And did their Gold and Fame with Iron gain.

37.

Yet to the mighty *Aribert* it bowes;  
 A King out-doing all the *Lombard* Line!  
 Whose Court (in Iron clad) by courtnesse shoves  
 A growing pow'r, w<sup>ch</sup> fades when Courts grow fine.

Scorn

38.

Scorn not the Youthful Camp at Bergamo;  
For they are Victors, though in years but young;  
The War does them, they it by action know,  
And have obedient Minds, in Bodies strong.

39.

Be slow, and stay for aides, which haste forsakes!  
For though Occasion still does Sloth out-go,  
The Rash, who run from help, she ne'r o're-takes,  
Whose hast thinks Time, the Post of Nature, slow."

40.

This is a cause which our Ambition fills;  
A cause, in which our strength we should not waste,  
Vainly like Giants, who did heave at Hills;  
'Tis too unwildy for the force of haste.

41.

A cause for graver Minds that learned are  
In mistick Man; a cause which we must gain  
By surer methods than depend on Warre;  
And respite valor, to imploy the Brain.

42.

In the King's Scale your merits are too light;  
Who with the Duke, weighs his own partial heart;  
Make then the gulf of Empire publick right,  
And get in Rhodan the Peoples part.

But



43.

But this rough Tyde, the meeting Multitude,  
 If we oppose, we make our voyage long;  
 Yet when we with it row, it is subdu'd;  
 And we are wise, where Men in vain are strong.

44.

Then to the People sue, but hide your force;  
 For they beleeve the strong are still unjust;  
 Never to armed Sutors yield remorse;  
 And where they see the pow'r, the right distrust.

45.

Affault their pity as their weakest part;  
 Which the first Plaintiff never failes to move;  
 They search but in the face to finde the heart;  
 And grief in Princes, more then triumph loves.

46.

And to prepare their pity, *Gartha* now  
 Should in her sorrows height with me return;  
 For since their Eies at all distresses flow,  
 How will they at afflicted beauty mourn?

47.

Much such a pledge of Peace will with the King  
 (Urg'd by my int'rest here) my pow'r improve;  
 And much my power will to your int'rest bring,  
 If from the watchful Court you hide my Love.

If

48.

If *Gartha* deignes to love, our love must grow  
 Unseen, like *Mandrakes* wedded underground;  
 That I (still seeming unconcern'd) may know  
 The King's new depths, which length of trust may  
 (found!

49.

Thus *Hennegild* his study'd thoughts declar'd;  
 Whilst *Hubert* (who believ'd, discover'd love  
 A solid Pledg for hidden faith) prepar'd  
 To stay the Camp, so furious to remove.

50.

And now their rage (by correspondence spread)  
*Borgio* allays, that else like sparks of fire  
 (Which drops at first might drowne) by matter fed,  
 At last to quench the flame may seas require.

51.

As with the Sun they rose in wrath, their wrath  
 So with his heat increas'd; but now he hastes  
 Down Heav'n's steep Hill, to his *Atlantick* Bath;  
 Where he refreshes till his Feaver wastes.

52.

With his (by *Borgio's* help) their heat declin'd;  
 So soon lov'd Eloquence does Throngs subdue;  
 The common Mistress to each private Minde;  
 Painted and dress'd to all, to no Man true.



53.

To Court his *Gartha*, *Hermegild* attends;  
 And with old Lovers vaine poetick Eies,  
 Markes how her beauty, when the Sun descends,  
 His pittie'd Evening povertie supplies.

54.

The Army now to Neighb'ring *Brescia* bear,  
 With dismal pomp, the slaine: In hallow'd ground  
 They *Paradine*, and *Dargonet* interr;  
 And *Vasco* much in painful war renoun'd.

55.

To *Oswald* (whose illustrious *Roman* minde  
 Shin'd out in life, though now in dying hid)  
*Hubert* these *Roman* fun'ral rites assign'd;  
 Which yet the World's last law had not forbid.

56.

Thrice is his Body clean by bathing made;  
 And when with Victor's Oyle anointed o're,  
 'Tis in the Pallace Gate devoutly layd'e,  
 Clad in that Vest which he in Bataile wore.

57.

Whilst seven succeeding Suns passe sadly by,  
 The Palace seems all hid in Cypresse Boughs;  
 From ancient Lore, of Man's mortalitie  
 The Type, for where 'tis lopp'd it never grows.

The

58.

The publick fun'ral voyce, till these expire,  
Crys out; here Greatness, tir'd with honor, rests!  
Come see what Bodies are, when Souls retire;  
And visit death, ere you become his Guests!

59.

Now on a Purple Bed the Corps they raise;  
Whilst Trumpets summon all the common Quire  
In tune to mourn him, and disperse his praise;  
And then move slowly tow'rd's the Fun'ral fire!

60.

They beare before him Spoiles they gain'd in warre;  
And his great Ancestors in Sculpture wrought;  
And now arrive, where *Hubert* does declare  
How oft and well, he for the *Lombards* fought.

61.

Here, in an Altar's form, a Pile is made  
Of Unctious Firr, and Sleepers fatal Ewe;  
On which the Body is by Mourners laid, (threw.  
Who there sweet Gummes (their last kinde Tribute)

92.

*Hubert* his Arme, westward, averfly stretch'd;  
Whilst to the hopefull East his Eies were turn'd;  
And with a hallow'd Torch the Pyle he reach'd;  
Which seen, they all with utmost clamor mourn'd.



63.

Whilst the full Flame aspires, *Oswald* (they cry) !  
 Farewell & we follow swiftly as the Houres ! (flie !  
 For with Time's wings, tow' rds Death, even Cripples  
 This said, the hungry Flame its food devours.

64.

Now Priests with Wine the Ashes quench, and hide  
 The Rev'renc'd Reliques in a Marble Urne.  
 The old dismissive *Illicet* is cry'd  
 By the Towne voice, and all to Feasts returne.

65.

Thus Urnes may Bodies shew ; but the fled Minde  
 The Learn'd seek vainly ; for whose Quest we pay,  
 With such success as coulen'd Shepherds finde,  
 Who seek to Wizards when their Cattel stray.

CANTO.

## Canto the Fifth.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The House of ASTRAGON; where in distress  
Of Nature, GONDIBERT for Art's redress  
Was by old ULFIN brought: where Art's hard strife,  
In studying Nature for the aid of Life,  
Is by full wealth and conduct easy made;  
And Truth much visited, though in her shade.*

## I.

FROM Brescia swiftly o're the bord'ring Plain,  
Return we to the House of Astragon;  
Where Gondibert, and his succesful Train,  
Kindly lament the Victory they won.

## 2.

But though I Fame's great Book shall open now,  
Expect a while, till she that Decad reads,  
Which does this Dukes eternal Story show,  
And aged Ulfen cites for special deeds.



3.

Where Friendship is renown'd in *Vlfinore*;  
 Where th' ancient musick of delightful verse,  
 Does it no lesse in *Goltbo's* Breast adore,  
 And th' union of their equal hearts reherse.

4.

These weary Victors the descending Sun  
 Led hither, where swift Night did them surprise;  
 And where, for valiant toiles, wise *Astragon*,  
 With sweet rewards of sleep, did fill their Eies.

5.

When to the needy World Day did appear,  
 And freely op'd her Treasurie of light,  
 His House (where Art and Nature Tennants were)  
 The pleasure grew, and bus'nesse of their sight.

6.

Where *Vlfin* (who an old Domestick seems,  
 And rules as Master in the Owners Breast)  
 Leads *Goltbo* to admire what he esteems;  
 And thus, what he had long observ'd, exprest.

7.

Here Art by such a diligence is serv'd,  
 As does th' unwearied Planets imitate;  
 Whose motion (life of Nature) has preserv'd  
 The world, which God vouchsaf'd but to create.

Those

8.

Those heights, which els Dwarf Life could never reach,  
 Here, by the wings of diligence they climbe; (teach;  
 Truth (skar'd with Terms from canting Schools) they 3—  
 And buy it with their best sav'd Treasure, Time.

9.

Here all Men seem Recov'ers of time past;  
 As busy as intentive *Emmets* are;  
 As alarm'd Armies that intrench in haste,  
 Or Cities, whom unlook'd-for sieges skare.

10.

Much it delights the wise Observers Eie,  
 That all these toiles direct to sev'ral skills;  
 Some from the Mine to the hot Furnace hie,  
 And some from flowry Fields to weeping Stills.

11.

The first to hopeful *Chymicks* matter bring,  
 Where Med'cine they extract for instant cure;  
 These bear the sweeter burthens of the Spring; (sure.  
 VVhose vertues (longer known) though slow, are

12.

See there wet *Divers* from *Fossone* sent!  
 Who of the Seas deep Dwellers knowledge give;  
 Which (more unquiet then their Element)  
 By hungry war, upon each other live.

Pearl!



13.<sup>8</sup>

Pearl to their Lord, and Cordial Coral, these  
 Present ; which must in sharpest liquids melt ;  
 He with *Nigella* cures that dull disease  
 They get, who long with stupid Fish have dwelt.

14.

Others through Quarries dig, deeply below  
 Where Desert Rivers, cold, and private run ;  
 Where Bodies conservation best they know,  
 And Mines long growth, & how their veins begun.

15.

He shews them now Towers of prodigious height,  
 Where Natures Friends, Philosophers, remain,  
 To censure Meteors in their cause and flight ;  
 And watch the Wind's authority on Rain.

16.

Others with Optick Tubes the Moons scant face  
 (Vaste Tubes, which like long Cedars mounted lie)  
 Attract through Glasses to so neer a space,  
 As if they came not to survey, but prie.

17.

Nine hasty Centuries are now fulfill'd,  
 Since Opticks first were known to *Astragon* ;  
 By whom the Moderns are become so skill'd,  
 They dream of seeing to the Maker's Throne.

And

18.

And wisely *Astragon*, thus busy grew,  
To seek the Stars remote societies;  
And judge the walks of th' old, by finding new;  
For Nature's law, in correspondence lies.

19.

Man's pride (grown to Religion) he abates,  
By moving our lov'd Earth; which we think fix'd;  
Think all to it, and it to none relates;  
With others motion scorn to have it mix'd:

20.

As if 'twere great and stately to stand still  
Whilst other Orbes dance on; or else think all  
Those vaste bright Globes (to shew God's needless  
Vere made but to attend our little Ball. (skill)

21.

Now neer a sever'd Building they discern'd  
(VWhich seem'd, as in a pleasant shade, retir'd)  
A Throng, by whose glad diligence they learn'd,  
They came from Toyles which their own choice  
(desir'd

22.

This they approach, and as they enter it  
Their Eies were stay'd, by reading o'er the Gate,  
Great Nature's Office, in large letters writ;  
And next they mark'd who there in office sat.



23.

Old busy Men, yet much for wisdom fam'd;  
 Hasty to know, though not by haste beguil'd;  
 These fitly, **Nature's Registers** were nam'd;  
 The Throng were their **Intelligencers** stil'd:

24.

Who stop by snares, and by their chace o'rtake  
 All hidden Beasts the closser Forrest yeilds;  
 All that by secret sence their rescue make,  
 Or trust their force, or swiftnes in the Fields.

25.

And of this Throng, some their imployment have  
 In fleeting Rivers, some fix'd Lakes beset;  
 Where Nature's self, by shifts, can nothing save  
 From trifling Angles, or the swal'wing Net.

26.

Some, in the spacious Ayre, their Prey o'rtake,  
 Couf'ning, with hunger, Falcons of their wings;  
 Whilst all their patient observations make,  
 Which each to **Nature's Office** duely brings.

27.

And there of ev'ry Fish, and Foule, and Beast,  
 The wiles these learned **Registers** record,  
 Courage, and feares, their motion and their rest;  
 Which they prepare for their more learned Lord.

From.

28.

From hence to *Nature's Nursery* they goe;  
Where seems to grow all that in *Eden* grew;  
And more (if Art her mingled *Species* show)  
Then th' Hebrew King, *Nature's Historian*, knew.

29.

*Impatient Simplers* climb for Blossomes here;  
When Dews (Heav'n's secret milk) in unseen showres  
First feed the early Childhood of the yeare;  
And in ripe Summer, stoop for Herbs and Flowres.

30.

In Autumn, Seeds, and Berries they provide;  
Where Nature a remaining force preserves;  
In Winter digg for Roots, where she does hide  
That stock, which if consum'd, the next Spring  
(sterves.

31.

From hence (fresh *Nature's flourishing Estate*!)  
They to her wither'd Receptacle come;  
Where she appears the loathsome Slave of Fate;  
For here her various Dead possess the Room.

32.

This dismall Gall'ry, lofty, long, and wide,  
Was hung with *Skelitons* of ev'ry kinde;  
Humane, and all that learned humane pride  
Thinks made t'obey Man's high immortal Minde.



33.

Yet on that wall hangs he too, who so thought;  
 And she dry'd by him, whom that He obey'd;  
 By her an *Elephant* that with Herds had fought,  
 Of which the smallest Beast made her afraid.

34.

Next it, a *Whale*, is high in Cables ty'd,  
 Whole strength might Herds of *Elephants* controul;  
 Then all, (in payres of ev'ry kinde) they spy'd  
 Which Death's wrack leaves, of *Fishes*, *Beasts*, and  
 (*Fowl*.

35.

These *Astragon* (to watch with curious Eye  
 The different Tenements of living breath)  
 Collects, with what far Travellers supplie;  
 And this was call'd, *The Cabinet of Death*.

36.

Which some the *Monument of Bodies*, name;  
 The *Arke*, which saves from Graves all dying kindes;  
 This to a structure led, long knowne to Fame,  
 And call'd, *The Monument of vanish'd Minde*.

37.

(Books,

There, when they thought they saw in well fought  
 Th' assembled soules of all that Men held wise,  
 It bred such awfull rev'rence in their looks,  
 As if they saw the bury'd writers rise.

Such

38.

Such heaps of written thoughts (Gold of the Dead, I  
Which Time does still disperse, but not devour)  
Made them presume all was from Deluge free'd,  
Which long-liv'd Authors writ ere Noah's Showr.

39.

They saw Egyptian Roles, which vastly great,  
Did like Iain Pillars lie, and did display  
The tale of Natures life, from her first heat,  
Till by the Flood o're-ruin'd, she felt decay.

40.

And large as these (for Pens were Pencils then),  
Others that Egypt's chiefest Science show'd  
Whose River forc'd Geometry on Men,  
Which did distinguish what the Nile o're-flow'd.

41.

Neer them, in Piles, Chaldean Conf'ners lie  
Who the hid bus'nesse of the Stars relate,  
Who make a Trade of worship'd Prophecies,  
And seem to pick the Cabinet of Fate.

42.

There Persian Magi stand; for wisdom prais'd;  
Long since wise Statesmen, now Magicians thought;  
Altars and Arts are soon to fiction rais'd,  
And both would have, that miracles are wrought.



43.

In a dark Text, these States-men left their Mindes;  
 For well they knew, that Monarch's Misterie  
 (Like that of Priests) but little reverence findes;  
 When they the Curtain open'd to ev'ry Eye.

44.

« Behinde this Throng, the talking Greeke had place;  
 « VVho Nature turn to Art, and Truth disguise;  
 « As skill does native beauty oft deface;  
 « VVith *Termes* they charm the weak, and pose the

45.

Now they the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman spirit  
 VVho for the Peoples ease, yoke'd them with Law;  
 VVhom else, ungovern'd lusts would drive awry;  
 And each his own way frowardly would draw.

46.

« In little Tombs these grave first Lawyers lie;  
 « In Volumes their Interpreters below;  
 « VVho first made Law an Art, then Misterie;  
 « So clearest springs, when troubled, cloudy grow.

47.

But here, the Souls chief Book did all precede;  
 Our Map tow'rd Heav'n; to common Crowds de-  
 « VVho proudly aim to teach, ere they can read;  
 « And all must stray, where each will be a Guide.

About

48.

About this sacred little Book did stand  
 Unwieldy Volumes, and in number great;  
 And long it was since any Readers hand  
 Had reach'd them from their unfrequented Seat.

49.

For a deep Dust (which Time does softly shed,  
 Where only Time does come) their Covers beare;  
 On which, grave Spyders, streets of Webbs had spread;  
 Subtle, and flight, as the grave Writers were.

50.

In these, Heav'n's holy fire does vainly burn;  
 Nor warms, nor lights, but is in Sparkles spent;  
 Where froward Authors, with disputes, have torn  
 The Garment seamlesse as the Firmament.

51.

These are the old *Polemicks*, long since read,  
 And shut by *Astragon*; who thought it just,  
 They, like the Authors (Truth's Tormentors) dead,  
 Should lie unvisited, and lost in dust.

52.

Here the *Arabian's* Gospel open lay,  
 (Men injure Truth, who Fiction nicely hide)  
 Where they the *Monk's* audacious stealths survey  
 From the World's first, and greater second Guide.

The



53.

The Curious much perus'd this, then, new Book;  
 As if some secret ways to Heav'n it taught;  
 For straying from the old, men newer look;  
 And prize the found, not finding those they sought.

54.

We, in Tradition (Heav'n's dark Mapp) descrie  
 Heav'n worse, then ancient Mapps farr *Indie* show;  
 Therefore in new, we search where Heav'n does lie,  
 The Mind's sought Ophir, which we long to know.

55.

Or as a Planter, though good Land he spies,  
 Seeks new, and when no more so good he findes,  
 Doubly esteems the first; so Truth men prize;  
 Truth, the discov'ry made by trav'ling Mindes.

56.

And this false Book, till truly understood  
 By *Astragon*, was openly display'd,  
 As counterfeit, false Princes rather shou'd  
 Be shewn abroad, then in close Prison lay'd.

57.

" Now to the old *Philosophers* they come;  
 " Who follow'd Nature with such just despair,  
 " As some doe Kings farr off; and when at home,  
 " Like Courtiers, boast, that they deep secrets share.

Near

58.

Neer them are grave dull *Moralists*, who give  
Counsell to such, as still in publick dwell;  
At sea, in Courts, in Camps, and Cities live;  
And scorn experience from th' unpractis'd Cell.

59.

*Esop* with these stands high, and they below;  
His pleasant wisdom mocks their gravitie;  
Who Vertue like a tedious Matron show,  
He dresses Nature to invite the Eie.

60.

High skill their *Etbicks* seemes, whilst he stoops down  
To make the People wise; their learned pride  
Makes all obscure, that Men may prise the Gown;  
With ease he teaches, what with pain they hide.

61.

And next (as if their busness rul'd Mankinde)  
*Historians* stand, bigg as their living looks;  
Who thought, swift Time they could in fetters binde;  
Till his Confessions they had ta'ne in Books:

62.

But Time oft scap'd them in the shades of Night;  
And was in Princes Closets oft conceal'd,  
And hid in Batails smoke; so what they write  
Of Courts and Camps, is oft by guess reveal'd.

M m

Neer



637

Neer these, *Physicians* stood; who but relieve  
 Life like a Judge, whom greater pow'r does awe;  
 And cannot an Almighty pardon give;  
 So much yeilds Subject Art to Nature's Law.

642

And not weak Art, but Nature we upbraid,  
 When our frail essence proudly we take ill;  
 Think we are robb'd, when first we are decay'd,  
 And those were murder'd whom her law did kill.

647

Now they refresh, after this long survy,  
 With pleasant *Poets*, who the Soule sublime,  
 Fame's *Heralds*, in whose Triumphs they make way;  
 And place all those whom Honor helps to climbe.

661

And he who seem'd to lead this ravish'd Race,  
 Was Heav'n's lov'd *Laureat*, that in *Jewry* writ;  
 Whose Harp approach'd Gods Ear, though none his  
 Durst see, and first made inspiration, wit. (Face

67.

And his Attendants, such blest *Poets* are,  
 As make unblemish'd Love, Courts best delight;  
 And sing the prosp'rous *Batails* of just warre;  
 By these the loving, Love, and valiant, fight.

68.

O hyreless Science ! and of all alone  
The Liberal / Meanly the rest each State  
In pension treats, but this depends on none;  
Whose worth they reverently forbear to rate.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mm 2

CANTO



Which School, the Noble Youth  
And findy out the  
Which School, the Noble Youth  
And findy out the

But now's to be shown, that the  
So cheerful, general, and lowly was,  
As pass'd through all their Ears, and fill'd their Hearts,  
Which lik'd the joy, before they knew the cause.



## Canto the Sixth.

## The ARGUMENT.

*How ASTRAGON to Heav'n his duty pays  
In Pray'r, and Penitence, but most in Praise :  
To these he sev'ral Temples dedicates ;  
And ULFIN their distinguish'd use relates.  
Religion's Rites, seem here, in Reasons sway ;  
Though Reason must Religion's Laws obey.*

I.

**T**He noble Youths (reclaim'd by what they saw)  
" Would here unquiet war, as pride, forsake ;  
And study quiet Nature's pleasant Law ;  
Which Schools, through pride, by Art uneasy make.

2.

But now a sodain Showt their thoughts diverts !  
So cheerfull, general, and lowd it was,  
As pass'd through all their Ears, and fill'd their Hearts ;  
Which lik'd the joy, before they knew the cause.

This

3.  
This *Ulfen*, by his long Domestick skill  
Does thus explain. The Wise I here observe,  
Are wise tow'rd's God; in whose great service still,  
More then in that of Kings, themselves they serve.

4.  
He who this Building's Builder did create,  
Has an Apartment here Triangular;  
Where *Astragon*, Three Fanes did dedicate,  
To daies of *Praise*, of *Penitence*, and *Pray'r*.

5.  
To these, from diff'rent motives, all proceed;  
For when discov'ries they on Nature gain, (ceed,  
They praise high Heav'n which makes their work suc-  
But when it fails, in *Penitence* complain.

6.  
If after *Praise*, new blessings are not giv'n,  
Nor mourning *Penitence* can ills repair,  
Like practis'd Beggars, they sollicite Heav'n,  
And will prevail by violence of *Pray'r*.

7. *neither*  
The Temple built for *Pray'r*, can never boast  
The Builder's curious Art, nor does declare,  
By choice Materials he intended cost; (Pray'r.  
To shew, that nought should need to tempt to



8.

No Bells are here ! Unhing'd are all the Gates !  
 Since craving in distresse is naturall,  
 All lies so op'e that none for ent'rance waites ;  
 And those whom Faith invites, can need no call.

9.

The Great have by distinction here no name ;  
 For all so cover'd come, in grave disguise,  
 (To shew none come for decency or fame)  
 That all are strangers to each others Eies.

10.

But *Penitence* appears unnaturall ;  
 For we repent what Nature did perswade ;  
 And we lamenting Man's continu'd fall,  
 Accuse what Nature necessary made.

11.

Since the requir'd extream of *Penitence*  
 Seems so severe, this Temple was design'd,  
 Solemn and strange without, to catch the sense,  
 And dismal shew'd within, to awe the mind.

12.

Of sad black Marble was the outward Frame,  
 (A Mourning Monument to distant sight)  
 But by the largeness when you neer it came,  
 It seem'd the Palace of Eternal Night.

Black

13.

Black beauty (which black *Meroens* had prais'd  
Above their own) gravely adorn'd each part;  
In Stone, from *Nyle's* hard Quarries, slowly rais'd,  
And slowly'er polish'd by *Numidian* Art.

14.

Hither a low'd Bells tole, rather commands,  
Then seems t' invite the persecuted Ear;  
A summons Nature hardly understands;  
For few, and slow are those who enter here,

15.

Within a dismal Majesty they find!  
All gloomy great, all silent does appear /  
As *Chaos* was, ere th' Elements were design'd;  
Man's evil fate seems hid and fashion'd here.

16.

Here all the Ornament is rev'rend black;  
Here, the check'd Sun his universal Face  
Stops bashfully, and will no entrance make;  
As if he spy'd Night naked through the Glasse.

17.

Black Curtains hide the Glasse; whilst from on high  
A winking Lamp, still threatens all the Room;  
As if the lazy flame just now would die:  
Such will the Sun's last light appear at Doom!

This



18.

This Lamp was all, that here inform'd all Eies;  
 And by reflex, did on a Picture gain;  
 Some few false Beames, that thence from *Sodome* rise;  
 Where Pencils feigne the fire which Heav'n did rain.

19.

This on another Tablet did reflect,  
 Where twice was drawn the am'rous *Magdaline*;  
 Whilst beauty was her care, then her neglect;  
 And brightest through her Tears she seem'd to shine.

20.

Neer her, seem'd crucifi'd, that lucky Thief  
 (In Heav'n's dark Lot'ry prosp'rous, more then wise)  
 Who groap'd at last, by chance, for Heav'n's relief,  
 " And Throngs undoes with Hope, by one drawn  
 (Prise.

21.

In many Figures by reflex were sent,  
 Through this black Vault (instructive to the minde)  
 That early, and this tardy Penitent;  
 For with *Obsidian* stone 'twas chiefly lin'd.

22.

The Seats were made of *Ethiops* swarthy wood,  
 Absterfive Ebony, but thinly fill'd;  
 For none this place by nature understood;  
 " And practise, when unpleasant, makes few skill'd.  
 Yet

23. 8c

Yet these, whom Heav'n's misterious choice fetch'd in,  
Quickly attain Devotion's utmost scope;  
For having softly mourn'd away their sin,  
They grow so certain, as to need no Hope.

24.

At a low Dore they enter'd, but depart  
Through a large Gate, and to fair Fields proceed;  
Where *Astragon* makes Nature last by Art,  
And such long Summers shews, as ask no seed.

25.

Whilst *Ulfen* this black Temple thus exprest  
To these kinde Youths, whom equal soule endeers;  
(*Goltbo*, and *Ulfenore*, in friendship blest)  
A second gen'ral shout salutes their Ears.

26. 18

To the glad House of Praise this shout does call  
To Pray'r (said he) no Summons us invites,  
Because distress does thither summon all;  
As the loud tole to Penitence excites.

27. 837

But since, dull Men, to gratitude are slow;  
And joy'd consent of Hearts is high Heav'n's choyce;  
To this of Praise, shouts summon us to goe;  
Of Hearts assembled, the unfeigned Voyce.

Religion

N n

And



28.

And since, wise *Astragon*, with due applause,  
 Kinde Heav'n, for his success, on Nature pays;  
 This day, Victorious Art, has given him cause,  
 Much to augment Heav'n's lov'd reward of praise

29.

For this effectual day his Art reveal'd,  
 What has so oft Made Nature's spies to pine,  
 The Loadstones mistick use, so long conceal'd,  
 In close alliance with the courser Mine.

30.

And this, in sleepy Vision, he was bid  
 To register in Characters unknown;  
 Which Heav'n will have from Navigators hid,  
 Till *Saturne's* walk be Twenty Circuits grown.

31.

For as Religion (in the warm East bred)  
 And Arts (which next to it most needful were)  
 From Vices sprung from their corruption, fled;  
 And thence vouchsaf'd a cold Plantation here;

32.

So when they here again corrupted be,  
 (For Man can even his Antidotes infect)  
 Heav'n's reserv'd World they in the West shall see,  
 To which this stone's hid vertue will direct.  
 Religion

33.

Religion then (whose Age this world upbraids,  
As scorn'd deformitie) will thither steer;  
Serv'd at fit distance by the Arts, her Maids;  
Which grow too bold, when they attend too neer.

34.

And some, whom Traffique thither tempts, shal thence  
In her exchange (though they did grudge her shrines,  
And poorly banish'd her to save expence)  
Bring home the Idol, Gold, from new found Mines.

35.

Till then, sad Pilots must be often lost,  
Whilst from the Ocean's dreaded Face they shrink;  
And seeking safety neer the cons'ning Coast,  
With windes surpris'd, by Rocky Ambush sink.

36.

Or if success rewards, what they endure,  
The World's chief Jewel, Time, they then ingage  
And forfeit (trusting long the Cynosure)  
To bring home nought but wretched Gold, & Age.

37.

Yet when this plague of ignorance shall end,  
(Dire ignorance, with which God plagues us most;  
Whilst we not feeling it, him most offend)  
Then lower'd Sayles no more shall ride the Coast.



38.

They with new *Tops* to *Formasts* and the *Main*,  
 And *Misens* new, shall th' Ocean's Breast invade;  
 Stretch new *Sayles* out, as *Armes* to entertain  
 Those *windes*, of which their *Fathers* were afraid.

39.

Then (sure of either *Pole*) they will with pride,  
 In ev'ry storm, salute this constant *Stone*?  
 And scorn that *Star*, which ev'ry *Cloud* could hide;  
 The *Seamen's* *spark*! which soon, as seen, is gone!

40.

'Tis sung, the Ocean shall his Bonds untie,  
 And Earth in half a *Globe* be pent no more;  
*Typhis* shall sayle, till *Thule* he discry,  
 But a domestick step to distant *Shore*!

41.

This *Astragon* had read; and what the *Greek*  
 Old *Cretias*, in *Egyptian* Books had found;  
 By which, his travail'd soule, new Worlds did seek,  
 And div'd to finde the old *Atlantis* droun'd.

42.

Grave *Ulfen* thus discours'd; and now he brings  
 The *Youths* to view the *Temple* built for *Praise*;  
 Where *Olive*, for th' *Olimpian* Victor Springs;  
*Mirtle*, for *Love's*; and for *War's* triumph, *Bayes*.  
 These

43.

These, as rewards of *Praise*, about it grew;  
For lib'ral praise, from an abundant Minde,  
Does even the Conqueror of Fate subdue;  
Since Heav'n's good King is Captive to the Kinde. "

44.

Dark are all Thrones, to what this Temple seem'd;  
Whose Marble veins out-shin'd Heav'n's various  
And would (eclipping all proud *Rome* esteem'd) (Bow;  
To Northern Eyes, like Eastern Mornings, show.

45.

From *Paros* Isle, was brought the milkie white;  
From *Sparta*, came the Green, w<sup>th</sup> cheers the view;  
From *Araby*, the blushing *Onychite*,  
And from the *Misnian* Hills, the deeper Blew. T

46.

The Arched Front did on vaste Pillars fall;  
Where all harmonious Instruments they spied  
Drawn out in Bosse; which from the *Astrigall*  
To the flat *Frieze*, in apt resemblance lie.

47.

Toss'd *Cymbals* (which the sullen *Jewes* admir'd)  
Were figur'd here, with all of ancient choice  
That joy did ere invent, or breath inspir'd,  
Or flying Fingers touch'd into a voice.



48.

In Statue o're the Gate, God's Fav'rite-King  
 (The Author of Celestiall praise) did stand;  
 His Quire (that did his Sonnets set and Sing)  
 In Niches rang'd, attended either Hand.

49.

From these, old *Greeks* sweet Musick did improve;  
 The Solemn *Dorian* did in Temples charm;  
 The softer *Lydian* sooth'd to Bridal Love;  
 And warlick *Phrygian* did to Batail warm.

50.

They enter now, and with glad rev'rence saw  
 Glory, too solid great to taste of pride;  
 So sacred pleasant, as preserves an awe;  
 Though jealous Priests, in neither praise nor hide,

51.

Tapers and Lamps are not admitted here;  
 Those, but with shadows, give false beauty grace;  
 And this victorious glory can appear  
 Unvayl'd before the Sun's Meridian Face;

52.

Whose Eastern lustre rashly enters now;  
 Where it his own mean Infancy displays;  
 Where it does Man's chief obligation show,  
 In what does most adorn the House of Praise;

The

53.

The great Creation by bold Pencils drawn;  
Where a feign'd Curtain does our Eyes forbid,  
Till the Sun's Parent, Light, first seems to dawn  
From quiet *Chaos*, which that Curtain hid.

54.

Then this all-rev'renc'd Sun (God's hasty Spark  
Struck out of *Chaos*, when he first struck Light)  
Flies to the Spheres, where first he found all dark,  
And kindled there th' unkindled Lamps of Night.

55.

Then Motion, Nature's great Preservative,  
Tun'd order in this World, Life's restless Inn;  
Gave Tydes to Seas, & can'd stretch'd Plants to live;  
Else Plants but seeds, and Seas but Lakes had bin.

56.

But this Fourth *Fiat*, warming what was made,  
(For light ne'r warm'd, till it did motion get)  
The Picture fills the World with woody shade;  
To shew how Nature thrives by Motion's heat.

57.

Then to those Woods the next quick *Fiat* brings  
The Feather'd kinde; where merrily they fed,  
As if their Hearts were lighter then their Wings;  
For yet no Cage was fram'd, nor Net was spread.

The.



58.

The same Fifth voyce does Seas and Rivers Store  
 Then into Rivers Brooks the Painter powres  
 And Rivers into Seas; which (rich before)  
 Return their gifts, to both, exhal'd in Showrs.

59.

This voice (whose swift dispatch in all it wrought  
 Seems to denote the Speaker was in haste  
 As if more worlds were framing in his thought)  
 Addsto this world one *Fiat*, as the last.

60.

Then strait an universal Herd appears;  
 First gazing on each other in the shade  
 Wondring with levell'd Eies, and lifted Ears  
 Then play, whilst yet their Tyrant is unmade.

61.

And Man, the Painter now presents to view;  
 " Haughty without, and busy still within;  
 " Whom, when his Furr'd and Horned Subjects knew,  
 " Their sport is ended, and their fears begun.

62.

But here (to cure this Tyrant's sullenesse)  
 The Painter has a new false Curtain drawn,  
 Where, Beauty's hid Creation to expresse  
 From thence, harmlesse as light, he makes it dawn.

From

63.88

Maid ;

From thence breaks lov'ly forth, the World's first  
 Her Breast, Love's Cradle, where Love quiet lies ;  
 Nought yet had seen so foule, to grow afraid,  
 Nor gay, to make it cry with longing Eies.

64.

And thence, from stupid sleep, her Monarch steals ;  
 She wonders, till so vain his wonder grows,  
 That it his feeble sov'raignty reveales ;  
 Her Beauty then, his Manhood does depose.

65.

Deep into shades the Painter leads them now ;  
 To hide their future deeds ; then storms does raise  
 Or'e Heav'n's smooth face, because their life does grow  
 Too black a story for the House of Praise.

66.

A noble painted Vision next appears ;  
 Where all Heav'n's Frowns in distant prospect waste ;  
 And nought remains, but a short showre of Teares,  
 Shed, by its pity, for Revenges past.

67

(bound ;

The World's one ship, from th' old to a new World  
 Fraughted with Life (chief of uncertain Trades!)  
 After Five Moons at drift, lies now a ground ;  
 Where her frail Stowage, she in haste unlades.

O o

On



68.

On *Persian Caucasus* the Eight descend;  
 And seem their trivial essence to deplore;  
 Griev'd to begin this World in th' others end;  
 And to behold wrack'd Nations on the Shore,

69.

Each humbled thus, his Beasts led from aboard,  
 As fellow Passengers, and Heirs to breath;  
 Joynt Tennants to the World, he not their Lord;  
 Such likencs have we in the Glas of Death.

70.

Yet this humility begets their joy;  
 And taught, that Heav'n (which fully sin surveys)  
 Was partial where it did not quite destroy; (praise.  
 So made the whole World's Dirge their song of

71.

This first redemption to another led,  
 Kinder in deeds, and nobler in effects;  
 That but a few did respit from the Dead,  
 This all the Dead, from second death protects.

72.

And know, lost Nature / this resemblance was  
 Thy franke Redeemer, in ascension shown;  
 When Hell he conquer'd in thy desp'rate cause;  
 Hell, w<sup>ch</sup> before, Man's common Grave was grown.  
 By This

73.

By an Imperial Pencil this was wrought;  
Rounded in all the Curious would behold;  
Where life *Came out*, and Met the Painters thought;  
The Force was tender, though the strokes were bold.

74.

The holy Mourners, who this Lord of life  
Ascending saw, did seem with him to rise;  
So well the Painter drew their passions strife,  
To follow him with Bodys, as with Eies.

75.

This was the chief which in this Temple did  
By Pencils Rhetrique, to praise perswade;  
Yet to the living here, compar'd, seems hid;  
Who shine all painted Glory into shade.

76.

Lord *Astragon* a Purple Mantle wore,  
Where Nature's story was in Colours wrought;  
And though her ancient Text seem'd dark before,  
'Tis in this pleasant Comment clearly taught.

77.

Such various Flowry Wreaths th' Assembly weare,  
As shew'd them wisely proud of Nature's pride;  
Which so adorn'd them, that the courtiest here  
Did seem a prosp'rous Bridegroom, or a Bride.



78.

All shew'd as fresh, and faire, and innocent,  
 As Virgins to their Lovers first survey;  
 Joy'd as the Spring, when *March* his sighs has spent,  
 And *April's* sweet rash Teares are dry'd by May.

79.

And this confed'rate joy so swell'd each Breast,  
 That joy would turn to pain without a vent;  
 Therefore their voyces Heav'n's renown exprest;  
 Though Tongues ne'r reach, what Minds so nobly  
 (ment.

80.

Yet Musick here, shew'd all her Art's high worth;  
 Whilst Virgin-Trebles, seem'd, with bashfull grace,  
 To call the bolder marry'd Tenor forth;  
 Whose Manly voyce challeng'd the Giant Base,

81.

To these the swift soft Instruments reply;  
 VVhisp'ring for help to those whom winds inspire;  
 VVhose lowder Notes, to Neighb'ring Forrests flie,  
 And summon Nature's Voluntary Quire.

82.

These *Astragon*, by secret skill had taught,  
 To help, as if in artfull Consort bred;  
 Who sung, as if by chance on him they thought,  
 Whose care their careless merry Fathers Fed.

Hither

83.

Hither, with borrow'd strength, Duke *Gondibert*  
 Was brought, w<sup>ch</sup> now his rip'ning wounds allow;  
 And high Heav'n's praise in musick of the heart,  
 He inward sings, to pay a victor's vow.

84.

*Praise*, is devotion fit for mighty Mindes!  
 The diff'ring World's agreeing Sacrifice;  
 Where Heav'n divided Faiths united findes;  
 But Pray'r in various discord upward flies.

85.

For *Pray'r* the Ocean is, where diversly  
 Men steer their Course, each to a sev'ral Coast;  
 Where all our int'rests so discordant be,  
 That half beg windes by which the rest are lost.

86.

By *Pennence*, when we our selves forsake,  
 'Tis but in wise design on pious Heav'n;  
 In Praise we nobly give, what God may take,  
 And are without a Beggers blush forgiv'n.

87.

Its utmost force, like Powder's, is unknown!  
 And though weak Kings excess of Praise may fear,  
 Yet when tis here, like Powder, dang'rous grown,  
 Heav'n's Vault receives, what would the Palace tear.

CANTO.



## Canto the Seventh.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The Duke's wish'd health in doubtful wounds assur'd;  
Who gets new wounds before the old are cur'd:*

*Nature in BIRTHA, Art's weak help derides;  
Which strives to mend, what it at best but hides;  
Shews Nature's courser works, so hid, more course;  
As Sin conceal'd, and unconfess'd, grows worse.*

**L**ET none our *Lombard* Author rudely blame,  
Who from the Story has thus long digrest;  
But for his righteous paines, may his fair Fame  
For ever travail, whilst his Ashes rest.

**N** could he leave Art's Shop of Nature's Store;  
Where she the hidden Soul would make more known;  
Though Common faith seeks Souls, which is no more  
Then long Opinion to Religion grown.

3.8

A while then let this sage Historian stay  
 With *Astragon*, till he new wounds reveales,  
 And such (though now the old are worn away)  
 As *Balm*, nor juice of *Pyrol*, never heales.

4.2

To *Astragon*, Heav'n for Incession gave  
 One onely Pledge, and *Biriba* was her name;  
 Whose Mother slept, where Flowers grew on her  
 And she succeeded her in Face, and Fame. (Grave;

5.01

Her beauty, Princes, durst not hope to use,  
 Unless, like Poets, for their Morning Theam;  
 And her Mindes beauty they would rather chuse,  
 Which did the light in Beautie's Lanthorn seem.

6.11

She ne'r saw Courts, yet Courts could have undone  
 With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;  
 Her Nets, the most prepar'd, could never shunne;  
 For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

7.1

She never had in busy Cities bin;  
 Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with fears;  
 Not seeing punishment, could guesse no Sin;  
 And Sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

But



8.

But here her Father's precepts gave her skill;  
Which with incessant bus'nesse fill'd the Howres;  
In spring, she gather'd Blossoms for the Still,  
In Autumn, Berries; and in Sommer, Flowres.

9.

And as kinde Nature with calm diligence  
Her own free vertue silently imployes,  
VVhilst she, unheard, does rip'ning growth dispence,  
So were her vertues busie without noise.

10.

VVhilst her great Mistris, Nature, thus she tends,  
The busy Household waites no lesse on her;  
By secret law, each to her beauty bends;  
Though all her lowly Minde to that prefer.

11.

Gratious and free, she breaks upon them all  
VVith Morning looks; and they when she does rise,  
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,  
And droop like Flowres, when Evening shuts her

12.

The sooty Chymist (who his sight does waste,  
Attending lesser Fires) she passing by,  
Broke his lov'd Lymbick, through enamour'd haste,  
And let, like common Dew, th' Elixer fly.

And

13.

And here the grey Philosophers resort;  
Who all to her, like crafty Courtiers, bow;  
Hoping for secrets now in Nature's Court;  
Which only she (her fav'rite Mayd) can know.

14.

These, as the Lords of science, she respects;  
And with familiar Beams their age she cheers;  
Yet all those civil formes seem but neglects  
To what she shewes, when *Astragon* appears.

15.

For as she once from him her being took,  
She howrly takes her Law; reads with swift sight  
His will, even at the op'ning of his look,  
And shews, by haste, obedience her delight.

16.

She makes (when she at distance to him bowes)  
His int'rest in her Mother's beauty known;  
For that's th' *Original* whence her *Copy* grows;  
And neer *Orig'nalls*, *Copys* are not shown.

17.

And he, with dear regard, her gifts does weare  
Of Flowres, which she in mistick order ties;  
And with the sacrifice of many'a teare  
Salutes her loyal Mother in her Eyes.



18.

The just Historians, *Birba* thus express;  
 And tell how by her Syres Example taught,  
 She serv'd the wounded Duke in Life's distress,  
 And his fled Spirits back by Cordials brought.]

19.

Black melancholy Mists, that fed despair (cleer'd;  
 Through wounds long rage, with sprinkled *Verwin*  
 Strew'd Leaves of *Willow* to refresh the air,  
 And with rich Fumes his sullen senses cheer'd.

20.

He that had serv'd great Love with rev'rend heart,  
 In these old wounds, worse wounds frō him endures;  
 For Love, makes *Birba* shift with Death, his Dart,  
 And she kills faster then her Father cures.

21.

Her heedless innocence as little knew  
 The wounds she gave, as those from Love she took;  
 And Love lifts high each secret Shaft he drew;  
 Which at their Stars he first in triumph shook.]

22.

Love he had lik'd, yet never lodg'd before;  
 But findes him now a bold unquiet Guest;  
 Who climbs to windows, when we shut the Dore;  
 And enter'd, never lets the Master rest

So.

23.

So strange disorder, now he pines for health,  
Makes him conceal this Reveller with shame;  
She not the Robber knows, yet feels the stealth;  
And never but in Songs had heard his name.

24.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at Hearts  
Which Country Lovers wear in bleeding Seals;  
Ask'd where his pretty Godhead found such Darts,  
As make those wounds that onely *Hymen* heals.

25.

And this, her ancient Maid, with sharp complaints  
Heard, and rebuk'd; shook her experienc'd Head;  
With teares besought her not to jest at Saints,  
Nor mock those Martyrs, Love had Captive led.

26.

Nor think the pious Poets e're would waste  
So many Teares in Ink, to make Maids mourn,  
If injur'd Lovers had in ages paste  
The lucky Mirtle, more then Willow worn.

27.

This grave rebuke, Officious Memory  
Presents to *Birtba's* thought; who now believ'd  
Such sighing Songs, as tell why Lovers dy,  
And prais'd their faith, who wept, when Poets griev'd.



28.

She, full of inward questions, walks alone;  
 To take her heart aside in secret Shade;  
 But knocking at her Breast, it seem'd, or gone,  
 Or by confed'racie was useles made;

29.

Or else some stranger did usurp its room;  
 One so remote, and new in ev'ry thought,  
 As his behaviour shews him not at home;  
 Nor the Guide sober that him thither brought.

30.

Yet with this forraign Heart, she does begin  
 To treat of Love, her most unstudy'd Theme;  
 And like young Conscienc'd Casuists, thinks that sin,  
 Which will by talk and practise lawfull seeme.

31.

With open Eares, and ever-waking Eies,  
 And flying Feet, Love's fyre she from the sight  
 Of all her Mayds does carry, as from Spys;  
 Jealous, that what burns her, might give them light.

32.

Beneath a Mirtle Covert now does spend  
 In Mayds weak wishes, her whole stock of thought;  
 " Fond Mayds! who love, with Mindes fine stuff would  
 " Which Nature purposely of Bodys wrought. (mend,  
 She

33.

She fashions him the lov'd of Angels kinde;  
Such as in holy Story were imploy'd  
To the first Fathers, from th'Eternal Minde;  
And in short vision onely are enjoy'd.

34.

As Eagles then, when neereft Heav'n they flie,  
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;  
Feeling their bodies finde no rest so high,  
And therefore perch on Earthly things below.

35.

So now she yields; him she an Angel deem'd  
Shall be a Man; the Name which Virgins fear;  
Yet the most harmles to a Maid he seem'd,  
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

36.

Soon her opinion of his hurtlesse heart,  
Affection turns to faith; and then Loves fire  
To Heav'n, though bashfully, she does impart;  
And to her Mother in the Heav'nly Quire.

37.

If I do love, (said she) that love (O Heav'n!)  
Your own Disciple, Nature, bred in me;  
VVhy should I hide the passion you have given,  
Or blush to shew effects which you decree?



38.

And you, my alter'd Mother (grown above  
Great Nature, which you read, and rev'renc'd here)  
Chide not such kindnesse, as you once call'd Love,  
When you as mortal as my Father were.

39.

This said, her Soul into her Breast retires!  
With Love's vain diligence of heart she dreams  
Her self into possession of desires,  
And trusts unanchor'd Hope in fleeting Streams.

40.

Already thinks, the Duke her own spous'd Lord,  
Cur'd, and again from bloody Batail brought;  
Where all false Lovers perish'd by his sword;  
The tru to her for his protection fought.

41.

She thinks, how her imagin'd Spouse and she,  
So much from Heav'n, may by her vertues gain;  
That they by Time shall ne'r o'retaken be,  
No more then Time himself is overta'ne.

42.

Or should he touch them as he by does passe,  
Heav'n's favour may repay their Sommers gone,  
And he so mix their sand in a slow Glasse,  
That they shall live, and not as Two, but One.

She

43.

She thinks of *Eden*-life; and no rough wind,  
In their pacifique Sea shall wrinkles make;  
That still her lowliness shall keep him kinde,  
Her cares keep him asleep, her voice awake.

44.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway  
(The Youthful Warrior's most excus'd disease)  
Such chance her Teares shall calm, as showres allay  
The accidental rage of Windes and Seas.

45.

She thinks that Babes proceed from mingling Eies,  
Or Heav'n from Neighbourhood increase allows,  
As *Palm*, and the *Mamora* fructifies;  
Or they are got, by close exchanging vows.

46.

But come they (as she hears) from Mothers pain,  
(Which by th' unluky first-Maids longing, proves  
A lasting curse) yet that she will sustain,  
So they be like this Heav'nly Man she loves.

47.

Thus to her self in day dreams *Birtba* talks; (grown)  
The Duke (whose wounds of war are healthful  
To cure Love's wounds, seeks *Birtba* where she walks;  
Whose wandring Soul, seeks him to cure her own.

Yet



48.

Yet when her solitude he did invade,  
 Shame (which in Maids is unexperie'd fear)  
 Taught her to with Night's help to make more shade,  
 That Love (which Maids think guilt) might not ap-  
 pear.

49.

And she had fled him now but that he came  
 So like an aw'd, and conquer'd Enemy,  
 That he did seem offenceless, as her shame;  
 As if he but advanc'd for leave to fly.

50.

First with a longing Sea-mans look he gaz'd, (vour;  
 Who would ken Land, when Seas would him de-  
 Or like a fearful Scout, who stands amaz'd  
 To view the Foe, and multiplies their pow'r;

51.

Then all the knowledge which her Father had  
 He dreams in her, through purer Organs wrought;  
 Whose Soul (since there more delicately clad)  
 By lesser weight, more active was in thought;

52.

And to that Soul thus spake, with tremb'ling voice;  
 The world wil be (O thou, the whole world's Mayd!)  
 Since now tis old enough to make wise choice,  
 Taught by thy minde, and by thy beauty sway'd.

And

53.

And I, a needless part of it, unless  
 You think me for the whole a Delegate,  
 To treat, for what they want, of your ~~success~~, ~~excell~~,  
 Vertue to serve the universal State.

54.

Nature (our first example, and our Queen,  
 Whose Court this is, and you her Mimon Mayd)  
 The World, thinks now, is in her sickness seen,  
 And that her noble influence is decay'd.

55.

And the Records so worn of her first Law,  
 That Men, with Art's hard shifts, read what is good;  
 Because your beauty many never law,  
 The Text by which your Minde is understood,

56.

And I with the apostate world should grow,  
 From sov'raigne Nature, a revolted Slave,  
 But that my lucky wounds, brought me to know,  
 How with their cure, my sicker minde to save.

57.

A minde still dwelling idly in mine Eyes,  
 Where it fr m outward pomp could ne'r abstain;  
 But even in beauty, cost of Courts did prise,  
 And Nature, unassisted, thought too plain.

Q q

Yet



58.

“ Yet by your beauty now reform'd, I finde  
*false* “ All other only currant by false light ;  
 “ Or but vain Visions of a feav'rish minde ;  
 “ Too slight to stand the test of waking fight.

59.

And for my healthfull Minde (diseas'd before)  
 My love I pay ; a gift you may disdain,  
 Since Love to you, Men give not, but restore ;  
 As Rivers to the Sea restore the Rain.

60.

Yet Eastern Kings, who all by birth possess,  
 Take gifts, as gifts, from vassals of the Crown ;  
 So think in love, your propertie not less,  
 By my kinde giving what was first your own.

61.

Lifted with Love, thus he with Lovers grace,  
 And Love's wilde wonder, spake ; and he was rais'd  
 So much with rev'rence of this learned place,  
 That still he fear'd to injure all he prais'd.

62.

And she in love unpractis'd and unread,  
 (But for some hints her Mistress, Nature, taught)  
 Had it, till now, like grief with silence fed ;  
 For Love and grief are nourish'd best with thought.

But

63.

But this cloſſe Diet, Love endures not long;  
He muſt in ſighs, or ſpeech, take ayre abroad;  
And thus, with his Interpreter, her Tongue,  
He ventures forth, though like a ſtranger aw'd.

64.

She ſaid, thoſe vertues now ſhe highly needs,  
Which he ſo pow'rfully does in her praiſe,  
To check (ſince vanitie on praiſes feeds)  
That pride which his authentick words may raiſe.

65.

That if her Pray'rs, or care, did ought reſtore  
Of abſent health, in his bemoan'd diſtreſs;  
She beg'd, he would approve her duty more,  
And ſo commend her feeble vertue leſs.

66.

That ſhe the payment he of love would make  
Leſs underſtood, then yet the debt ſhe knew;  
But coyneſ unknown, ſuſpitiouſly we take,  
And debts, till manifeſt, are never due.

67.

With baſhfull Looks beſought him to retire,  
Leaſt the ſharp Ayre ſhould his new health invade;  
And as ſhe ſpake, ſhe ſaw her rev'rend Syre  
Approach to ſeek her in her uſual ſhade.

Q q 2

To



68.

To whom with fillial homage she does bow ;  
 The Duke did first at distant duty stand,  
 But soon imbrac'd his knees ; whilst he more low  
 Does bend to him, and then reach'd *Birthe's* hand.

69.

Her Face, o'rcast with thought, does soon betray  
 Th' assembled spirits, which his Eies detect  
 By her pale look, as by the Milkie way,  
 Men first did the assembled Stars suspect.

70.

Or as a Pris'ner, that in Prison pines,  
 Still at the utmost window grieving lies;  
 Even so her Soule, imprison'd, sadly shines,  
 As if it watch'd for freedom at her Eies.

71.

" This guides him to her Pulse, th' Alarum Bell,  
 " Which waits the insurrections of desire ;  
 " And rings so fast, as if the *Cittadell*,  
 " Her newly conquer'd Breast, were all one fire.

72.

Then on the Duke, he casts a short survey ;  
 Whose Veines, his Temples, with deep purple grace ;  
 Then Love's dispaire gives them a pale allay ;  
 And shifts the whole complexion of his Face.

Nature's.

73.

Nature's wise Spy does outward with them walk;  
And findes, each in the midst of thinking starts;  
Breath'd short, and swiftly in disorder'd talk,  
To cool, beneath Love's Torrid Zone, their hearts.

74.

When all these Symptomes he observ'd, he knows  
From *Alga*, which is rooted deep in Seas,  
To the high Cedar that on Mountains grows,  
No sov'raign hearb is found for their disease.

75.

He would not Nature's eldest Law resist,  
As if wise Nature's Law could be impure;  
But *Biriba* with indulgent Looks dismiss,  
And means to counsel, what he cannot cure.

76.

With mourning *Gondibert* he walks apart,  
To watch his Passions force; who seems to bear  
By silent grief, Two Tyrants o're his Heart,  
Great Love, and his inferior Tyrant, Fear.

77.

But *Astragon* such kinde inquiries made,  
Of all which to his Art's wise cares belong;  
As his sick silence he does now dissuade,  
And midst, Lov's fears, give courage to his Tongue.



78.

Then thus he spake with Love's humility;  
 Have pity Father! and Since first so kinde,  
 You would not let this worthlesse Body dy,  
 Vouchsafe more nobly to preserve my Minde!

79.

A Minde so lately lucky, as it here  
 Has Vertues Mirror found, which does reflect  
 Such blemishes as Custom made it weare,  
 But more authentick Nature does detect.

80.

" A Minde long sick of Monarchs vain disease;  
 " Not to be fill'd, because with glory fed;  
 " So busy it condemn'd even War of ease,  
 " And for their uselesse rest despis'd the Dead.

81.

§ But since it here has Vertue quiet found,  
 It thinks (though Storms were wish'd by it before)  
 All sick at least at Sea, that scape undrown'd,  
 Whom ~~When~~ Glory serves as winde, to leave the shore.

82.

" All Vertue is to yours but fashion now,  
 " Religion, Art; Internals are all gon,  
 " Or outward turn'd, to satisfie with shew,  
 " Not God, but his inferiour Eie, the Sun.

And

83.88

And yet, though Vertue be as fashion sought,  
And now Religion rules by Art's prais'd skills,  
Fashion is Vertue's Mimmick, falsely taught;  
And Art, but Nature's Ape, which plays her ill.

84.88

To this blest House (great Nature's Court) all Courts  
Compar'd, are but dark Closets for retreat  
Of private Mindes, Batails but Children's sports;  
And onely simple good, is solid great.

85.

Let not the Minde, thus freed from Error's Night,  
(Since you repriev'd my Body from the Grave)  
Perish for being now in love with light,  
But let your Vertue, Vertue's Lover save.

86.

Birt<sup>h</sup> I love; and who loves wisely so,  
Steps far tow' rds all which Vertue can attain;  
But if we perish, when tow' rds Heav'n we go,  
Then have I learnt that Vertue is in vain.

87.

And now his Heart (extracted through his Eies  
In Love's Elixer, Tears) does soon subdue  
Old *Astragon*; whose pity, though made wise  
With Love's false *Essences*, likes these as true.

The



88. 8

The Duke he to a fower Bowre doe lead,  
 Wher he his Youths first Story may attend;  
 To guesse, ere he will let his love proceed;  
 By such a dawning, how his day will end.

89. 8

For Vettie, though a rarely planted Flowre,  
 Was in the seed by this wise Florist known;  
 Who could foretel, even in her springing flowre,  
 What colour she shall wear when fully blown.

85. 8

Let not the Minde, thus freed from Error's Night,  
 (Since you're living Body from the Grave)  
 Perish for being now in love with light;  
 But leave Venn's love-leave.

CANTO

86. 8

But if we perish, when we're in love, we go;  
 Then have a heart, which shall which Venn can attain;  
 But if we perish, when we're in love, we go;  
 Then have a heart, which shall which Venn can attain.



And now his heart, which shall which Venn can attain;  
 In Love's Elixir, which shall which Venn can attain;  
 Old Argos, who made wife, which shall which Venn can attain;  
 With Love's Elixir, which shall which Venn can attain;  
 The

# Canto the Eighth.

## The ARGUMENT.

**BIRTHA** her first unpractis'd Love bewailes,  
*Whilst GONDIBERT on ASTRAGON prevailes,*  
*By shewing, high Ambition is of use,*  
*And Glory in the Good needs no excuse.*  
**GOLTHO** a grief to **ULFINORE** reveals,  
*Whilst he a greater of his own conceales.*

1.

**BIRTHA** her griefs to her Apartment brought,  
 Where all her Maids to Heav'n were us'd to raise  
 Their voices, whilst their busy Fingers wrought  
 To deck the Altar of the House of Praise.

2.

But now she findes their Musick turn'd to care;  
 Their looks allay'd, like beauty overworn;  
 Silent and sad as with'ring Fav'rites are,  
 Who for their sick indulgent Monarch mourn.

Rr

*Thula*



3.

*Thula* (the eldest of this silenc'd Quire)

When *Birta* at this change astonish'd was,  
With hasty whisper, begg'd her to retire;  
And on her Knees, thus tells their sorrows cause.

4.

Forgive me such experience, as too soon,  
Shew'd me unlucky Love; by which I guesse  
How Maids are by their Innocence undon,  
And trace those sorrows that them first oppresse.

Forgive such passion as to speech perwades,  
And to my Tongue my observation brought;  
And then forgive my Tongue, which to your Maids,  
Too rashly carry'd, what Experience taught.

6.

For since I saw this wounded stranger here,  
Your inward musick still untun'd has been;  
You who could need no hope, have learnt to fear,  
And practis'd grief, ere you did know to Sine.

7.

This being love, to *Agatha* I told;  
Did on her Tongue, as on still Death rely;  
But winged Love, she was too young to hold,  
And, wanton-like, let it to others fly.

Love,

8.81

Love, who in whisper scap'd, did publick grow;  
Which makes them now their time in silence waste;  
Makes their neglected Beedles move so slow,  
And through their Eyes, their Hearts dissolve so

9.22

For oft, dire tales of Love has fill'd their Heads;  
And while they doubt you in that Tyrant's pow'r,  
The Spring (they think) may visit Woods and Meads,  
But scarce shall hear a Bird, or see a Flow'r.

10.4

Ah how (said Biriba) shall I dare confesse  
My griefs to thee, Love's rash, impatient Spie;  
Thou (Thula) who didst run to tell thy guesse,  
With secrets known, wilt to confession flie.

11.11

But if I love this Prince, and have in Heav'n  
Made any Friends by vowes, you need not fear  
He will make good the feature, Heav'n has given;  
And be as harmless as his looks appear.

12.1

Yet I have heard, that Men whom Maids think kinde,  
Calm, as forgiven Saints, at their last Hour,  
Oft prove like Seas, inrag'd by ev'ry winde,  
And all who to their Bosoms trust, devour.



38.8

Howe're, Heav'n knows, (the witness of the Minde)  
 My heart bears Men no malice, nor esteems  
 Young Princes of the common cruel kinde,  
 Nor Love so foul as it in Story seems.

39.2

Yet if this Prince brought Love, what e're it be,  
 I must suspect, though I accuse it not;  
 For since he came, my medic'nal Huswiffrie,  
 Confections, and my Stills, are all forgot.

40.1

*Blossoms* in windes, *Berries* in Frosts may fall!  
 And *Flowers* sink down in Rain! For I no more  
 Shall Maids to woods, for early gath'rings call,  
 Nor haste to Gardens to prevent a showre.

41.1

This said, retires; and now a lovely shame  
 That she reveal'd so much, possess'd her Cheeks;  
 In a dark Lanthorn she would bear Love's flame,  
 To hide her self, whilst she her Lover seeks.

42.

And to that Lover let our Song return:  
 Whose Tale so well was to her Father told,  
 As the Philosopher did seem to mourn  
 That Youth had reach'd such worth, and he so old.

Yet

18.

Yet *Birta* was so precious in his Eies,  
Her vanish'd Mother still so neer his minde;  
That farther yet he thus his prudence tries,  
Ere such a Pledg he to his trust resign'd.

19.

Whoe're (saide he) in thy first story looks,  
Shall praise thy wise conversing with the Dead;  
For with the Dead he lives, who is with Books,  
And in the Camp (Death's moving Palace) bred.

26.

Wise Youth, in Books and Batails early findes  
What thoughtless lazy Men perceive too late;  
Books shew the utmost conquests of our Mindes;  
Batails, the best of our lov'd Bodys fate.

27.

Yet this great breeding, joyn'd with Kings high blood  
(Whose blood Ambition's feaver over heats)  
May spoile digestion, which would else be good,  
As stomachs are deprav'd with highest Meats.

22.

For though Books serve as Diet of the Minde;  
If knowledg, early got, self vallew breeds,  
By false digestion it is turn'd to winde;  
And what should nourish, on the Eater feeds.

Rr 3

Though



23.

Though Wars great shape best educates the fight,  
 And makes small soft'ning objects less our care;  
 " Yet War, when urg'd for glory, more then right,  
 α Shews Victors but authentick Murd'ers are.

24.

And I may fear that your last Victories  
 Were Glory's Toyles, and you will ill abide  
 (Since with new Trophys still you fed your Eies)  
 Those little objects which in Shades we hide,

25.

Could you, in Fortunes smiles, foretell her frowns,  
 Our old Foes slain, you would not hunt for new;  
 But Victors, after wreaths, pretend at Crowns;  
 And such think *Rhodolind* their Valor's due.

26.

To this the gentle *Gondibert* replies;  
 Think not Ambition can my duty sway;  
 I look on *Rhodolind* with Subjects Eies,  
 Whom he that conquers, must in right obey.

27.

And though I humanly have heretofore  
 All beauty lik'd, I never lov'd till now;  
 Nor think a Crown can raise his valew more,  
 To whom already Heav'n does Love allow.

Thoug

28.

Though, since I gave the *Hunns* their last defeat,  
 I have the *Lombards* Ensignes onward led,  
 Ambition kindled not this Victor's heat,  
 But 'tis a warmth my Fathers prudence bred.

29.

Who cast on more then Wolvish Man his Eie,  
 Man's necessary hunger judg'd, and saw  
 That caus'd not his devouring Maledy;  
 Bnt like a wanton whelp he loves to gnaw.

30.

Man still is sick for pow'r, yet that disease  
 Nature (whose Law is temp'rance) ne'r inspires;  
 But 'tis a humor, does his Manship please,  
 A luxury, fruition only tires.

31.

And as in persons, so in publick States,  
 The lust of Pow'r provokes to cruel Warre;  
 For wisest Senates it intoxicates,  
 And makes them vain, as single persons are.

32.

Men into Nations it did first divide;  
 Whilst place, scarce distant, gives them different  
 Rivers, whose breadth Inhabitants may stride,  
 Parts them as much as Continents, and Isles.

On



33.

On equal, smooth, and undistinguish'd Ground,  
 The lust of pow'r does libertie impair,  
 And limits by a Border and a Bound,  
 What was before as passable as Air.

34.

Whilst change of Languages oft breeds a warre,  
 (A change which Fashion does as oft obtrude  
 As womens dresse) and oft Complexions are,  
 And diff'rent names, no less a cause of feud.

35.

Since Men so causelessly themselves devour;  
 (And hast'ning still, their else too hasty Fates,  
 Act but continu'd Massacres for pow'r,)  
 My Father ment to chastise Kings, and States.

36.

To overcome the world, till but one Crown  
 And universal Neighbourhood he saw;  
 Till all were rich by that all'yance grown;  
 And want no more should be the cause of Law.

37.

One Family the world was first design'd;  
 And though some fighting Kings so sever'd are,  
 That they must meet by help of Seas and winde,  
 Yet when they fight 'tis but a civil warre.

Nor

38.

Nor could Religion's heat, if one rul'd all,  
To bloody War the unconcern'd allure;  
And hasten us from Earth, ere Age does call,  
Who are (alas) of Heav'n so little sure.

39.

Religion, ne'r till divers Monarchys,  
Taught that almighty Heav'n needs Armysayd;  
But with contentious Kings she now complies,  
Who seem, for their own cause, of God's afraid.

40.

To joyn all sever'd Powr's (which is to end  
The cause of War) my Father onward fought;  
By War the *Lombard* Scepter to extend  
Till peace were forc'd, where it was slowly fought.

41.

He lost in this attempt his last dear blood;  
And I (whom no remoteness can deterr,    )  
If what seems difficult, be great and good)    )  
Thought his Example could not make me err.

42.

No place I merit in the Book of Fame!  
Whose leaves are by the *Greeks* and *Romans* fill'd;  
Yet I presume to boast, she knows my name,  
And she has heard to whom the *Hunns* did yeild.

St

But



43.

But let not what so needfully was done,  
 Though still pursu'd, make you ambition feare;  
 For could I force all Monarchys to one,  
 That Universal Crown I would not weare.

44.

He who does blindly soar at *Rhodolind*,  
 Mounts like feel'd Doves, stil higher from his ease;  
 And in the lust of Empire he may finde,  
 High Hope does better then Fruition please.

45.

The Victor's solid recompence is rest;  
 And 'tis unjust, that Chiefs who pleasure shunn,  
 Toyling in Youth, should be in Age oppress'd  
 With greater Toyles, by ruling what they wonn,

46.

Here all reward of conquest I would finde;  
 Leave shining Thrones for *Birthe* in a shade;  
 With Nature's quiet wonders fill my minde;  
 And praise her most, because she *Birthe* made.

47.

Now *Astragon* (with joy suffic'd) perceiv'd  
 How nobly Heav'n for *Birthe* did provide;  
 Oft had he for her vanish'd Mother griev'd,  
 But can this joy, less then that sorrow hide.

With

48.

With teares, bids *Gondibert* to Heav'n's Eie make  
 All good within, as to the World he seems;  
 And in gain'd *Birtba* then from *Hymen* take  
 All youth can wish, and all his age esteems.

49.

Strait to his lov'd Philosophers he hies,  
 Who now at Nature's Councel busy are  
 To trace new Lights, which some old Gazer spies;  
 Whilst the Duke seeks more busily his Starre,

50.

But in her search, he is by *Goltbo* stay'd;  
 Who in a clos dark Covert foldes his Armes;  
 His Eies with thought grow darker then that shade,  
 Such thought as Brow and Breast with study  
 (warmes.

51.

Fix'd to unheeded object is his Eie!  
 His senses he calls in, as if t'improve  
 By outward abience, inward extacie,  
 Such as makes Prophets, or is made by Love.

52.

Awake (said *Gondibert*) for now in vain  
 Thou dream'st of sov'raignty, and War's success;  
 Hope, nought has left, w<sup>ch</sup> Worth should wish to gain;  
 And all Ambition is but Hope's excess.



53.

Bid all our Worthys to unarm, and rest /  
 For they have nought to conquer worth their care ;  
 I have a Father's right in *Birtha's* Breast,  
 And that's the peace for which the wife may warre.

54.

At this starts *Golsbo*, like some Army's Chief,  
 Whom untrench'd, a midnight Larum wakes ;  
 By pause then gave disorder'd sence relief,  
 And this reply with kindled passion makes.

55.

What means my Prince to learn so low a boast,  
 Whose merit may aspire to *Rhodolinda* ;  
 For who could *Birtha* miss if she were lost,  
 That shall by worth the others treasure find ?

56.

When your high blood, and conquests shall submit  
 To such mean joys, in this unminded shade,  
 Let Courts, without Heav'n's Lamps, in darkness sit,  
 And War become the lowly Shepherd's Trade.

57.

*Birtha*, (a harmless Cottage Ornament !)  
 May be his Bride, that's born himself to serve ;  
 But you must pay that blood your Army spent,  
 And wed that Empire which our wounds deserve.

This.

58.

This brought the Duke's swift anger to his Eyes;  
Which his confid'rate Heart rebuk'd as false;  
He *Goltbo* chid, in that he nought replies;  
Leaves him, and *Birba* seeks with Lovers haste.

59.

Now *Goltbo* mourns, yet not that *Birba*'s fair;  
Or that the Duke shuns Empire for a Bride;  
But that himself must joyn love to despair;  
Himself who loves her, and his love must hide.

60.

He curs'd that him the wounded hither brought  
From *Oswald's* Field; where though he wounds did  
In tempting Death, & here no danger sought, (scape  
Yet here met worse then Death in Beauty's shape.

61.

He was unus'd to love, as bred in warres;  
And not till now for beauty leasure had;  
Yet bore Love's load, as Youth bears other Cares;  
Till new despair makes Love's old weight too sad.

62.

But *Vlsnore*, does hither aptly come,  
His second Breast, in whom his griefs excede  
He may ebb out, when they o'reflow at home;  
Such griefs, as thus in Throngs for utterance press.

Sf. 3.

For.



63.

Forgive me that so falsely am thy Friend!  
 No more our Hearts for kindnesse shall contest;  
 Since mine I hourly on another spend;  
 And now imbrace thee with an empty Brest.

64.

Yet pard'ning me, you cancel Nature's fault;  
 Who walks with her first force in *Birtha's* shape;  
 And when she spreads the Net to have us caught,  
 It were in youth presumption to escape.

65.

When *Birtha's* grief so comly did appear,  
 Whilst she beheld our wounded Duke's distresse;  
 Then first my alter'd Heart began to fear,  
 Least too much Love should friendship dispossesse;

66.

But this whilst *Vlfinore* with sorrow heats,  
 Him *Goltbo's* busier sorrow little heeds;  
 And though he could replie in sighs and tears,  
 Yet governs both, and *Goltbo* thus proceeds.

67.

To Love's new dangers I have gone unarm'd;  
 I lack'd experience why to be afraid;  
 Was too unlearn'd to read home Love had ~~made~~ harm'd;  
 But have his will as Nature's law obey'd.

Th'obe-

68.

Th' obedient and defencelesse, sure, no law  
Afflicts, for law is their defence, and pow'r ;  
Yet me, Loves sheep, whom rigour needs not aw,  
Wolf-Love, because defencelesse, does devour:

69.

Gives me not time to perish by degrees,  
But with despair does me at once destroy ;  
For none who *Gondibert* a Lover sees,  
Thinks he would love, but where he may enjoy.

70.

*Birtha* he loves ; and I from *Birtha* fear  
Death that in rougher Figure I despise !  
This *Vlsinore* did with distemper hear,  
Yet with dissembled temp'rance thus replies.

71.

Ah *Goltbo* ! who Love's Feaver can assuage  
For though familiar seems that old disease ;  
Yet like Religion's fit, when People rage,  
Few cure those evils which the Patient please.

72.

Natures Religion, Love, is still perverse ;  
And no commerce with cold discretion hath,  
For if Discretion speak when Love is fierce,  
'Tis wav'd by Love, as Reason is by Faith.



73.

As *Gondibert* left *Goltbo* when he heard  
 His Saint profan'd, as if some Plague were nigh;  
 So *Goltbo* now leaves *Vlfinore*, and fear'd  
 To share such vengeance, if he did not fly.

74.

How each at home o're-rates his miserie,  
 And thinks that all are musical abroad,  
 Unfetter'd as the Windes, whilst onely he  
 Of all the glad and licens'd world is aw'd?

75.

And as Cag'd Birds are by the Fowler set  
 To call in more, whilst those that taken be,  
 May think (though they are Pris'ners in the Net)  
 Th' incag'd, because they ne'r complain, are free.

76.

So *Goltbo* (who by *Vlfinore* was brought  
 Here where he first Love's dangers did perceive  
 In Beauty's Field) thinks though himself was caught,  
 Th' inviter safe, because not heard to grieve.

77.

But *Vlfinore* (whom Neighbourhood led here)  
 Impressions took before from *Bartba's* sight;  
 Ideas which in silence hidden were,  
 As Heav'n's designs before the birth of Light.

This

78. 8

This from his Father *Vlsin* he did hide,  
Who, strict to Youth, would not permit the best  
Reward of worth, the Bosome of a Bride,  
Should be but after Vertuous toyles possest.

79. 8

For *Vlsinore* (in blooming honor yet)  
Though he had learnt the count'nance of the Foe,  
And though his courage could dull Armys whet,  
The care o're Crouds, nor Conduet could not know;

80. 8

Nor varie Batails shapes in the Foes view;  
But now in forraigne Fields meanes to improve  
His early Arts, to what his Father knew,  
That merit so might get him leave to love.

81. 8

Till then, check'd passion, shall not venture forth;  
And now retires with a disorder'd Heart;  
Griev'd, least his Rival should by early'r worth  
Get Love's reward, ere he can gain desert.

82. 8

But stop we here, like those who day-light lack;  
Or as misguided Travellers that rove,  
Oft finde their way by going somewhat back;  
So let's return, thou ill Conductor Love!

T t

Thy



83. 87

Thy little *Grecian* Godhead as my Guide  
 I have attended many a Winter night;  
 To seek whom Time for honor's sake would hide,  
 Since in mine age sought by a wasted light:

84. 87

But ere my remnant of Life's Lamp be spent,  
 Whilst I in Lab'rins this stray amongst the Dead;  
 I mean to recollect the paths I went,  
 And judge from thence the steps I am to tread:

85. 08

Thy walk (though as a common Deity  
 The Croud does follow thee) mysterious grows  
 For *Rhodolind* may now close Mourner die,  
 Since *Gondibert*, too late, her sorrow knows.

86. 8

Young *Hargonil* above dear light prefers  
 Calm *Orna*, who his highest Love outloves;  
 Yet envious Clouds in *Lombard* Registers  
 O'rcast their Morn, what e're their Evening proves.

87. 8

For fatall *Laura*, trusty *Tybal* pines;  
 For haughty *Gartha*, subtle *Hermegild*;  
 Whilst she her beauty, youth, and birth declines;  
 And as to Fate, does to Ambition yeild.

Great

88.

Great *Gondibert*, to bashful *Birtha* bends ;  
Whom she adores like Vertue in a Throne ;  
Whilst *Vlfinore*, and *Goltbo* ( late vow'd Friends  
By him ) are now his Rivals, and their owne.

89.

Through ways thus intricate to Lovers Urnes,  
Thou lead'st me Love, to shew thy Trophys past ;  
Where Time (less cruel then thy Godhead) mournes  
In ruines which thy pride would have to last.

90.

Where I on *Lombard* Monuments have read  
Old Lovers names, and their fam'd Ashes spy'd ;  
But less can learn by knowing they are dead, (dy'd,  
And such their Tombes; then how they liv'd, and

91.

To *Paphos* flie ! and leave me sullen here !  
This Lamp shall light me to Records which give  
To future Youth, so just a cause of feare,  
That it will Valor seem to dare to live !

*The End of the Second Book.*



888

Great Gondibert, to hasten his bands;  
Whom the shores like Virtue in a Throne;  
With Riffure, and Galla (late vow'd Friends  
By him) are now his Rivals, and their own.

89

Through ways thus intricate to Lovers Lined  
Thou lead'st me Love, to show thy Trophy-past;  
Where Time (less cruel than thy Godhead) mends  
In ruins which thy pride would have to last.

90

Where I on Lombard Monuments have read  
Old Lovers names, and their kind's Alas by'd;  
But I can learn by knowing they are dead, (by'd)  
And such their Tombs; then how they liv'd, and

91

To Paper give I and leave me full here!  
Thou I shall light me to Records which give  
To future Youth, to just a candle's light,  
That will Valor seem to dare to live!

92

The End of the Second Book.

# GONDIBERT.

## THE THIRD \* BOOK.

\*Written by  
the Author  
during his  
Imprison-  
ment.

### Canto the First.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*The People, left by GARTHA, leave to mourn;*

*And worship HERMEGILD for her return.*

*The wounded HURCONIL by ORNA cured;*

*Their loyal loves by marriage plight assur'd;*

*In LAURA's hasty change, Love's power appears;*

*And TYBALT seeks the kindness which he fears.*

**W**Hen sad Verona saw in Gartha's shape (prais'd;  
Departed Peace brought back, the Court they  
And seem'd so joy'd as Citys which escape  
A siege, even by their own brave Sallys rais'd.

T. 3.

And.



<sup>her 2.</sup>  
 And *Hermegild*, to make <sup>her 2.</sup> their triumph long,  
 Through all the streets his Chariot slowly drow;  
 Whilst she endures the kindness of the Throng,  
 Though rude, as was their rage, is now their love.

<sup>3.</sup>  
 On *Hermegild* (so longingly desir'd  
 From *Hubert's* Camp) with Childish Eies they gaze;  
 They worship now, what late they but admir'd,  
 And all his Arts to mighty Magick raise.

<sup>4.</sup>  
 On both they such abundant Blessings throw,  
 As if those num'rous Priests who here reside,  
 (Loath to out-live this joy) assembled now  
 In haste to bless the Laytie e're they dyde.

<sup>5.</sup>  
 Thus dignify'd, and Crown'd through all the Streets  
 To Court they come; where their wife *Aribert*  
 Not weakly with a publick passion meets;  
 But in his open'd Face conceal'd his heart.

<sup>6.</sup>  
 With mod'rate joy he took this Pledge of Peace,  
 Because great joys infer to judging Eies  
 The minde distress'd before; and in distress,  
 Thrones, which are jealous Forts, think all are Spies.  
 Yet

7.

Yet, by degrees, a Soul delighted shoves  
To *Gartha*, whom he leads to *Rhodolind*;  
And soon to *Hermegild* as artless grows  
As Maids, and like successful Lovers kind.

8.

And *Rhodolind*, though bred to daily fight  
Of Courts feign'd Faces, and pretended hearts,  
(In which disguises Courts take no delight,  
But little mischiefs shun by little Arts.)

9.

She, when she *Gartha* saw, her kindness faign'd;  
But faithfully her former rage excus'd;  
For now she others sorrows entertain'd,  
As if to love, a Maid's first sorrow us'd.

10.

Yet did her first with cautious gladness meet;  
Then soon from grave respect to fondness grew;  
To kisses in their taste and odour sweet,  
As *Hybla* Honey, or *Arabian* Dew.

11.

And *Gartha* like an Eastern Monarch's Bride,  
This publick love with bashful homage took;  
For she had learn'd from *Hermegild* to hide  
A rising Heart, behind a falling Look.

Thus.



12.7

Thus, mask'd with meekness, she does much intreat,  
 A pardon for that Storm her sorrow rais'd;  
 Which *Rhodolind* more sues she would forget,  
 Unless to have so just a sorrow prais'd.

13.8

Soon is this joy through all the Court dispers'd;  
 So high they value peace, who daily are  
 In Prides invasions, private faction, vers'd;  
 The small, but fruitful seed of publick warreil

14.9

Whilst thus sweet Peace had others joys assur'd,  
*Orna* with hopes of sweeter Love was pleas'd;  
 For of war's wounds brave *Hirgonil* was cur'd;  
 And those of love, which deeper reach'd, were eas'd.

15.10

In both these cures her Sov'raign help appears,  
 Since as her double Patient he receiv'd  
 For War's wounds, Balm, dropp'd in her precious tears,  
 And Love's, her more accepted vows, reliev'd.

16.11

She let no medic'nal Flow're in quiet grow,  
 No Art lie hid, nor Artist ease his thought,  
 No Fane be Shut, no Priest from Altars goe,  
 Nor in Heav'n's Quire no Saint remain unsought,  
 Nor

17.

Nor more her Eies could ease of sleep esteem  
 Then sleep can the world's Eie, the Sun, conceal;  
 Nor breath'd she but in vows to Heav'n, or him,  
 Till Heav'n, and she, his diff'rent wounds did heal.

18.

But now she needs those ayds she did dispence;  
 For scarce her cures were on him perfect grown,  
 E're shame afflicts her for that diligence,  
 Which Love had in her fits of pittie shown.

19.

When she (though made of shunning bashfulness)  
 Whilst him in wounds a smarting Feaver burn'd,  
 Invok'd remotest aydes to his redress,  
 And with a lowd ungovern'd kindness mourn'd.

20.

When o're him then, whilst parting life She ru'd,  
 Her kisses faster (though unknown before)  
 Then Blossomes fall on parting Spring, she strew'd;  
 Then Blossomes sweeter, and in number more.

21.

But now when from her busy Maid she knew  
 How wildly Grief had led her Love abroad,  
 Unmask'd to all, she her own Pris'ner grew;  
 By shame, a Virgin's Native Conscience, aw'd.

U u

With.



22.

With undirected Eyes, which careless rove,  
 With thoughts too singly to her self confin'd,  
 She blushing starts at her remember'd love,  
 And grieves the world had Eyes, when that was blind.

23.

Sad darkness, which does other Virgins fright,  
 Now boldly and alone, she entertain'd;  
 And shuns her Lover, like the Traytor, light,  
 Till he her curtains drew, and thus complain'd.

24.

Why, bashful Maid, will you your beauty hide  
 Because your fairer Mind, your Love, is known?  
 So Jewellers conceal with artful pride  
 Their second wealth, after the best is shown.

25.

In pity's passion you unvaild your minde;  
 Let him not fall, whom you did help to climbe;  
 Nor seem by being bashful, so unkinde  
 As if you think your pity was a crime.

26.

O uselesse shame! Officious bashfulness!  
 Vertues vain signe, which onely there appears  
 Where Vertue grows erroneous by excess, (fears.  
 And shapes more sins, then frighted Conscience  
 Your

27.

Your Blushes, which to mee r complexion grow,  
You must as nature, not as vertue own;  
And for your open'd Love, you but blush so  
As guiltless Roses blush that they are blown.

28.

As well the Morn (whose essence Poets made,  
And gave her bashful Eies) we may beleeve (shade,  
Does blush for what she sees through Night's thin  
As that you can for love discover'd grieve.

29.

Arise! and all the Flowres of ev'ry Mead (stor'd)  
(Which weeping through your Stills my health re-  
Bring to the Temple to adorn your Head,  
And there where you did worship, be ador'd.

30.

This with a low regard (but voyce rais'd high  
By joys of Love) he spake; and not less kinde/  
Was now (ent'ring with native harmony,  
Like forward spring) the bloomy Rhodolind:

63.

Like Summer, goodly Garbs, fully blown;  
Laura, like Autumn, with as ripe a look;  
But shew'd, by some chill griefs, her Sun was gon,  
Arnold, from whom the Life's short glory took.

U u 2

Like



32.

Like Winter, *Hermigild*; yet not so gray  
 And cold, but that his fashion seem'd to boast;  
 That even weak Winter is allow'd some day,  
 And the Ayre cleer, and healthfull in a Frost.

33.

All these, and *Tybal* too (unless a Spy  
 He be, watching who thrives in *Laura's* sight)  
 Came hither, as in kinde conspiracy,  
 To hasten *Orna* to her marriage plight.

34.

And now the Priests prepare for this high vow  
 All Rites that to their Lawes can add a grace;  
 To which the frequent knot they not allow,  
 Till a spent Morn recovers all her Face.

35.

And now the streets like Summer Meads appear  
 For with sweet strewings Maids lesse Gardens bare,  
 As Lovers with their sweeter Bosomes were,  
 When hid unkindly by dishevell'd Haire.

36.

And *Orna* now (importun'd to possess  
 Her long wish'd joys) breaks through her blushes so  
 As the fair Morn breaks through her rosiness;  
 And from a like guilt did their blushes grow.

She.

37.

She thinks her Love's high sickness now appears  
A fit so weak, as does no medicine need;  
So soon society can cure those fears  
On which the Coward, Solitude, does feed.

38.

They with united joy blest *Hurgonil*  
And *Orna* to the sacred Temple bring;  
Whilst all the Court in triumph shew their Skill,  
As if long bred by a triumphant King.

39.

Such days of joy, before the marriage day,  
The *Lombard* long by custome had embrac't;  
Custom, which all, rather then Law obey,  
For Lawes by force, Customes, by pleasure last.

40.

And wisely Ancients by this needfull share  
Of gilded joys, did hide such bitterness  
As most in marriage swallow with that care,  
Which bashfully the wife will not confess.

41.

'Tis Statesmens musick, who States Fowlers be,  
And singing Birds, to catch the wilder, set;  
So bring in more to tame society;  
For wedlock, to the wilde, is the States Net.

bnA

U. u 3.

And



42.

And this lowd joy, before the mariage Rites,  
 Like Barails Musick which to fights prepare,  
 Many to strife and sad success invites,  
 For mariage is too oft but civil warre.

43.

A truth too amply known to those who read  
 Great *Hymen's* Roles ; though he from Lovers Eies  
 Hides his most Tragick stories of the Dead,  
 Least all, like *Goths*, should 'gainst his Temples

44.

And thou (what ere thou art, who dost perchance  
 With a hot Reader's haste, this Song pursue)  
 Mayst finde too soon, thou dost too far advance,  
 And with it all unread, or else untrue.

45.

For it is sung (though by a mourning voyce)  
 That in the *Idea* before these Lovers had,  
 With *Hymens* publick hand, confirm'd their choyce,  
 A cruell practise did their peace invade.

46.

For *Hermegild*, too studiously foresaw  
 The Counts allyance with the Duke's high blood  
 Might from the *Lombards* such affection draw,  
 As could by *Hubert* never be withstood.

And

47.

And he in haste with *Ganthe* does retire,  
 Where thus his Breast he opens to prevent,  
 That *Hymen's* hallow'd Torch may not take fire,  
 When all these lesser lights of joy are spent.

48.

(grows,

High Heav'n (from whose best Lights your beauty  
 Born high, as highest Mindes) preserve you still  
 From such, who then appear resistless Foes,  
 When they allyance joyn to Armes and Skill!

49.

Most by conjunction Planets harmfull are;  
 So Rivers joyning overflow the Land,  
 And Forces joyn'd make that destructive warre,  
 Which else our common conduct may withstand.

50.

Their Knees to *Hurgenil* the People bow  
 And worship *Orna* in her Brothers right;  
 They must be sever'd, or like Palms will grow,  
 Which planted neer, out-climbe their native height.

51.

As Windes, whose violence out-does all art,  
 And all unseen; so we as secretly  
 These Branches of that Cedar *Gondibert*  
 Must force, till his deep Root in rising dy.

If



52.

If we make noise whilst our deep workings last,  
 Such rumour through thick Towns unheeded flies,  
 As winds through woods, & we (our great work past)  
 Like winds will silence Tongues, & scape from Eies.

53.

E're this dark lesson she was clearer taught,  
 His enter'd Slaves place at her rev'renc'd Feet  
 A spacious Cabinet, with all things fraught,  
 Which seem'd for wearing artful, rich, and sweet.

54.

With leisurely delight, she by degrees  
 Lifts ev'ry Till, does ev'ry Drawer draw;  
 But nought which to her Sex belongs she sees;  
 And for the Male all nice adornments saw.

55.

This seem'd to breed some strangeness in her Eies;  
 Which like a wanton wonder there began;  
 But strait she in the Lower Closet spies  
 Th' accomplish'd dress, and Garments of a Man.

56.

Then starting, she her Hand shrunk nicely back;  
 As if she had been stung, or that she fear'd  
 This Garment was the Skin of that old Snake,  
 Which at the fatal Tree like Man appear'd.

Th'am.

57.

Th' ambitious Mayd at scornful distance stood;  
And bravely seem'd of Love's low vices free;  
Though vicious in her minde, not in her blood:  
Ambition is the Mindes immodestie!

58.

He knew great mindes disorder'd by mistake,  
Defend through pride, the errors they repent;  
And with a Lovers fearfulness he spake  
Thus humbly, that extremes he might prevent.

59.

How ill (delightfull Mayd!) shall I deserve  
My Life's last flame, fed by your beauty's fire;  
If I shall vex your vertues, that preserve  
Others weak vertues, which would else expire.

60.

How, more then death, shall I my life despise,  
When your fear'd frowns, make me your service fear;  
When I scarce dare to say, that the disguise  
You shrink to see, you must vouchsafe to wear.

61.

So rude a Law your int'rest will impose;  
And solid int'rest must not yeild to shame:  
Vain shame, which fears you should such honor lose  
As lasts but by intelligence with Fame.



62.

Number, which makes opinion Law, can turn  
 This shape to fashion, which you scorn to use,  
 Because not by your Sex as fashion worn;  
 And fashion is but that which Numbers chose,

63.

If you approve what Numbers lawfull think,  
 Be bold, for Number cancels bashfulness;  
 Extremes, from which a King would blushing shrink,  
 Unblushing Senates act as no excess.

64.

Thus he his thoughts (the picture of his minde)  
 By a dark Vayle to sodain sight deny'd;  
 That she might prize, what seem'd so hard to finde;  
 For Curtains promise worth in what they hide.

65.

He said her Manhood would not strange appear  
 In Court, where all the fashion is disguise;  
 Where Masquerader are serious all the year,  
 None known but strangers, nor secure but Spies.

66.

All rules he reads of living great in Courts;  
 Which some the Art of wise dissembling call;  
 For Pow'r (born to have Foes) much weight supports  
 By their false strength who thrust to make it fall.

He

67.

He bids her wear her beauty free as light;  
By Eares as open be to all endear'd;  
For the unthinking Croud judge by their sight;  
And seem half eas'd, when they are fully heard.

68.

He shuts her Breast even from familiar Eies;  
For he who secrets (Pow'r's chief Treasure) spends  
To purchase Friendship, friendship dearly buys:  
Since Pow'r seeks great Confed'rates, more then  
(Friends.

69.

And now with Councils more perticular,  
He taught her how to wear tow'ides *Rhodolind*  
Her looks; which of the Minde false pictures are;  
And then how *Orna* may believe her kinde.

70.

How *Laura* too may be (whose practis'd Eies  
Can more detect the shape of forward love)  
By treaty caught, though not by a surprise;  
Whose ayd would precious to her faction prove.

71.

But here he ends his Lecture, for he spy'd  
(Adorn'd, as if to grace Magnifique Feasts)  
Bright *Rhodolind*, with the elected Bride;  
And with the Bride, all her selected Guests.



72.

They *Gartha* in their civil pity sought;  
 Whom they in midst of triumphs mist, and feare  
 Least her full Breast (with *Huberts* sorrows fraught)  
 She, like a Mourner, came to empty here.

73.

But she, and *Hermegild*, are wilde with hast,  
 As *Tyrants* are whom Visitants surprise;  
 Dechyphring that which fearfully they cast  
 In some dark place, where worse Treason lies.

74.

So open they the fatal Cabinet,  
 To shut things slighter with the Consequent;  
 Then soon their rally'd looks in posture set;  
 And boldly with them to their triumphs went.

75.

*Tybalt*, who *Laura* gravely ever led,  
 With ceaseless whispers laggs behinde the Train;  
 Trys, since her wary Governour is dead,  
 How the fair Fort he may by Treaty gain.

76.

For now unhappy *Arnold* she forsakes;  
 Yet is he blest that she does various prove;  
 When his spent heart for no unkindness akes;  
 Since from the Light as sever'd as from Love.

Yet.

77.8

Yet as in storms and sickness newly gon;  
Some Clouds awhile, and strokes of faintness last;  
So, in her brow, so much of grief is shown,  
As shews a Tempest, or a sickness past.

78.8

But him no more with such sad Eies she seeks,  
As even at Feasts would make old Tyrants weep;  
Nor more attempts to wake him with such shrieks,  
As threatned all where Death's deaf Pris'ners sleep.

79.8

Hugo and him, as Leaders now the names;  
Not much as Lovers does their fame approve;  
Nor her own fate, but chance of batall blames;  
As if they dy'd for honor, not for love.

80.8

This Tybalt saw, and findes that the turn'd Stream  
Came fairly flowing to refresh his heart;  
Yet could he not forget the kinde esteem  
She lately had of Arnold's high desert.

81.8

Nor does it often scape his memory,  
How gravely he had vow'd, that if her Eies,  
After such Showres of Love, were quickly drie,  
He would them more then Lamps in Tombs despise.



82.

And Whilst he watch'd like an industrious Spy  
 Her Sexes changes, and revolts of youth;  
 He still reviv'd this vow as solemnly,  
 As Senates Count'nance Laws or Synods, Truth.

83.

But Men are frail, more Glasse then Women are!  
*Tybalt* who with a stay'd judicious heart  
 Would love, grows vain amidst his gravest care:  
 Love free by nature, scorns the Bonds of Art!

84.

*Laura* (whose Fort he by approach would gain)  
 With a weak sigh blows up his Mine, and Smiles;  
 Gives fire but with her Eie, and he is slain;  
 Or treats, and with a whisper him beguiles.

85.

Nor force of Arms or Arts (O Love!) endures  
 Thy mightynesse; and since we must discern  
 Diseases fully ere we study cures;  
 And our own force by others weaknesse learn;

86.

Let me to Courts and Camps thy Agent be,  
 Where all their weakness and diseases spring  
 From their not knowing, and not hon'ring thee  
 In those who Nature in thy triumphs sing.

CANTO

## Canto the Second.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Whilst BIRTHA and the Duke their joyes persue  
 In conqu'ring Love, Fate does them both subdue  
 With triumphs, w<sup>ch</sup> from Court young ORGO brought;  
 And have in GOLTHO greater triumphs wrought:  
 Whose hopes the quiet ULFINORE does bear  
 With patience feign'd, and with a bidden fear.*

**T**HE prosp'rous Gondibert from Birtha gains  
 All bashful plights a Maids first bounties give;  
 Fast vows, w<sup>h</sup> binde Love's Captives more then chains,  
 Yet free Love's Saints in chosen bondage live.

Few were the daies, and swiftly seem'd to waste,  
 Which thus he in his mindes fruition spent;  
 And lest some envious Cloud should overcast  
 His Love's fair Morn, oft to his Camp he sent:

To



3.

To *Bergamo*, where still intrenched were  
 Those Youth, whom first his Father's Army bred;  
 Who ill the rumor of his wounds did bear,  
 Though he that gave them, of his own be dead.

4.

And worse those haughty threat'nings they abhor,  
 W<sup>ch</sup> Fame from *Brescia's* ancient Fighters brought;  
 Vain Fame, the Peoples trusted Orator,  
 Whose speech (too fluent) their mistakes has  
 wrought.

5.

Of *Goltbo* with his temp'rate Counsels went,  
 To quench whom Fame to dang'rous fury warm'd;  
 Till temp'rately his dangers they resent,  
 And think him safest in their patience arm'd.

6.

And safe now is his love, as love could be,  
 If all the World like old *Arcadia* were;  
 Honor the Monarch, and all Lovers free  
 From jealousy, as safety is from fear.

7.

And *Birtba's* heart does to his civil Breast  
 As much for ease and peace, as safety come;  
 For there 'tis serv'd and treated as a Guest,  
 But watch'd, and taught, and often chid at home.

Like

8.

Like great and good Confed'rates, whose designe  
 Invades not others but secures their own,  
 So they in just and vertuous hopes combine,  
 And are, like new Confed'rates, busy grown.

9.

With whisper earnest, and now grave with thought;  
 They walk consulting, standing they debate;  
 And then seek shades, where they in vaine are sought,  
 By servants who intrude and think they waite.

10.

In this great League, their most important care  
 Was to dispatch their Rites; yet so provide,  
 That all the Court might think them free as ayre,  
 When fast as faith, they were by Hymen ty'd.

11.

For if the King (said he) our love surprise,  
 His stormy rage will it rebellion call;  
 Who claims to chuse the Brides of his Allys;  
 And in that storm our joys in blossome fall.

12.

Our love, your cautious Father, onely knows  
 (On whose safe prudence, Senates may depend)  
 And *Goltbo*, who to time few reck'nings owes,  
 Yet can discharge all duties of a Friend.

Y y

Such



138

Such was his minde, and hers (more busy) shows  
 That bonds of love does make her longer fast  
 Then *Hymen's* knot, as plain Religion does,  
 Longer then Rites (Religion's fashions) last.

14.

That her discretion somewhat does appeare,  
 Since she can Love, her minds chief beauty, hide;  
 Which never farther went then *Thula's* Eare,  
 Who had (alas) but for that secret dide.

15.

That she already had disguises fram'd,  
 And sought out Caves where she might close reside;  
 As being, nor unwilling nor ashamed  
 To live his Captive, so she die his Bride.

16.

Full of themselves, delight them onward leads,  
 Where in the Front was to remoter view  
 Exalted Hills, and neerer prostrate Meads,  
 With Forrests flank'd, where shade to darkness

17.

Beneath that shade, Two Rivers slyly steal,  
 Through narrow walks, to wider *Adice*,  
 Who swallows both, till proudly she does swell,  
 And hasts to shew her beauty to the Sea.

And

18.

And here, whilst forth he sends his ranging Eie,  
 Orgo he spies; who plies the spur so fast,  
 As if with newes of Vict'ry he would flie  
 To leave swift Fame behinde him by his haste.

19.

If (said the Duke) because this Boy is come  
 I second gladness shew, doe not suppose  
 I spread my Breast to give new Comforts roome,  
 That were to welcome rain where Nylus flowes.

20.

Though the unripe appearance of a Page  
 For weighty trust, may render him too weak,  
 Yet this is he, who more then cautious Age,  
 Or like calm Death, will bury what we speak.

21.

This, *Birtha*, is the Boy, whose skilless face  
 Is safe from jealousie of oldest spies;  
 In whom, by whisper, we from distant place  
 May meet, or wink our meaning to his Eies.

22.

More had he said to gain him her esteem,  
 But Orgo enters speechless with his speed;  
 And by his looks more full of haste did seem,  
 Then when his spurs provok'd his flying steed.



23. 81

And with his first recover'd breath he crys;  
 Hayle my lov'd Lord; whom Fame does vallew fo,  
 That when she swift with your successes flies,  
 She feares to wrong the World in being slow.

24. 1

I bring you more then taste of Fortune's love;  
 Yet am afraid I err, in having dar'd  
 To think her favours could your gladness move;  
 Who have more worth then Fortune can reward.

25. 2

The Duke, with smiles, forewarns his hasty Tongue;  
 As loath he should proceed in telling more;  
 Kindly afraid to do his kindness wrong,  
 By hearing what he thought he knew before.

26. 10

Thy diligence (said he) is high desert;  
 It does in Youth supply defects of skil;  
 And is of duty the most useful part;  
 Yet art thou now but slow to Hurgonil.

27. 22

Who hither by the Moons imperfect light  
 Came and return'd, without the help of day,  
 To tell me he has Orna's Virgin plight,  
 And that their nuptials for my presence stay.

Orga

28.

*Orgo* reply'd, though that a triumph be  
Where all false Lovers are, like savage Kings,  
Led Captive after Love's great Victorie,  
It does but promise what your triumph brings.

29.

It was the Eve to this your Holy-day !  
And now *Verona* Mistris does appear  
Of *Lombardy* ; and all the Flowres which May  
E're wore, does as the Countrie's favours wear.

30.

The weary *Eccho* from the Hills makes haste ;  
Vex'd that the Bells still call for her replies  
When they so many are, and ring so faste ;  
Yet oft are silenc'd by the Peoples cries :

31.

Who send to Heav'n the name of *Rhodolind* ,  
And then Duke *Gondibert* as high they raise,  
To both with all their publick passion kinde,  
If kindness shine in wishes and in praise.

32.

The King this day made your adoption known,  
Proclaim'd you to the Empire next ally'd,  
As heir to all his Conquests and his Crown,  
For royal *Rhodolind* must be your Bride.



33.

Not all the dangers valor findes in war,  
 Love meets in Courts, or pride to Courts procures,  
 When sick with peace they hot in faction are,  
 Can make such fears as now the Duke endures.

34.

Nor all those fears which ev'ry Maid has found,  
 On whose first Guards, Love by surprises steals,  
 (Whose sightlesse Arrow makes a curelesse wound)  
 Are like to this which doubtful *Birtba* feels.

35.

He from his looks wild wonder strives to chace;  
 Strives more to teach his Manhood to resist  
 Death in her Eyes; and then with all the grace  
 Of seeming pleasure, *Orgo* he dismiss.

36.

And *Orgo* being gone, low as her knees  
 Could fall, she fell; and soon he bends as low  
 With weight of heart; griev'd that no Grave he sees,  
 To sink, where love no more can sorrow know.

37.

Her sighs as shows lay windes, are calm'd with tears;  
 And parting life seems stay'd awhile to take  
 A civil leave, whilst her pale visage wears  
 A cleerer Sky, and thus she weeping spake.

Since

38.

Since such a Prince has forfeited his pow'r,  
Heav'n give me leave to make my duty lesse,  
Let me my vows, as sodain oathes abhor,  
Which did my passion, not my truth expresse.

39.

Yet yours I would not think were counterfeit,  
But rather ill and rashly understood;  
For 'tis impossible I can forget  
So soon, that once you fatally were good.

40.

Though cruel now as Beasts where they have pow'r;  
Chusing, like them to make the weakest bleed;  
For weaknesse soon invites you to devour,  
And a submission gives you ease to feed.

41.

To fighting Fields, send all your honor back,  
To Courts your dang'rous Tongue and civil shape,  
That Country Maids may Men no more mistake,  
Nor seek dark Death, that they may Love escape.

42.

Now soon to Heav'n her Soul had found the way,  
(For there it oft had been in pray'r and praise)  
But that his vows did life with lowdness stay,  
And life's warm help did soon her Body raise.

And



43.

And now he gently leads her ; for no more  
 He lets th' unhallow'd Ground a fain Flowre wear,  
 Sweeter then Nature's Bosome ever wore;  
 And now these vows sends kindly to her Ear.

44.

If (*Birtha*) I am false think none too blame  
 For thinking Truth (by which the Soul subsists)  
 No farther to be found then in the name ;  
 Think humane kinde betraid even by their Priests.

45.

Think all my Sex so vile, that you may chide  
 Those Maids who to your Mothers Nuptials ran;  
 And praise your Mother who so early dyde,  
 Remembring whom she marry'd was a Man.

46.

This great Court miracle you strait receive  
 From *Orgo*, and your faith the whole allows ;  
 Why since you *Orgo*'s words so soon believe  
 Will you lesse civilly suspect my vowes ?

47.

My Vowes, which want the Temples seal, will binde  
 (Though private kept) surer then publick Laws ;  
 For Laws but force the Body, but my Minde  
 Your Vertue Councils, whilst your beauty draws.

Thus

48.

Thus spake he, but his mourning looks did more  
Attest his grief, and fear does hers renew;  
Now losing (were he lost) more then before,  
For then she fear'd him false, now thinks him true.

49.

As sick Physicians feldome their own Art  
Dare trust to cure their own disease, so these  
Were to themselves quite useless when apart;  
Yet by consult, each can the other ease.

50.

But from themselves they now diverted stood;  
For *Orgo's* Newes (which need not borrow wings,  
Since *Orgo* for his Lord believ'd it good)  
To *Astragon* the joyful Household brings.

51.

But *Astragon*, with a judicious thought,  
This days glad news took in the dire portent;  
A day which mourning Nights to *Birtha* brought;  
And with that fear, in search of *Birtha* went.

52.

And here he findes her in her Lovers Eies,  
And him in hers; both more afflicted grown  
At his approach; for each his sorrow spies;  
Who thus would counsel theirs, and hide his own.

Z z

Though



53.

Though much this fatall joy to anger moves,  
 Yet reasons aydes shall anger's force subdue;  
 I will not chide you for your hasty Loves,  
 Nor ever doubt (great Prince) that yours is true.

54.

In chiding Love, because he hasty was,  
 Or urging errors, which his swiftnes brings,  
 I finde effects, but dare not tax the cause;  
 For Poets were inspir'd, who gave him wings.

55.

When low I digg, where desert-Rivers run,  
 Dive deep in Seas, through Forrests follow windes,  
 Or reach with Optick Tubes the ragged Moon,  
 My sight no cause of Love's swift motion findes.

56.

Love's fatall haste, in yours, I will not blame,  
 Because I know not why his Wings were given;  
 Nor doubt him true, not knowing whence he came,  
 Nor *Birthe* chide, who thought you came from  
 (Heav'n.

57.

If you lay snares, we err when we escape;  
 Since evil practise learns Men to suspect  
 Where falshood is, and in your noble shape,  
 We should by finding it, our skill detect.

Yet

58.

Yet both your griefs I'll chide as ignorance;  
Call you unthankful; for your great griefs show  
That Heav'n has never us'd you to mischance,  
Yet rudely you repine to feel it now.

59.

If your contextures be so weak, and nice,  
Weep that this windy world you ever knew;  
You are not in those Calmes of Paradise,  
Where slender Flowres as safe as Cedars grew.

60.

This which your Youth calls grief, was frowardness  
In flatter'd Infancy, and as you beare  
Unkindly now amidst Youth's joys distress,  
So then unless still rock'd you froward were.

61.

Griefs conflicts gave these Haires their silver shine;  
(Torne Ensignes which victorious Age adorne)  
Youth is a Dress too garnish and too fine  
To be in foule tempestuous weather worne.

62.

Grief's want of use does dang'rous weakness make;  
But we by use of Burdens are made strong;  
And in our practis'd Age can calmly take  
Those sorrows, which like Feavers, vex the young.



63.82

When you in Love's fair Books (which Poets keep)  
 Read what they hide, his Tragick History  
 You will rejoyce that half your time is sleep,  
 And smile at Love when Nature bids you die.

94. 92

Learn then that Love's diseases common are,  
 Doe not in sickness known (though new to you)  
 Whilst vital heat does last, of cure dispaire  
 Love's vital heat does last, whilst Love is true!

65.

Thus spake the kinde and prudent *Astragon*  
 And much their kinde impatience he appeas'd,  
 For of his griefs (which heavie'r then their own  
 Were born by both) their dutious fears are eas'd.

66

She begs that he would pardon her distress,  
 Thought that even sin which did his sorrow move;  
 And then with all her Mother's lowliness  
 His pardon craves for asking leave to love.

67

The Duke who saw fair Truth so undisguis'd,  
 And love in all, but love so unconcern'd  
 Pitty'd the studious world, and all despis'd  
 Who did not here unlearn, what they had learn'd.

68.

I am reform'd (said he) not that before  
I wanted love, or that my love was ill;  
But I have learnt to perfect Nature more  
By giving innocence a little skill.

69.

For 'tis some skill in innocence to bear  
With temper the distempers of our Stars;  
Not doubling griefs already come by fear  
Of more, for fears but hasten threatned Wars.

70.

But we will bravely suffer to inure  
Our strength to weights against the new are laid;  
That when 'tis known how much we can endure,  
Our sufferings may make our Foes afraid.

71.

This Comet Glory shines but in portent; (Beams;  
Which from the Court does send her threatening  
And looks as if it were by malice ment  
To hasten Oswald's Faction to extreams.

72.

Since *Hurgonil*, who just fore-ran the Boy  
Could not instruct us, we as much may know  
Of the first Light, as of these fires of joy;  
Which is, that both did out of darkness grow.



73.

Yet this the King might hide in Kingly skill,  
 Wisely to make his bounty more his own:  
 Kings stoop for Council, who impart their will;  
 His A&s, like Heav'ns, make not their Cause known.

74.

Yet with as plain a heart as love untaught  
 In *Birtha* wears, I here to *Birtha* make  
 A vow that *Rhodolind* I never sought,  
 Nor now would with her love her greatness take.

75.

Loves bonds are for her greatness made too straight;  
 And we Ambition's pleasures cannot please;  
 Even Priests who on the higher Altar wait,  
 Think a continu'd reverence losse of ease.

76.

Let us us with secrecy our love protect;  
 Hiding such precious wealth from publick view;  
 The proffer'd glory I will first suspect  
 As false, and shun it when I finde it true.

77.

They now retire because they *Golsio* saw,  
 Who hither came to watch with *Vlsinore*,  
 If much the Duke's woo'd Mistris did him awe;  
 Since love woo'd him, and in the shape of Pow'r.

But

78.

But when he mark'd that he did from them move  
With sodain shyness, he suppos'd it shame  
Of being seen in chafe of *Birtba's* love;  
As if above it grown since *Orgo* came.

79.

*Goltbo* by nature was of Musick made,  
Cheerful as Victors warm in their success;  
He seem'd like Birds created to be glad,  
And nought but love could make him taste distress.

80.

Hope, which our cautious Age scarce entertains,  
Or as a Flatt'rer gives her cold respect,  
He runs to meet, invites her, and complains  
Of one hours absence as an years neglect.

81.

Hope, the world's welcom, and his standing Guest,  
Fed by the Rich, but feasted by the Poor;  
Hope, that did come in triumph to his Breast,  
He thus presents in boast to *Elfinore*.

82.

Well may I (Friend) auspicious Love adore,  
Seeing my mighty Rival takes no pride  
To be with *Birtba* seen; and he before  
(Thou knowst) injoyn'd that I his love should hide.

Not



83.

Nor doe I break his trust when 'tis reveal'd  
 To thee, since we are now so much the same,  
 That when from thee, it is from me conceal'd,  
 For we admit no diff'rence but in name.

84.

But be it still from ev'ry other Ear  
 Preserv'd, and strictly by our mutual vow:  
 His Laws are still to my obedience dear,  
 Who was my Gen'ral, though my Rival now.

85.

And well thou knowst how much mine Eyes did melt  
 When our great Leader they did first perceive O  
 Love's Captive led; whose sorrows then I felt,  
 Though now for greater of mine own I grieve.

86.

Nor do I now by love in duty err;  
 For if I get what he would fain possesse,  
 Then he a Monarch is, and I preferr  
 Him who undoes the World in being lesse.

87.

When Heav'n (which hath preferr'd me to thy Brest  
 Where Friendship is inthron'd,) shall make it known  
 That I am worth thy love, which is exprest  
 By making Heav'nly Births all mine own,  
 Then

88.

Then at this quiet *Eden* thou wilt call,  
And stay awhile, to mark if Love's prais'd Plant  
Have after Spring a ripeness, and a Fall,  
Or never of the first abundance want.

89.

And I shall tell thee then if Poets are  
In using Beauty's Pencil false, or blinde;  
For they have *Birta* drawn but sweet and faire;  
Stiles of her Face, the Curtain of her Mind!

90.

And thou at parting shalt her Picture weare,  
For Nature's honor, not to shew my pride;  
Try if her like the teeming World does beare,  
Then bring that Copy hither for thy Bride.

91.

And they shall love as quietly as we;  
Their Beauty's pow'r no civil War will raise;  
But flourish, and like neighb'ring Flowres agree;  
Unless they kindly quarrel in our praise.

92.

Then we for change will leave such luscious peace;  
In Camps their Favours shall our Helms adorn;  
For we can no way else our joys increase,  
But by beholding theirs at our return.

baA

A a a

Thus



93.

Thus cloth'd in Feathers, he on Steeples walks;  
 Not guessing yet, that silent *Vlfinore*,  
 Had study'd her of whom he loosely talks,  
 And what he likes did solidly adore.

94.

But *Vlfinore* with cold discretion aw'd,  
 His passion, and did grave with Love become;  
 Though Youthfully he sent his Eies abroad,  
 Yet kept with Manly care, his Tongue at home.

95.

These Rival's hopes, he did with patience bear;  
 His count'nance not uneasy seem'd, nor strange;  
 Yet meant his cares should more like Love appear,  
 If in the Duke Ambition bred a change.

96.

But as the Duke shunn'd them for secrecy,  
 So now they from approaching *Orgo* move,  
 Made by Discretion (Love's strict Tutor) shy,  
 Which is to Lovers painful as their Love.

97.

But *Orgo* they did ill suspect, whose Youth  
 And nature yeilded Lovers no offence;  
 Us'd by his Lord for kindness and for truth,  
 Both native in him as his innocence:

And:

98.

And here pass'd by in haste, to Court imploy'd,  
That *Biriba* may no more have cause to mourn;  
Full was his little Breast, and overjoy'd  
That much depended on his quick return.

99.

Many like *Orgo*, in their Manhoods Morn,  
As Pages did the Noble Duke attend;  
The Sons of Chiefs whom beauty did adorn,  
And fairer Vertue did that beauty mend.

100.

These in his *Heroe's* Schools he bred (which were  
In Peace his Palace, and in War his Tent)  
As if Time's self had read sage Lectures there (spent,  
How he would have his howres (life's Treasure)

101.

No action, though to shorten dreaded warre,  
Nor needful Counsels, though to lengthen Peace,  
Nor Love, of which wise Nature takes such care,  
Could from this usefull work his cares release.

102.

But with the early Sun he rose, and taught  
These Youths, by growing vertue to grow great;  
Shew'd greatness is without it blindly sought,  
A desperate charge which ends in base retreat,



103.

He taught them shame, the sodain sence of ill ;  
 Shame, Nature's hasty Conscience, which forbids  
 Weak inclination ere it grows to will,  
 And stays rash will, before it grow to deeds.

104.

He taught them Honor, Vertue's bashfulness;  
 A Fort so yeildless, that it fears to treat;  
 Like Pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing less;  
 Honor, the moral Conscience of the Great!

105.

He taught them kindness; Soul's civilitie;  
 In which, nor Courts, nor Citys have a part;  
 For theirs is fashion, this from falshood free;  
 Where Love, and pleasure, know no Lust nor Art,

106.

And Love he taught; the Soul's stolne Visit made  
 Though froward Age watch hard, and Law forbid;  
 Her walks no Spie has trac'd, nor Mountain staide;  
 Her friendship's cause, is as the Loadstone's hid.

107.

He taught them love of Toyle; Toyle which does keep  
 Obstructions from the Minde, & quench the blood;  
 Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep  
 Like *Opium*, is our Med'cine, not our Food.

To

108.

To Dangers us'd them ; which Death's Visards are,  
More ugly then himself, and often chace  
From Batail Coward-life ; but when we dare  
His Visard see, we never fear his Face.

Aaa 3

CANTO





## Canto the Third

## The ARGUMENT.

*The Poet takes the Wise assyde, to prove  
 Even them concern'd in all he writes of Love.  
 The dutious ORGO from the Court returns  
 With joys, at which again fair BIRTHA mourns.  
 The Duke with open Armes does entertain  
 Those Guests whom he receives with secret pain.*

I.  
**T**Hou who some Ages hence these Roles dost read  
 (Kept as Records by Lovers of Love's pow'r)  
 Thou who dost live, when I have long been dead,  
 And feed'st from Earth, when Earth does me de-  
 (vowr.

2.  
 Who liv'st, perhaps, amidst some Cities joys,  
 Where they would fall asleep with Lazy peace,  
 But that their triumphs make so great a noise,  
 And their loud Bells cannot for nuptials cease,

Thou

3.

Thou, who perhaps, proudly thy bloomy Bride  
Lead'st to some Temple, where I wither'd lie;  
Proudly, as if the Age's Frosts defy'd;  
And that thy springing self could never die.

4.

Thou, to whom then the cheerful Quire will sing,  
Whilst hallow'd Lamps, and Tapers, brave the Sun  
As a Lay-Light, and Bells in triumph ring,  
As when from sallies the Besiegers run.

5.

Then when the Priest has ended, if thine Eies  
Can but a little space her Eies forbear,  
To shew her where my Marble Coffin lies;  
Her Virgin Garlands she will offer there:

6.

Confess, that reading me she learnt to love;  
That all the good behaviour of her heart,  
Even tow'rd thy self, my doctrine did improve;  
Where Love by Nature is forward did Arise.

7.

She will confess, that to her Maiden state  
This Story shew'd such Patterns of great Life;  
Although she then could those but imitate,  
They an Example make her now a Wife.

And



8.

And thy life's fire could she awhile outlive  
 (Which were, though lawful, neither kind nor good)  
 Then, even her sorrows would examples give;  
 And shine to others through dark widowhood.

9.

And she will boast, how spite of Cynick Age,  
 Of bus'ness, which does Pow'r uncivil make,  
 Of ruder Cells, where they Love's Fire assuage  
 By study'ng Death, and Fear for Vertue take:

10.

And spite of Courts (where loving now is made  
 An Art, as dying is in Cells), my Laws  
 Did teach her how by Nature to perswade,  
 And hold by Vertue whom her beauty draws.

11.

Thus when by knowing me, thou know'st to whom  
 Love owes his Eies, who has too long been blinde;  
 Then in the Temple leave my Bodies Tomb,  
 To seek this Book, the Mon'ment of my Minde.

12.

Where thou mai'st read; who with impatient Eies  
 For *Orgo* on the gilded *Tarras* stay;  
 Which high, and golden shews, and open lies,  
 As the Morn's Window when she lets out Day.

Whose

13.

Whose height Two rising Forrests over-looks;  
And on *Pine*-tops the Eyesight downward casts;  
Where distant Rivers seem bestrided Brooks,  
Churches but Anchor'd Ships, their Steeples, Masts.

14.

Hence, by his little *Regian* Courser brought,  
*Orgo* they spie, with diligence indu'd,  
As if he would o'ertake foreunning Thought;  
And he by many swiftly seem'd pursu'd.

15.

But his light speed left those awhile behinde;  
Whilst with rais'd Dust, their swiftness hid the way;  
Yet *Birtha* will, too soon, by *Orgo* finde  
What she by distance lost in this furvey.

16.

*Orgo* a precious *Casket* did present  
To his dear Lord, of *Podian* *Sapbyr* wrought;  
For which, unknown to *Birtha*, he was sent;  
And a more precious Pledg was in it brought.

17.

Then thus proclaim'd his joy! Long may I live  
Sent still with blessings from the Heav'nly Powers;  
And may their bountys shew what they can give;  
And full as fast as long expected Showres



18.

Behold the King, with such a shining Train  
 As dazles sight, yet can inform the Blind;  
 But there the Rich, and Beautious shine in vaine,  
 Unless they distance keep from Rhodalmid.

19.

Me thinks, they through the Middle Region come;  
 Their Chariots hid in Clouds of Dust below,  
 And o're their Heads, their Coursers scatter'd Fome  
 Does seem to cover them like falling Snow.

20.

This *Birtha* heard, and she on *Orgo* cast  
 A piteous look (for she no anger knew)  
 But griev'd he knows not, that he brings too fast  
 Such joys, as fain she faster would eschew.

21.

So *Gondibert* this Gust of glory took  
 As Men whose Sayls are full, more weather take;  
 And she so gaz'd on him, as Sea-men look (back.  
 On long fought shore, when Tempests drive them

22.

But now these Glories more apparent be;  
 And justly all their observation claim'd;  
 Great, as in greatest Courts less Princes see,  
 When entertain'd to be eclips'd, and sham'd.

Behold

B o b

West

23.

West from *Verona's* Road, through pleasant Meads  
Their Chariots cross, and to the Palace steer;  
And *Aribert* this winged triumph leads;  
Which like the Planets Progress did appear.

24.

So shin'd they, and so noiseless seem'd their speed;  
Like *Spartans*, touching but the silken Reynes,  
Was all the conduct which their Coursers need;  
And proudly to sit still, was all their pains.

25.

With *Aribert* sat royal *Rhodolind*;  
Calm *Orna* by the Count; by *Hermegild*  
(Silver'd with time) the Golden *Gartha* shin'd;  
And *Tybalt's* Eyes were full by *Laura* fill'd.

26.

The lesser Beauties, numberless as Stars,  
Shew'd sickly and far off, to this Noon-day;  
And lagg'd like Baggage Treasure in the Wars;  
Or only seem'd, another *milky way*.

27.

The Duke perceav'd, the King design'd to make  
This visit more familiar by surprise;  
And with Court art, he would no notice take  
Of that which Kings are willing to disguise.



28.

But as in heedless sleep, the House shall seem  
 New wak'd with this Alarm ; and *Elfin* strale  
 (Whose fame was precious in the Courts esteem)  
 Must, as with casual sight, their entrance wait.

29.

To *Astragon* he doubles all his Vows ;  
 To *Birtha*, through his Eyes, his Heart reveal'd ;  
 And by some civil jealousies he shows  
 Her beauty from the Court must be conceal'd.

30.

Prays her, from Envy's danger to retire ;  
 The Palace war ; which there can never cease  
 Till Beauty's force in age or death expire :  
 A War disguis'd in civil shapes of Peace.

31.

Stil he the precious Pledg kept from her view ;  
 Who guess'd not by the *Casket* his intent ;  
 And was so willing not to fear him true,  
 That she did fear to question what it ment.

32.

Now hasts she to be hid ; and being gon,  
 Her Lover thinks the Planet of the day  
 So leaves the mourning World to give the Moon  
 (Whose Train is mark'd but for their number) way.  
 And

33.  
And entering in her Closet (which took light  
Full in the Palace Front) she findes her Maids  
Gather'd to see this gay unusual sight;  
Which Comet-like, their wondring Eies invades.

34.  
Where *Thula* would by climbing highest be,  
Though ancient grown, and was in Stature short;  
Yet did protest, she came not there to see,  
But to be hid from dangers of the Court.

35.  
Their curious longing *Birba* durst not blame  
(Boldness, which but to seeing did aspire)  
Since she her self, provok'd with Courts great Fame,  
Would fain a little see what all admire.

36.  
Then through the Casement ventur'd so much Face  
As Kings depos'd, shew when through Gates they  
To see Deposers to their Crowning passe, (peep,  
But strait shrink back, and at the triumph weep.

37.  
Soon so her Eies did too much glory finde;  
For ev'n the first she saw was all, for she  
No more would view, since that was *Rhodolind*;  
And so much beauty could none others be.



38.

Which with her Vertue weigh'd (no less renown'd)  
 Afflicts her that such worth must fatal prove ;  
 And be in tears of the Possessor drown'd,  
 Or she depose her Lover by her love.

39.

But *Tbula* (wildly earnest in the view  
 Of such gay fights as she did ne'r behold)  
 Mark'd not when *Birtha* her sad Eies withdrew ;  
 But dreamt the world was turn'd again to Gold.

40.

Each Lady most, till more appear'd, ador'd ;  
 Then with rude liking prais'd them all alowd ;  
 Yet thought them foul and course to ev'ry Lord ;  
 And civilly to ev'ry Page she bow'd.

41.

The objects past, out-sigh'd even those that woo ;  
 And strait her Mistress at the Window mist ;  
 Then finding her in grief, out-sigh'd her too ;  
 And her fair Hands with parting passion kist :

42.

Did with a Servants usual art profess  
 That all she saw, was to her beauty, black ;  
 Confess'd their Maids well bred, and knew to dress,  
 But said those Courts are poor which painting lack.  
 Thy

43.

Thy praise (said *Birtba*) poyson'd is with spite;  
May blisters cease on thy uncivil Tongue,  
Which strives so wickedly to do me right,  
By doing *Rhodolind* and *Orna* wrong.

44.

False Fame, thy Mistris, tutor'd thee amiss;  
Who teaches School in streets, where Crowds re-  
Fame, false, as that their beauty painted is;  
The common Country slander on the Court.

45.

With this rebuke, *Thula* takes gravely leave;  
Pretends she'll better judge ere they be gon;  
At least see more, though they her sight deceive;  
Whilst *Birtba* findes, wilde Fear feeds best alone.

46.

*Vlsu* receives, and through Art's Palace guides  
The King; who owns him with familiar grace;  
Though Twice seven Years from first observance hides  
Those Marks of valor which adorn'd his Face.

47.

Then *Astragon* with hasty homage bows:  
And says, when thus his Beams he does dispence  
In lowly visits, like the Sun he shows  
Kings made for universal influence.

Him



48.

Him with renown the King for Science pays,  
 And Vertue; which Gods likest Pictures bee;  
 Drawn by the Soul, whose onely hire is praise;  
 And from such Salary not Heav'n is free.

49.

Then kindly he inquires for *Gondibert*;  
 When, and how far his wounds in danger were?  
 And does the cautious progress of his Art  
 Alike with wonder and with pleasure heare.

50.

Now *Gondibert* advanc'd, but with delay;  
 As fetter'd by his love; for he would fain  
 Dissembled weakness might procure his stay,  
 Here where his Soul does as in Heav'n remain.

51.

Him, Creature like, the King did boldly use  
 With publick love; to have it understood  
 That Kings, like God, may chuse whom they wil chuse;  
 And what they make, judg with their own Eies good.

52.

This grace the Duke at bashful distance takes;  
 And *Rhodolind* so much concern'd is grown,  
 That his surprisal she her trouble makes;  
 Blushing, as if his blushes were her own.

Now

53.

Now the bright Train with *Astragon* ascend;  
 Whilst *Hermegild*, with *Gartha* moves behinde;  
 Whom much this gracious visit did offend;  
 But thus he practis'd to appease her minde.

54.

Iudg not you strangely in this visit shoue;  
 As well in Courts think wise disembling new;  
 Nor think the kindness strange, thought to your Foe,  
 Till all in Courts where they are kinde are true.

55.

Why should your cloffer mourning more be worn?  
 Poor Priests invented Blacks for lesser cost;  
 Kings for their Syres in Regal Purple mourn;  
 Which shews what they have got, not what they lost.

56.

Though rough the way to Empire be, and steep,  
 You look that I should level it so plain,  
 As Babes might walk it barefoot in their sleep;  
 But Pow'r is the reward of patient pain!

57.

This high Hill Pow'r, whose Bowels are of Gold,  
 Shews neer to greedy and unpractis'd fight;  
 But many grow in travail to it old,  
 And have mistook the distance by the height.



58.

If those old Travailers may thither be  
 Your trusted Guides, they will your haste reform;  
 And give you fears of Voyages by Sea;  
 Which are not often made without a storm.

59.

Yet short our Course shall prove, our passage faire,  
 If in the Steerage you will quiet stand,  
 And not make storms of ev'ry sigh of Aire;  
 But think the Helm, safe in the Pilots hand.

60.

You like some fatal King (who all Men hears  
 Yet trusts intirely none) your trust mistake  
 As too much weight for one: One Pillar bears  
 Weight that would make a Thousand Shoulders

61.

Your Brothers storm I to a calm have turn'd;  
 Who lets this gilded Sacrifice proceed  
 To Hymen's Altar, by the King adorn'd,  
 As Priests give Victims Gerlonds ere they bleed.

62.

Hubert to triumph would not move so faste;  
 Yet you (though but a kinde Spectator) mean  
 To give his triumph Laws, and make more haste  
 To see it pass, then he does to be seen.

With

63.

With patience lay this Tempest of your heart !  
For you, ere long, this Angels form shall turn  
To fatal Man's ; and for that shape of Art,  
Some may, as I for yours of Nature, mourn!

64

Thus by her Love-sick Statesman she was taught ;  
And smil'd with joy of wearing Manly shape ;  
Then smil'd, that such a smile his Heart had caught ;  
Whose Nets Camps break not through, nor Senates  
(scape.

**CANTO**





## Canto the Fourth.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The King to GONDIBERT is grown so kinde,  
 That he prevents the bounteous RHODALIND  
 In giving of her love; and GONDIBERT  
 Laments his Breast holds but a single heart;  
 Which BIRTHA grieves her beauty did subdue,  
 Since he undoes the world in being true.*

## I.

**F**ULL grows the Presence now, as when all know  
 Some stranger Prince must be receiv'd with state;  
 When Courts shew those, who come to see the Show;  
 And all gay Subjects like Domesticks waite.

## 2.

Nor *Vlfinore* nor *Goltbo* absent were;  
 Whose hopes expect what list'ning *Birtha* (hid  
 In the adjoyning Closet) feares to heare;  
 And beggs kinde Heav'n in pitty would forbid.

The

3.

The King (who never time nor pow'r mis-spent  
In Subjects bashfulness, whiling great deeds  
Like Coward Councils, who too late consent)  
Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds.

4.

If to thy fame (brave Youth) I could add wings,  
Or make her Trumpet louder by my voice,  
I would (as an example drawn for Kings)  
Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my choice.

5.

But this were to suspect the world asleep,  
Or all our Lombards with their envy blinde,  
Or that the Huns so much for bondage weep,  
As their drown'd Eyes cannot thy Trophies finde.

6.

When this is heard, none dare of what I give  
Presume their equal merit might have shar'd;  
And to say more, might make thy Foes beleeve,  
Thy dang'rous worth is grown above reward.

7.

Reward even of a Crown, and such a Crown,  
As by Heav'n's Model ancient Victors were;  
When they, as by their Coyn, by Laws were known;  
For Laws but made more currant Victors pow'r.



8.

A Crown soon taught, by whom Pow'r first was given;  
 When Victors (of Dominion cautious made  
 By hearing of that old revolt in Heaven)  
 Kept Pow'r too high for Subjects to invade,

9.

A Crown, which ends by Armies their debate,  
 Who question height of Pow'r; who by the Law  
 (Till plain obedience they make intricate)  
 Would not the People, but their Rulers awe.

10.

To Pow'r adoption makes thy title good;  
 Preferring worth, as birth gives Princes place;  
 And Vertue's claim exceeds the right of blood;  
 As Souls extraction does the Bodies Race.

11.

Yet for thy Bloods long walk through Princes reins,  
 Thou maist with any Lombard measure time;  
 Though he his hidden house in Illium feigns;  
 And not step short, when Hubert's self could climbe.

12.

And Hubert is of highest Victors bred;  
 Whose worth I shall for distant Empire chuse;  
 If he will learn, that you by Fate precede,  
 And what he never bad, he cannot lose.

His

1381.

His valor shall the *Gothick* conquest keep;  
And would to Heav'n that all your mighty mindes  
As soon were pleas'd, as Infants are with sleep,  
And you had Musick common as the windes,

1401.

That all the Year your Seasons were like Spring;  
All joy'd as Birds, and all as Lovers kinde;  
That ev'ry famous Fighter were a King,  
And each like you could have a *Rhodolind*.

1500.

For she is yours, as your adoption, free;  
And in that gift my remnant Life I give;  
But 'tis to you, brave Youth! Who now are she;  
And she that Heav'n where secondly I live.

1610.

And richer then that Crown (which shall be thine,  
When Life's long Progress I am gone with Fame)  
Take all her love; which scarce forbears to shine  
And own thee, through her Virgin-Curtain, Shame.

1700.

Thus spake the King; and *Rhodolind* appear'd  
Through publish'd Love, with so much bashfulness,  
As young Kings shew, when by surprise o're-heard  
Moaning to Fav'rite Eares a deep distress.

For



18. 1

For Love is a distress, and would be hid  
 Like Monarchs griefs, by which they bashful grow;  
 And in that shame beholders they forbid;  
 Since those blush most, who must their blushes show.

19. 1

And *Gondibert* with dying Eies did grieve  
 At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal)  
 As great Mindes mourn, who cannot then relieve  
 The vertuous when through shame they want con-  
 (ceal.

20. 1

And now cold *Birthe's* rosy looks decay;  
 Who in Fear's Frost had like her beauty dy'd,  
 But that Attendant Hope perswades her stay  
 A while, to hear her Duke; who thus reply'd.

21. 1

Victorious King! Abroad your Subjects are  
 Like Legats safe; at home like Altars free  
 Even by your fame they conquer as by warre;  
 And by your Laws safe from each other be.

22. 1

A King you are o're Subjects, so as wise  
 And noble Husbands seem o're Loyal Wives;  
 Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,  
 And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

To

23.

To Eoes a winter storm; whilst your Friends bow  
Like Summer Trees, beneath your bountys load;  
To me (next him whom your great self, with low  
And cheerful duty serves) a giving God.

24.

Since this is you, and *Rhodolind* (the Light  
By which her Sex fled vertue finde) is yours;  
Your *Diamond*, which tests of jealous sight,  
The stroke, and fire, and *Oisels* juice endures;

25.

Since she so precious is, I shall appear  
All counterfeit, of Art's disguises made;  
And never dare approach her Lusture neer;  
Who scarce can hold my vallew in the shade.

26.

Forgive me that I am not what I seem;  
But fallly have dissembled an excess  
Of all such vertues as you most esteem;  
And now grow good but as I'll confess.

27.

Farr in Ambition's Fever am I gon  
Like raging Flame aspiring is my Love;  
Like flame destructive too, and like the Sun (move.)  
Does round the world, tow'rs change of Objects

oVV

D d d

Nor



28.

Nor is this now through vertuous shame confess'd;  
 But *Rhodolind* does force my conjur'd feare,  
 As Men whom evil spirits have possess'd,  
 Tell all when faintly *Victories* appeare.

29.

When she will grace the Bridall dignitie,  
 It will be soon to all young Monarchs known;  
 Who then by posting through the World, will trie  
 Who first can at her Feet present his Crown,

30.

Then will *Verona* seem the Inn of Kings;  
 And *Rhodakind* shall at her Palace Gate  
 Smile when great Love these royal Sutors brings;  
 Who for that smile would as for Empire waite.

31.

Amongst this ruling Race she choyce may take  
 For warmth of Valor, coolness of the minde;  
 Eyes that in Empire's drowsy Calms can wake,  
 In storms look out, in darkness dangers finde.

32.

A Prince who more enlarges pow'r then lands;  
 Whose greatness is not what his Mapp contains;  
 But thinks that his, where he at full commands;  
 Not where his Coyn does pass, but pow'r remains.

VWho.

33.

VWho knows that Pow'r can never be too high  
VWhen by the Good possest ; for 'tis in them  
The swelling Nyle ; from which though People fly,  
They prosper most by rising of the stream.

34.

Thus (Princes) you should chuse; and you will finde;  
Even he, since Men are VVolves, must civilize  
(As light does tame some Beasts of savage kinde)  
Himself yet more, by dwelling in your Eies.

35.

Such was the Duke's reply ; which 'did produce  
Thoughts of a diverse shape through sev'ral Eares :  
His jealous Rivals mourn at his excuse ;  
But *Astragon* it cures of all his feares.

36.

*Birthe* his praise of *Rhodolind* bewayles ;  
And now her hope a weak Physitian seems,  
For Hope, the common Comforter, prevails  
Like common Med'cines, slowly in extreames.

37.

The King (secure in offer'd Empire) takes  
This forc'd excuse, as troubled bashfulness,  
And a disguise which sodain passion makes,  
To hide more joy then prudence should expresse.



38.

And *Rhodolinda* (who never lov'd before,  
 Nor could suspect his love was giv'n away)  
 Thought not the treasure of his Breast so poore,  
 But that it might his debts of honor pay.

39.

To hasten the rewards of his desert,  
 The King does to *Verona* him command;  
 And kindness so impos'd, not all his Art  
 Can now instruct his duty to withstand.

40.

Yet whilst the King does now his time dispose  
 In seeing wonders, in this Palace shown,  
 He would a parting kindness pay to those  
 Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

41.

And by this faire pretence, whilst on the King  
 Lord *Astragon* through all the House attends,  
 Young *Orgo* does the Duke to *Biriba* bring;  
 Who thus her sorrows to his bosome sends.

42.

Why should my Storm, your Life's calm voyage vex?  
 Destroying wholly vertue's Race in one;  
 So by the first of my unlucky Sex,  
 All in a single ruine were undone.

Make

43.

Make Heav'nly *Rhodolind* your Bride ! Whilst I  
Your once lov'd Maid, excuse you, since I know  
That vertuous Men forsake so willingly  
Long cherish'd life, because to Heav'n they go.

44.

Let me her servant be ! A dignity,  
Which if your pitty in my fall procures ;  
I still shall vallew the advancement high,  
Not as the Crown is hers, but she is yours.

45.

E're this high sorrow up to dying grew,  
The Duke the Casket op'ned, and from thence  
(Form'd like a Heart) a cheerful *Emrault* drew ;  
Cheerful, as if the lively stone had fence.

46.

The Thirtieth *Carrack* it had doubled Twice ;  
Not taken from the *Attick* silver Mine,  
Nor from the Brass, though such (of nobler price)  
Did on the Necks of *Parthian* Ladies shine :

47.

Nor yet of those which make the *Ethiop* proud ;  
Nor taken from those Rocks where *Bactrian* climb ;  
But from the *Scythian*, and without a Cloud ;  
Not sick at fire, nor languishing with time.

bsH

D d d 3

Then



48.

Then thus he spake ! This (*Birtba*) from my Male  
 Progenitors, was to the loyal she  
 On whose kinde Heart they did in love prevail,  
 The Nuptial Pledg, and this I give to thee!

49.

Seven Centuries have pass'd, since it from Bride  
 To Bride did first succeed ; and though tis known  
 From ancient lore, that Gemms much vertue hide,  
 And that the *Emrauld* is the Bridal Stone.

50.

Though much renown'd because it chastness loves,  
 And will when worn by the neglected wife,  
 Shew when her absent Lord disloyal proves,  
 By faintness, and a pale decay of life ;

51.

Though *Emraulds* serve as Spies to jealous Brides,  
 Yet each compar'd to this does counsel keep ;  
 Like a false Stone, the Husbands falsh-hood hides,  
 Or seems born blinde, or feigns a dying sleep.

52.

With this take *Orgo*, as a better Spy ;  
 Who may in all your kinder fears be sent  
 To watch at Court, if I deserve to dy  
 By making this to fade, and you lament.

Had

53.

Had now an artful Pencil *Birthe* drawn  
 (With grief all dark, then strait with joy all light)  
 He must have fancy'd first, in early dawn,  
 A sodain break of beauty out of Night.

54.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness, Fear,  
 Like nipping Frost, did to her visage bring ;  
 Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,  
 A Rosy Morn begin a sodain Spring.

55.

Her joys (too vaste to be contain'd in speech)  
 Thus she a little spake ! Why stoop you down,  
 My plighted Lord, to lowly *Birthe's* reach,  
 Since *Rhodolind* would lift you to a Crown ?

56.

Or why doe I, when I this plight imbrace,  
 Boldly aspire to take what you have given ?  
 But that your vertue has with Angels place,  
 And 'tis a vertue to aspire at Heav'n.

57.

And as tow' rds Heav'n all travail on their Knees ;  
 So I tow' rds you, though Love aspire, will move !  
 And were you crown'd, what could you better please  
 Then aw'd obedience led by bolder Love ?

If.



58.

If I forget the depth from whence I rise,  
 Far from your bosome banish'd be my heart;  
 Or claim a right by beauty to your Eies;  
 Or proudly think, my chastity desert.

59.

But thus ascending from your humble Maid  
 To be your plighted Bride, and then your Wife,  
 Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,  
 Till Time my duty cancel with my life.

60.

And fruitfully if Heav'n ere make me bring  
 Your Image to the World, you then my pride  
 No more shall blame, then you can tax the Spring  
 For boasting of those Flowres she cannot hide.

61.

Orgo, I so receive as I am taught  
 By duty to esteem what ere you love;  
 And hope the joy he in this Jewel brought,  
 Will luckyer then his former triumphs prove.

62.

For though but Twice he has approach'd my sight,  
 He Twice made haste to drown me in my Tears?  
 But now I am above his Planets spite,  
 And as for sin beg pardon for my fears.

Thus

63.

Thus spake she; and with fix'd continu'd fight,  
The Duke did all her bashful beauties view;  
Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight;  
Like Flowrs still sweeter as they thicker grew.

64.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,  
The sickness of extreames, and cannot last;  
For Pow'r (Love's shun'd Impediment) has sent  
To tell the Duke, his Monarch is in hast:

65.

And calls him to that triumph which he fears  
So as a Saint forgiven (whose Breast does all  
Heav'n's joys contain) wisely lov'd Pomp forbears;  
Left tempted Nature should from blessings fall.

66.

He often takes his leave, with Love's delay;  
And bids her hope, he with the King shall finde,  
By now appearing forward to obey,  
A meanes to serve him less in *Rhodolind*.

67.

She weeping to her Closet-window hies;  
Where she with teares does *Rhodolind* survey;  
As dying Men, who grieve that they have Eies,  
When they through Curtains spy the rising day.

E e e

The e



68.

The King has now his curious sight suffic'd  
 With all lost Arts, in their revival view'd;  
 Which when restor'd, our pride thinks new devis'd:  
 Fashions of Mindes, call'd new when but renew'd!

69.

The busy Court prepares to move; on whom  
 Their sad offended Eies the Country caste;  
 Who never see enough where Monarchs come,  
 And nothing so uncivil seems as haste.

70.

As Men move slow, who know they lose their way,  
 Even so the Duke tow'ards *Rhodolind* does move;  
 Yet he does dutious fears, and wonder pay,  
 Which are the first, and dang'rous signes of Love.

71.

All his addressees much by *Goltbo* were  
 And *Ulfmore* observ'd; who distant stand;  
 Not daring to approach his presence neer;  
 But shun his Eies to scape from his command.

72.

Least to *Verona* he should both require;  
 For by remaining here, both hope to light  
 Their *Hymen's* Torches at his parting fire;  
 And not dispaire to kindle them to night.

The

73.

The King his Golden Chariot now ascends;  
Which neer fair *Rhodolind* the Duke containes;  
Though to excuse that grace he lowly bends;  
But honor so refus'd, more honor gaines.

74.

And now their Chariots (ready to take wing)  
Are even by weakeſt breath, a whiſper ſtay'd;  
And but ſuch whiſper as a Page does bring  
To *Laura's* Woman from a Houſhold Mayd.

75.

But this low voyce did raiſe in *Laura's* Eare  
An Echo, which from all redoubled ſoon;  
Proclaiming ſuch a Country beauty here,  
As makes them look, like Evning to her Noon.

76.

And *Laura* (of her own high beauty proud,  
Yet not to others cruel) ſoftly prays,  
She may appear! but *Gartha*, bold, and loud,  
With Eies impatient as for conqueſt, ſtays.

77.

Though *Aſtragon* now owns her, and excus'd  
Her preſence, as a Mayd but rudely taught,  
Infirm in health, and not to greatneſs us'd;  
Yet *Gartha* ſtill calls out, to have her brought!

E e c 2

But



78.

But *Rhodalind* (in whose relenting Breast  
Compassion's self might fit at School, and learn)  
Knew bashful Mayds with publick view distrest;  
And in their Glasse, themselves with fear discern;

79.

She stopt this Challenge which Court Beauty made  
To Country shape; not knowing Nature's hand  
Had *Birthe* dress'd, nor that her self obey'd  
In vain, whom conqu'ring *Birthe* did command.

80.

The Duke (whom vertuous kindness soon subdues)  
Though him his Bonds from *Birthe* highly please,  
Yet seems to think, that lucky he, who sues  
To wear this royal Mayd's, will walk at ease.

81.

Of these a brief survey sad *Birthe* takes;  
And *Orgo*'s help directs her Eie to all;  
Shews her for whom grave *Tybalt* nightly wakes;  
Then at whose feet wise *Hermegild* does fall.

82.

And when calm *Orna* with the Count she saw,  
Hope (who though weak, a willing Painter is,  
And busily does ev'ry Pattern draw)  
By that example could not work amiss.

For

83.

For soon she shap'd her Lord and her so kinde,  
So all of love; till Fancy wrought no more  
When she perceiv'd him fit with *Rhodolind*;  
But froward-Painter-like the Copy tore.

84.

And now they move; and she thus robb'd, believes  
(Since with such haste they bear her wealth away)  
That they at best, are but judicious Thieves,  
And know the noble vallew of their Prey.

85.

And then she thus complain'd ! Why royal Maid !  
Injurious Greatness ! Did you hither come  
Where Pow'r's strong Nets of Wyre were never laid ?  
But childish Love took Cradle as at home.

86.

Where can we safe our harmless blessings keep,  
Since glorious Courts our solitude invade ?  
Bells w<sup>ch</sup> ring out, when th'unconcern'd would sleep ;  
False lights to scare poor Birds in Country shade !

87.

Or if our joys their own discov'ry make,  
Envy (whose Tongue first kills whom she devours)  
Calls it our Pride ; Envy, The poys'nous snake,  
Whose breath blasts Maids, as innocent as Flow'ers !



88.8

Forgive me beuations Greatness, if I grow  
 Diltemper'd with my fears, and rudely long  
 To be secure; or praise your beauty so  
 As to believe, that it may do me wrong

89.8

And you my plighted Lord, forgive me too,  
 If since your worth and my defects I find,  
 I fear what you in justice ought to do;  
 And praise your judgment when I doubt you kind.

90.8

Now sodain fear o'er all her beauty wrought  
 The pale appearance of a killing Frost;  
 And careful Orgo, when she started, thought  
 She had her Pledg, the precious *Emrault*, lost.

91.8

But that kinde Heart, as constant as her own,  
 She did not miss; 'twas from a sodain sence,  
 Least in her Lover's heart some change was grown,  
 And it grew pale with that intelligence.

92.8

Soon from her bosome she this *Emrault* took:  
 If now (said she) my Lord my Heart deceaves,  
 This Stone will by dead paleness make me look  
 Pale as the Snowy skin of Lilly Leaves.

But:

93.

But such a cheerful green the Gemm did fling  
where she oppos'd the Rayes, as if she had  
Been dy'de in the complexion of the Spring,  
Or were by Nymphs of *Brittain* Valleys clad.

94.

Soon she with earnest passion kist the Stone ;  
Which ne'r till then had suffer'd an eclips ;  
But then the Rayes retir'd, as if it shone  
In vain, so neer the Rubies of her Lips.

95.

Yet thence remov'd, with publick glory shines !  
She *Orgo* blest, who had this Relique brought;  
And kept it like those Reliques lock'd in shrines,  
By which the latest Miracles were wrought.

96.

For soon respect was up to rev'rence grown ;  
Which fear to Superstition would sublime,  
But that her Father took Fear's Ladder down ;  
Lose steps, by w<sup>ch</sup> distress to Heav'n would climbe.

97.

He knew, when Fear shapes Heav'nly Pow'r so just,  
And terrible (parts of that shape drawn true)  
It vails Heav'n's beauty, Love ; which when we trust  
Our courage honors him to whom we sue!

CANTO



## Canto the Fifth.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The deep Designs of BIRTHA in distress;  
 Her Emrauld's vertue shews her Love's success.  
 Wise ASTRAGON with reason cures despair;  
 And the Afflicted chides for partial Pray'r.  
 With grief the secret Rivals take their leave;  
 And but dark hope for hidden love receive.*

**T**O shew the Morn her passage to the East,  
 Now Birtha's dawn, the Lover's Day, appears!  
 So soon Love beats Revellies in her Breast;  
 And like the Dewy Morn she rose in tears:

So much she did her jealous dreams dislike;  
 Her Maids strait kindle by her light their Eies;  
 Which when to hers compar'd, Poets would strike  
 Such sparks to light their Lamps, ere Day does rise.

But

3.  
But O vain Jealousie ! why dost thou haste  
To finde those evils which too soon are brought ?  
Love's frantick Valor ! which so rashly faste  
Seeks dangers, as if none would come unfought.

4.  
As often fairest Morns soon cover'd be,  
So she with dark'ning thoughts is clouded now ;  
Looks so, as weaker Eyes small objects see,  
Or studious Statesmen who contract the Brow.

5.  
Or like some thinking Sybill that would finde  
The sence of mystick words by Angels given !  
And this fair Politick bred in her minde  
(Restless as Seas) a deep designe on Heav'n.

6.  
To Pray'rs plain Temple she does hast unseen ;  
Which though not grac'd with curious cost for show,  
Was nicely kept ; and now must be as clean  
As Tears make those who thence forgiven goe.

7.  
For her own Hands (by which best Painters drew  
The Hands of Innocence) will make it shine ;  
Penance which newly from her terrors grew ;  
And was (alas ! ) part of her deep designe.

F f f

And



8.

And when this holy hufwifry was past,  
 Her vows she sends to Heav'n, which thither fly  
 Intire; not broken by unthinking haft;  
 Like Sinners Sparks that in ascending dy.

9.

Thence she departs; but at this Temple Gate  
 A needy Crowd (call'd by her Summons there)  
 With such assurance for her bounty waite,  
 As if ne'r failing Heav'n their Debt'or were.

10.

To these she store of Antick Treasure gave  
 (For she no Money knew) Medals of Gold,  
 Which curious *Gath'ers* did in travail save,  
 And at high worth were to her Mother sold.

11.

Figures of fighting Chiefs, born to o'rcome  
 Those who without their leave would all destroy;  
 Chiefs, who had brought renown to *Athens*, *Rome*,  
 To *Carthage*, *Tyre*, and to lamented *Troy*.

12.

Such was her wealth, her Mothers Legacy;  
 And well she knew it was of special price;  
 But she has begg'd what Heav'n must not deny;  
 So would not make a common Sacrifice.

To

13.

To the black Temple she her Sorrow bears;  
Where she outbeg'd the tardy begging Thief;  
Made weeping *Magdaline* but poor in Tears,  
Yet Silent as their Pictures was her Grief.

14.

Her purpos'd penance she did here fulfil;  
Those Pictures dress'd, and the spent Lamp reliev'd  
With fragrant Oyles, dropp'd from her Silver Still;  
And now for those that there sat mourning, griev'd.

15.

Those Penitents, who knew her innocence,  
Wonder what Parents sin she did bemoan;  
And venture (though they goe unpardon'd thence)  
More sighs for her redreels then for their own.

16.

Now jealousie no more benights her face,  
Her courage beaurious grows, and grief decays;  
And with such joy as shipwrack'd Men embrace  
The Shore, she hastens to the House of Praise.

17.

And there the Gemm she from her bosome took,  
(With which till now she trembled to advise)  
So far from pale, that *Gondibert* would look  
Pale if he saw, how it out-shin'd her Eies.



18.

These Rayes she to a Miracle prefers ;  
 And lustre that such beauty so defys,  
 Had Poets seen (Love's partial Jewellers,  
 Who count nought precious but their Mistress Eies)

19.

They would with grief a miracle confess  
 She enters strait to pay her gratitude ;  
 And could not think her beauty in distress,  
 Whilst to her Love, her Lord is still subdu'd.

20.

The Altar she with Imagry array'd ;  
 Where Needles boldly, as a Pencill, wrought  
 The story of that humble Syrian Mayd,  
 Who Pitchers bore, yet Kings to *Juda* brought.

21.

And there she of that precious Linnen spreads,  
 Which in the consecrated Month is spun  
 By *Lombard* Brides ; for whom in empty Beds  
 Their Bridegrooms sigh till the succeeding Moon.

22.

'Tis in that Moon, bleach'd by her fuller Light ;  
 And wash'd in Sudds of Amber till it grow  
 Clean as this spreaders Hands, and those were white  
 As rising Lillys, or as falling Snow.

The

23.

The voluntary Quire of Birds she feeds,  
Which oft had here the Virgin-Consort fill'd;  
She diets them with *Aromatick* seeds;  
And quench'd their Thirst with *Rainbow-Dew* di-  
(still'd.

24.

Lord *Astragon*, whose tender care did waite  
Her progress, since her Morn so cloudy broke,  
Arrests her passage at this Temple Gate,  
And thus, he with a Father's license spoke.

25.

Why art thou now, who hast so joyful liv'd  
E're love thou knew'st, become with Love so sad?  
If thou hast lost fair Vertue, then be griev'd;  
Else shew, thou know'st her worth by being glad.

26.

Thy love's high soaring cannot be a crime;  
Nor can we if a Spinster loves a King,  
Say that her love ambitiously does climb:  
Love seeks no honor, but does honor bring.

27.

Mounts others value, and her own lets fall!  
Kings honor is but little, till made much  
By Subjects Tongues! *Elixer-Love* turns all  
To pow'rful Gold, where it does only touch.

Fff 3.

Thou



28.

Thou lov'st a Prince above thine own degree :  
 Degree is Monarch's Art, Love, Nature's Law ;  
 In Love's free State all Pow'rs so Levell'd be,  
 That there, affection governs more then aw.

29.

But thou dost love where *Rhodolind* does love ;  
 And thence thy griefs of jealousie begin ;  
 A cause which does thy sorrow vainly move ;  
 Since 'tis thy noble fate, and not thy Sin.

30.

This Vain and voluntary Load of grief  
 (For Fate sent Love, thy will does sorrow bear)  
 Thou to the Temple carry'st for relief ;  
 And so to Heav'n art guided by thy fear.

31.

Wilde Fear ! Which has a Common-wealth devis'd  
 In Heav'n's old Realm, & Saints in Senates fram'd ;  
 Such as by which, were Beasts well civilliz'd,  
 They would suspect their Tamer Man, untam'd.

32.

Wilde Fear ! Which has the *Indian* worship made ;  
 Where each unletter'd Priest the Godhead draws  
 In such a form, as makes himself afraid ;  
 Disguising Mercy's shape in Teeth and Claws.

This

33.

This false Guide Fear, which does thy Reason sway,  
And turns thy valiant vertue to dispair,  
Has brought thee here, to offer, and to pray ;  
But Temples were not built for Cowards pray'r.

34.

For when by Fear thy noble Reason's led  
(Reason, not Shape gives us so great degree  
Above our Subjects, Beasts) then Beasts may plead  
A right in Temples helps as well as we.

35.

And here, with absent Reason thou dost weep  
To beg success in love ; that *Rhodolind*  
May lose, what she as much does beg to keep ;  
And may at least an equal audience find.

36.

Mark *Birthe*, this unrighteous war of prayer !  
Like wrangling States, you ask a Monarch's aide  
When you are weak, that you may better dare  
Lay claim, to what your passion would invade.

37.

Long has th'ambitious World rudely preferr'd  
Their quarrels, w<sup>ch</sup> they call their pray'rs, to Heav'n ;  
And thought that Heav'n would like themselves have  
Depriving some, of what's to others given. (err'd.  
Thence



38.

Thence Modern Faith becomes so weak and blinde,  
 Thinks Heav'n in ruling other Worlds imploy'd,  
 And is not mindful of our abject Kinde,  
 Because all Sutes are not by all enjoy'd.

39.

How firm was Faith, when humbly Sutes for need,  
 Not choice were made ? then (free from all despair  
 As mod'rate Birds, who sing for daily seed)  
 Like Birds, our Songs of Praise included prayer.

40.

Thy Hopes are by thy Rival's vertue aw'd;  
 Thy Rival *Rhodolind*; whose vertue shines  
 On Hills, when brightest Planets are abroad;  
 Thine privately, like Miners Lamps, in Mines.

41.

The Court (where single Patterns are disgrac'd;  
 Where glorious Vice, weak Eies admire;  
 And Vertue's plainness is by Art out-fac'd)  
 She makes a Temple by her Vestal Fire.

42.

(bliss

Though there, Vice sweetly dress'd, does tempt like  
 Even Cautious Saints; and single Vertue seem  
 Fantastick, where brave Vice in fashion is;  
 Yet she has brought plain Vertue in esteem.

Yours

43.

Yours is a vertue of inferior rate ;  
Here in the dark a Pattern, where 'tis barr'd  
From all your Sex that should her imitate,  
And of that pomp which should her Foes reward :

44.

Retyr'd, as weak Monasticks fly from care ;  
Or devout Cowards steal to Forts, their Cells,  
From pleasures, which the worlds chief dangers are :  
Hers passes yours, as Valor fear excells.

45.

This is your Rival in your sute to Heav'n :  
But Heav'n is partial if it give to you  
What to her bolder Vertue should be given ;  
Since yours, pomps, Vertue's dangers, never knew.

46.

Your sute would have your love with love repay'd ;  
To which Arts conquests, when all science flows,  
Compar'd, are Students dreams; and triumphs made  
By glorious Courts and Camps but painted shows.

47.

Even Arts Dictators, who give Laws to Schools,  
Are but dead Heads; Statesmen, who Empire move,  
But prosp'rous Spys ; and Victors, fighting Fools,  
When they their Trophys rank with those of Love.

These

G g g

And



48.

And when against your fears I thus declame;  
 (Yet make your danger more whilst I decry  
 Your worth to hers) then wisely fear I blame;  
 For fears are hurtfull't when attempts are high.

49.

And you should think your noble dangers less,  
 When most my praise does her renown prefer;  
 For that takes off your hasty hope's excess;  
 And when we litle hope, we nothing fear.

50.

Now you are taught your sickness, learn your cure;  
 You shall to Court, and there serve *Rhodolind*;  
 Trie if her vertue's force you can endure  
 In the same Sphear, without eclipse of mind.

51.

Your Lord may there your Souls compare; for we,  
 Though Souls, like Stars, make not their greatness  
 May finde which greater then the other be; (known;  
 The Stars are measur'd by Comparison.

52.

Your plighted Lord, shall you ere long prefer  
 To neer attendance on this royal Maid;  
 Quit then officious Fear / The Jealous fear  
 They are not fearful, when to death afraid.

These

53.

These words he clos'd with kindness, and retir'd ;  
In which her quick Ei'd Hope three blessings spy'd ;  
With joy of being neer her Lord, inspir'd,  
With seeing Courts, and having Vertue try'd !

54.

She now with jealous questions, utter'd faste,  
Fils *Orgo's* Ear, which there unmark'd are gone,  
As Throngs through guarded Gates, when all make  
Not giving Warders time t' examine one. (haste?

55.

She ask'd if Fame had render'd *Rhodolind*  
With favour, or in Truth's impartial shape ?  
If *Orna* were to humble Vertue kinde,  
And beauty could from *Gariba's* envy scape !

56.

If *Laura* (whose faire Eyes but those invites,  
Who to her wit ascribe the Victory)  
In conquest of a speechless Mayd delights ?  
And ere to this prompt *Orgo* could reply,

57.

She ask'd, in what consist the Charms of Court ?  
Whether those pleasures so resistless were  
As common Country Travailers report,  
And such as innocence had cause to feare.



58.

What kinde of Angels shape young Fav'rites take?  
 And being Angels, how they can be bad?  
 Or why delight so cruelly to make  
 Fair Country Mayds, return from Court so sad?

59.

More had she ask'd (for study warm'd her brow,  
 With thinking how her love might prosperous be)  
 But that young *Vlsinore* approach'd her now,  
 And *Goltbo*, warmer with designe then she.

60.

Though *Goltbo's* hope (in *Indian* Feathers clad)  
 Was light, and gay, as if he meant to flie;  
 Yet he no farther then his Rival had  
 Advanc'd in promise, from her Tongue, or Eie.

61.

When distant, talk'd, as if he plighted were;  
 For hope in Love, like Cowards in the Warr,  
 Talks bravely till the enterprise be neer;  
 But then discretion dares not venture farr.

62.

He never durst approach her watchful Eie  
 With studious gazing, nor with sighs her Eare;  
 But still seem'd frolick, like a Statesman's Spy;  
 As if his thoughtful bus'ness were not there.

Stil

63.

Still, Superstitious Lovers Beauty paint,  
 (Thinking themselves but Devils) so divine,  
 As if the thing belov'd, were all a Saint;  
 And ev'ry place she enter'd, were a Shrine.

64.

And though last Night were the auspicious time  
 When they resolv'd to quit their bashful fears;  
 Yet soon (as to the Sun when *Eaglets* Climb) )  
 They stoop'd, & quenched their daring Eyes in tears.

65.

And now (for Hope, that formal *Gentry*, stands  
 All Windes and Showrs, though where but vainly  
 They to *Verona* beg her dear commands;  
 And look to be with parting kindness grac'd.

66.

Both dayly jounies meant, 'twixt this and Court:  
 For taking leave is twice Love's sweet Repast;  
 In being sweet, and then in being short;  
 Like *Manna*, ready still, but cannot last.

67.

Her Favours not in lib'ral looks she gave,  
 But in a kinde respectful lowliness,  
 Them honor gives, yet did her honor save;  
 Which gently thus, she did to both express.



68.

High heav'n that did direct your Eyes the way  
 To chuse so well, when you your friendship made,  
 Still keep you joynd, that daring Envy may  
 Fear such united Vertue to invade!

69.

In your safe Breasts, the Noble *Gondibert*  
 Does trust the secret Treasure of his love;  
 And I (grown Conscious of my low desert)  
 Would not, you should that wealth for me improve.

70.

I am a Flow'r that merit not the Spring  
 And he (the World's warm Sun!) in passing by  
 Should think, when such as I leave flourishing,  
 His Beams to Cedars haste, which else would dy.

71.

This from his humble Maid you may declare  
 To him, on whom the good of humane kinde  
 Depends; and as his greatness is your care,  
 So may your early love successes finde.

72.

So may that beauteous she, whom eithers Heart  
 For vertue and delight of life shall chuse,  
 Quit in your siege the long defence of Art,  
 And Nature's freedom in a treaty lose.

73.

This gave cold *Vlfinore* in Love's long Night  
Some hope of Day; as Sea-men that are run  
Far Northward finde long Winter to be light,  
And in the *Cynosure* adore the Sun.

74.

It shew'd to *Goltbo*, not alone like Day,  
But like a wedding Noon; who now grows strong  
Enough to speak; but that her beauties stay  
His Eies, whose wonder soon arrests his Tongue.

75.

Yet something he at parting seem'd to say,  
In pretty Flow'rs of Love's wild Rhetorick;  
Which mov'd not her, though Orators thus sway  
Assemblies, which since wilde, wilde Musick like.

I.

OLD *Vlfin* parting now with *Wlfinore*,  
His study, thoughts, and all his import  
Thus ended, as well read in ancient Lore;  
When prudence kept up greatness in the Court.

CANTO

2.

Heav'n guide thee son, though Honor's slippery way;  
The Hill, which wavy painfulness must climb;  
And often rest, to take a full survey  
Of every place, by Experience'd Time.

Rile



## Canto the Sixth.

## The Argument.

Here **ULFIN** reads the art to **ULFINORE**

Of wisely getting, and increasing Power.

The Rivals to **VERONA** haste, and there

Young **GOLTHO**'s frailty does too soon appear.

Black **DALGA**'s fatal beauty is reveal'd;

But her descent and Story is conceal'd.

1.

**O**LD *Ulf*in parting now with *Ulf*inore,  
His study'd thoughts, and of a grave import  
Thus utter'd, as well read in ancient Lore;  
When prudence kept up greatness in the Court.

2.

Heav'n guide thee Son, through Honor's slipp'ry way;  
The Hill, which wary painfulness must climbe;  
And often rest, to take a full survey  
Of ev'ry ~~path~~ trod by Experienc'd Time.

Rise

(b'v'nd)

3.

Rise glorious with thy Master's hopeful Morn !  
His favour calls thee to his secret Breast ;  
Great *Gondibert* ! to spacious Empire born ;  
Whose careful Head will in thy bosom rest.

4.

Be good ! and then in pitty soon be great !  
For vertuous men should toils to compass power,  
Least when the Bad possess Dominion's Seat,  
We vainly weep for those whom they devour.

5.

Our vertue without pow'r, but harmless is !  
The Good, who lazily are good at home,  
And safely rest in doing not amiss,  
Fly from the Bad, for fear of Martyrdome !

6.

Be in thy greatness easy, and thy Brow  
Still cleer, and comforting as breaking Light ;  
The Great, with bus'ness troubled, weakly bow ;  
Pow'r should with publick Burdens walk upright !

7.

We chearfulness, as innocence commend !  
The Great, may with benigne and civil Eies  
The People wrong, yet not the wrong'd offend ;  
Who feel most wrong, fro those who them despise !

Revenge

H h h

Since



8.

(Griev'd;

Since wrongs must be, Complaints must shew the  
 And Favorites should walk still open Ear'd;  
 For of the suing Croud half are reliev'd  
 With the innate delight of being heard.

9.

Thy greatness be in Armes / who else are great,  
 Move but like Pageants in the People's view;  
 And in foul weather make a scorn'd retreat;  
 The Greeks their painted Gods in Armor drew!

10.

Yield not in storms of State to that dislike  
 Which from the People does to Rulers grow;  
 Pow'r (Fortune's Sail) should not for threatnings strike;  
 In Boats bestorm'd all check at those that row.

11.

Courts little Arts contemn! dark Holes to save  
 Retreated Pow'r, when fear does Friendship feigne;  
 Poor Theeves retire to Woods! Chiefs, great, & brave,  
 Draw out their Forces to the open Plaine!

12.

Be by thy Vertue bold! when that Sun shines,  
 All Art's false lights are with disgrace put out;  
 Her straitness shews it self and crooked Lines,  
 And her plain Text the Scepticks dare not doubt.

Revenge.

13.

Revenge (weak Womens Valor, and in Men  
The *Russians* Cowardise,) keep from thy Breast!  
The factious Palace is that Serpent's Den;  
Whom Cowards there, with secret slaughter feast.

14.

Revenge is but a braver Name for Fear,  
'Tis *Indians* furious fear, when they are fed (tear  
With valiant Foes; whose Hearts their Teeth must  
Before they boldly dare believe them dead.

15.

When thou giv'st death, thy Banners be display'd!  
And move not till an open Foe appears!  
Courts lurking war shews Justice is afraid;  
And no broad Sword, but a close Ponyard wears.

16.

To kill, shews Fear dares not more fears endure!  
When wrong'd, destroy not with thy Foes thy fame;  
The Valiant by forgiving mischief, cure;  
And it is Heav'n's great conquest to reclame!

17.

Be by thy bounty known! for since the needs  
Of life, so rudely press the bold and wise;  
The bountious heart, all but his God exceeds;  
Whom bounty best makes known to Mortal Eyes!

H h h 2

And



18.

And to be bountiful, be rich ! for those  
 Fam'd *Talkers*, who in Schools did wealth despise,  
 Taught doctrine, which at home would Empire lose,  
 If not believ'd first by their Enemies.

19.

And though in ruling Ministers of State,  
 The People wretched povertie adore,  
 (Which Fools call innocence, and wise Men hate  
 As sloth) yet they rebel for being poore,

20.

And to be rich, be diligent ! Move on  
 Like Heav'n's great Movers that enrich the Earth,  
 Whose Moments sloth would shew the world undone,  
 And make the Spring strait bury all her birth.

21.

Rich are the diligent / who can command  
 Time, Nature's stock ! and could his Hour-glass fall,  
 Would, as for seed of Stars, stoop for the sand ;  
 And by incessant Labour gather all.

22.

Be kinde to Beauty / that unlucky Shrine ! (Beware  
 Where all Love's Thieves come bowing to their  
 And honor steal ; which Beauty makes divine :  
 Be thou still kinde, but never to betray

Heav'n.

23. 82

Heav'n study more in Nature, then in Schools!  
 Let Nature's Image never by thee pass  
 Like unmark'd Time; but those unthinking Fools  
 Despise, who spie not Godhead through her Glass!

24. 82

These precepts *Alfonsus*, with dations care,  
 In his Hearts Closet lock'd, his faithful Brest!  
 And now the Rival-Friends for Court prepare;  
 And much their Youth, is by their haste exprest.

25. 82

They yet ne'r saw *Verona* nor the Court;  
 And expedition lengthens much their way;  
 Since by that great Inviter urg'd, Repore;  
 And thither fly on Coursers of Relay.

26. 82

E're to his Western Mines the Sun retir'd;  
 They his great Mint for all those Mines behold,  
*Verona*, which in Towers to Heav'n aspir'd,  
 Guilt doubly, for the Sun now guiltless gold.

27. 82

They make their Entry through the Western Gate  
 A Gothic Arch! Where, on an Elephant  
 Bold *Clephas* as the second Founder sat;  
 Made to mock life, and only life did want.



28.

Still strange, and divers seem their Objects now;  
 And still increase, where ere their Eyes they cast;  
 Of lazy Pageant Greatness, moving slow,  
 And angry bus'ness, rushing on in haste.

29.

All strange to them, as they to all appear,  
 Yet less like strangers gaz'd then those they see;  
 Who this glad day the Duke's Spectators were,  
 To mark how with his fame his looks agree.

30.

And guess that these are of his fighting Train,  
 Renown'd in Youth; who by their wonder stay'd,  
 And by their own, but slowly passage gain;  
 But now much more their progress is delay'd.

31.

For a black Beauty did her pride display  
 Through a large Window, and in Jewels shon,  
 As if to please the World, weeping for day,  
 Night had put all her Starry Jewels on.

32.

This Beauty gaz'd on both, and yet did lose  
 Hung down his Head, but yet did lift his Eyes;  
 As if he fain would see a little more,  
 For much, though bashful, he did beauty prize.

G G G

Golibo

33.

Goltbedid like a blushless Statue stare;  
Boldly her practis'd boldness did out-look;  
And even for fear she would mistrust her snare,  
Was ready to cry out, that he was took!

34.

She, with a wicked Woman's prosp'rous Art,  
A seeming modesty, the VVindow cloz'd;  
Wifely delay'd his Eyes, since of his Heart  
She thought, she had sufficiently dispos'd.

35.

And he thus strait complain'd! Ah VVifinore,  
How vainly Glory has our Youth misled?  
The VVinde which blowes us from the happy Shore,  
And drives us from the Living to the Dead.

36.

To Bloody slaughters, and perhaps of those  
VVho might beger such Beauties as this Maid?  
The Sleepy here are never wak'd with Foes;  
Nor are of ought but Ladies frowns afraid.

37.

Ere he could more lament, a little Page,  
Clean, & perfum'd (one whom this Dame did breed  
To guess at ills, too manly for his age)  
Steps swiftly to him, and arrests his steed

VVith



38.

With civil whisper cries, My Lady Sir;  
 At this, *Goltbo* alights as swiftly post  
 As Posters mount; by lingring loath to err, (lost.  
 As Wind-bound Men, whose sloth their first Wind

39.

And when his Friend advis'd him to take care;  
 He gravely, as a Man new potent grown,  
 Protests he shall in all his Fortunes share;  
 And to the House invites him as his own.

40.

And, with a Rival's wisdom, *Vilmore*  
 Does hope, since thus blinde Love leads him astray,  
 Where a false Saint he can so soon adore,  
 That he to *Birba* ne'r will find the way.

41.

They enter, and ascend; and enter then  
 Where *Dalga* with black Eyes does Sinners draw;  
 And with her voice holds fast repenting Men;  
 To whose warm Jet, light *Goltbo* is but Straw.

42.

Nicely as Bridegrooms, was her Chamber drest,  
 Her Bed, as Brides; and richer then a Throne;  
 And sweeter seem'd then the *Cream's* Nest,  
 Though built in Eastern Groves of *Cinnamon*.

The

43.

The price of Princes pleasures ; who her love  
(Though but false ware) at rates so costly bought ;  
The wealth of many, but may hourly prove  
Spoils to some one by whom her self is caught.

44.

She, sway'd by sinful Beauty's destenie,  
Findes her Tyrannick pow'r must now expire ;  
Who ment to kindle *Goltbo* with her Eie,  
But to her Breast has brought the raging fire.

45.

Yet even in simple love she uses Art ;  
Though weepings are from looser Eies but leaks,  
Yet oldest Lovers scarce would doubt her heart ;  
So well she weeps, and thus to *Goltbo* speaks.

46.

I might, if I should ask your pardon, Sir,  
Suspect that pittie which the noble feel  
When Women fail ; but since in this I err  
To all my Sex, I would to Women kneel.

47.

Yet happy were our Sex, could they excuse  
All breach of modesty, as I can mine ;  
Since 'tis from passion which a Saint might use,  
And not appear less worthy of a Shrine.



48.

For my brave Brother you resemble so  
 Throughout your shape; who late in Combat fell;  
 As you in that an inward vertue show,  
 By which to me you all the World excell.

49.

All was he which the Good as greatness see,  
 Or Love can like / in judgement match'd by none;  
 Unless it fail'd in being kinde to me;  
 A crime forbid to all since he is gone.

50.

For though I send my Eies abroad, in hope  
 Amongst the streams of Men still flowing here,  
 To finde (which is my passions utmost scope)  
 Some one that does his noble Image beare;

51.

Yet still I live recluse; unless it seem  
 A libertie too rude, that I in you  
 His likeness at so high a rate esteem,  
 As to believe your heart is kinde and true!

52.

She casts on *Vlsnore* a sodain look;  
 Starts like a *Mountebank*, who had forgot  
 His Viol, and the cursed poyson took  
 By dire mistake before his Antidote.

Prays

53.

Prays *Golto* that his Friend may strait forbear  
Her presence; who (she sai'd) resembled so  
Her noble Brother's cruel Murderer,  
As she must now expire, unless he go!

54.

*Golto*, still gravely vain, with formal Face  
Bids *Vlfinore* retire; and does pretend  
Almost to know her Parents, and the place,  
And even to swear her Brother was his Friend.

55.

But wary *Vlfinore* (who beaution Truth  
Did never but in plainest dress behold)  
Smiles, and remembers Tales, to forward Youth  
In Winter Nights by Country Matrons told:

56.

Of *Witches Towns*, where seeming Beauties dwell,  
All hair, and black within, Maids that can fly!  
Whose Palaces at Night are smoaky Hell,  
And in their Beds their slaughter'd Lovers lie.

57.

And though, the Sun now setting, he no Lights  
Saw burning blew, nor steam of Sulphur smelt;  
Nor took her Two black *Meroen* Maids for Sprites;  
Yet he a secret touch of honor felt.



58.

For not the craft of Rivalship (though more  
 Then States, wise Rivals study interest)  
 Can make him leave his Friend, till he restore  
 Some cold discretion to his burning Breast.

59.

Though to his fears this cause now serious shows;  
 Yet smiles he at his solemn loving Eie;  
 For Lust in reading Beauty solemn grows  
 As old *Physicians* in *Anatomic*.

60.

*Goltbo* (said he) 'tis easie to discern  
 That you are grave, and think you should be so;  
 Since you have bus'ness here of grave concern;  
 And think that you this House and Lady know.

61.

You'l stay, and have your sleep with musick fed;  
 But little think to wake with *Mandrakes* groans;  
 And by a Ghost be to a Garden led  
 At midnight, strew'd with simple Lovers Bones.

62.

This *Goltbo* is enchantment, and so strange,  
 So subtl'y false, that whilst I tell it you,  
 I fear the spell will my opinion change,  
 And make me think the pleasant Vision true.

He

63.

Her dire black Eies are like the Oxes Eie,  
Which in the *Indian* Ocean Tempest brings;  
Let's goe / Before our Horses learn to fly,  
Ere she shew cloven Feet, and they get wings!

64.

Buthigh rebellious Love, when counsell'd, soon  
As fullen as rebuk'd Ambition grows;  
And *Goltbo* would pursue what he should shun,  
But that his happy'r fate did interpose

65.

For at the Garden Gate, a Summons, loud  
Enough, to shew authority, and haste,  
Brought cares to *Dalga's* Brow; which like a Cloud  
Did soon her shining beauty over-cast.

66.

Like Thieves surpris'd, whilst they divideth their Prize,  
Her Maids run and return through ev'ry Room;  
Still seeming doubtful where their safety lies;  
All speaking with their looks, and all are dumb.

67.

She, who to dangers could more boldly wake,  
With words, swift as those errands which her heart  
Sends out in glances, thus to *Goltbo* spake:  
My Mother, Sir / Alas / You must depart /



68.

She is severe, as dying Confessors,  
 As jealous as unable Husbands are,  
 She Youth in Men, like age in Maids abhors;  
 And has more Spies than any civil Warre.

69.

Yet would you but submit to be conceal'd  
 I have a Closet, secret as my Brest,  
 Which is to Men, nor Day, no more reveal'd,  
 Then a cloffe Swallow in his Winters Nest.

70.

To this good *Gotho* did begin to yeild;  
 But *Vlfinore* (who doubts that it may tend  
 To base retreat, unless they quit the Field)  
 Does by example govern and descend.

71.

And now his Eies even ake with longingness,  
 Ready to break their Strings, to get abroad  
 To see this Matron, by whose sole access  
*Dalga* in all her furious hopes is aw'd.

72.

And as he watch'd her civil *Mercury*,  
 The hopeful Page; he saw him entrance give,  
 Not to a Matron, still prepar'd to die,  
 But to a Youth wholly design'd to live.

He

73.

He seem'd the Heir to prosp'rous Parents toiles ;  
 Gay as young Kings, that woo in forraign Courts;  
 Or Youthful Victors in their *Persian* spoiles ;  
 He seem'd like Love and Musick made for sports.

74.

But wore his clothing loose, and wildly cast,  
 As Princes high with Feasting, who to wine  
 Are seldom us'd: shew'd warm, and more unbrac't  
 Then Ravishers, oppos'd in their designe.

75.

This *Vlsinore* observ'd, and would not yet  
 In civil pitty, undeceive his Friend ;  
 But watch'd the signes of his departing Fit ;  
 Which quickly did in bashful silence end.

76.

To the Dukes Palace they inquir'd their way ;  
 And as they slowly rod, a grave excuse  
 Griev'd *Goltbo* frames ; vowing he made this stay  
 For a discov'ry of important use.

77.

If Sir, (saïd he) we heedlessly pass by (come  
 Great Towns, like Birds that from the Country  
 But to be skar'd, and on to Forrests fly;  
 Let's be no travail'd Fools, but roost at home.



78.

I see (reply'd his Friend) you nothing lack  
 Of what is painful, curious, and discreet  
 In Travailers; else would you not look black  
 So often to observe this House, and Street:

79.

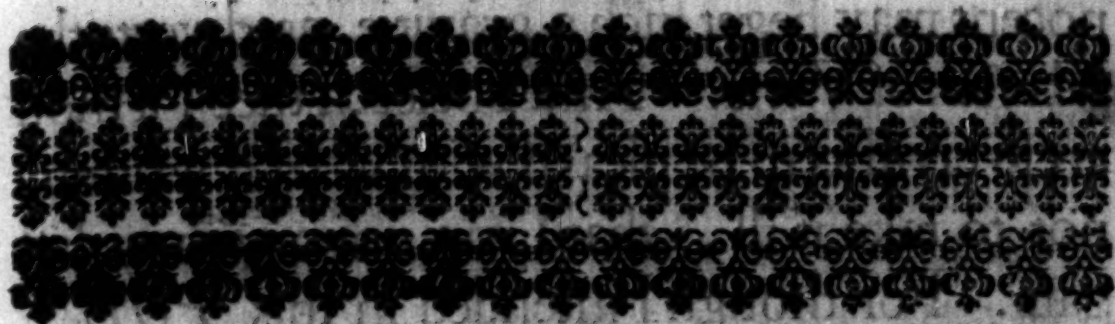
Drawing your City Mapp with Coasters care;  
 Not onely marking where safe Channels run,  
 But where the Shelves, and Rocks, and Dangers are;  
 To teach weak Strangers what they ought to shun.

80.

But, *Golto*, fly from Lust's experiments;  
 Whose heat we quench much sooner then assuage;  
 To quench the Furnace-Lust, stop all the vents;  
 For give it any air the flames will rage.

F I N I S.





# POSTSCRIPT

## To the Reader.



Am here arriv'd at the middle of the Third Book; which makes an equal half of the *POEM*; and I was now by degrees to present you (as I promis'd in the *Preface*) the severall Keys of the main Building; which should convey you through such short Walks as give an easie view of the whole Frame. But 'tis high time to strike Sail, and cast Anchor (though I have run but half my Course) when at the Helme I am threatned with Death; who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome; and even in the In-

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nocent may beget such a gravitie, as diverts the Musick of Verse. And I beseech thee (if thou art so civill as to be pleas'd with what is written) not to take it ill, that I run not on ~~to~~ my last gasp. For though I intended in this *POEM* to strip Nature naked, and clothe her again in the perfect shape of Vertue; yet even in so worthy a Designe I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as Dying: and tis an experiment to the most experienc'd; for no Man (though his Mortifications may be much greater then mine) can say, *He has already Dy'd.*

It may be Objected by some (who look not on Verse with the Eyes of the Ancients, nor with the reverence which it still preserves amongst other Nations) that I beget a *POEM* in an unseasonable time. But be not thou, *Reader*, (for thine own sake, as well as mine) a common Spectator; that can never look on great Changes but with tears in his Eyes: For if all Men would observe, That Conquest is the Wheels of the World, on which it has ever run, the Victorious would not think they have  
done

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done so new, and such admirable actions, as must draw Men from the noble and beautifull Arts, to gaze wholly upon them; neither would the Conquer'd continue their wonder till it involve them in sorrow; which is then the Minde's incurable Disease, when the Patient grows so fullen, as not to listen to Remedy: And *Poesie* was that Harp of *David*, which remov'd from *Saul*, the Melancholy Spirit, that put him in a continuall remembrance of the revolution of Empire.

I shall not think I instruct Military Men, by saying, That with *Poesie*, in *Heroick Songs*, the Wiser Ancients prepar'd their Batails; nor would I offend the austerity of such, as vex themselves with the mannage of Civill Affairs, by putting them in minde, that whilst the Plays of Children are punish'd, the plays of Men, are but excus'd under the title of business.

But I will gravely tell thee (*Reader*) he who writes an *Heroick POEM*, leaves an Estate entayl'd; and he gives a greater Gift to Posterity, then to the present Age; for a publique benefit is best measured in the number of Re-



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ceivers ; and our Contemporaries are but few, when reckon'd with those who shall succeed.

Nor could I sit idle , and sigh with such as mourn to hear the Drum, for if this Age be not quiet enough to be taught Vertue a pleasant way, the next may be at leisure : Nor could I (like Men that have civilly slept, till they are old in dark Cities) think War a novelty : For we have all heard, that *Alexander* walk'd after the Drum, from *Macedon* into *India* ; and I tell thee (*Reader*) he carry'd *Homer* in his Pocket ; and that after *Augustus*, by many Battails, had chang'd the Government of the World, he and *Mecenas* often feasted very peaceably with *Horace* : And that the last wise Cardinall (whilst he was sending Armies abroad, and preparing against civill Invasion) took *Virgill* and *Tasso* aside under the *Louvre* Gallery , and at a great expence of time and Treasure, sent them forth in new Ornaments. And perhaps, if my *POEM* were not so severe a representation of Vertue (undressing Truth even out of those disguises which have been most in fashion throughout the World) it might

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might arrive at fair entertainment, though it make now for a Harbor in a Storm.

If thou art a malicious Reader, thou wilt remember, my *PREFACE* boldly confess'd, That a main motive to this undertaking, was a desire of Fame; and thou maist likewise say, I may very possibly not live to enjoy it. Truly I have some Years ago consider'd, that Fame, like Time, only gets a reverence by long running; and that like a River, 'tis narrowest where tis bred, and broadest afarr off: but this concludes it not unprofitable; for he whose Writings divert Men from indiscretion and vice, becomes famous as he is an example to others endeavours: and exemplary Writers are Wiser then to depend on the gratuities of this World; since the kinde looks and praises of the present Age, for reclaiming a few, are not mentionable with those solid rewards in Heaven, for a long and continuall conversion of Posterity.

If thou (*Reader*) art one of those, who has been warm'd with Poetick Fire, I reverence thee as my Judg, and whilst others tax me with va-



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nity, as if the *PREFACE* argu'd my good opinion of the Work, I appeal to thy Conscience, whether it be more then such a necessary assurance, as thou hast made to thy self in like Undertakings? For when I observe that Writers have many Enemies, such inward assurance (me thinks) resembles that forward confidence in Men of Armes, which makes them to proceed in great Enterprise; since the right examination of abilities, begins with inquiring whether we doubt our selves.

*Cowes-Castle in the Isle of  
Wight, October 22.*

1650.

*WILL. D'AVENANT.*

FINIS.

